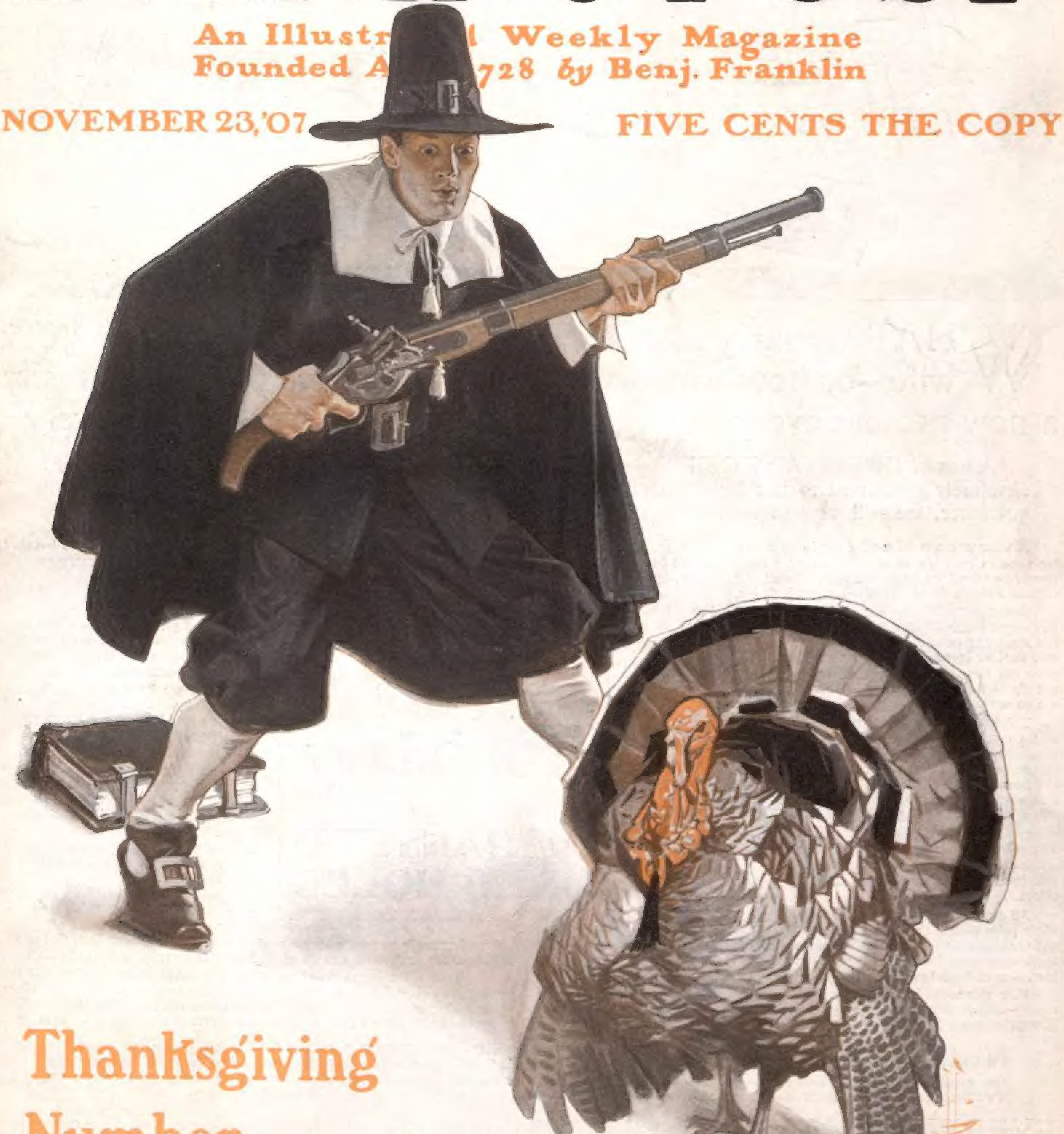
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr l Weekly Magazine
Founded A 728 *by* Benj. Franklin

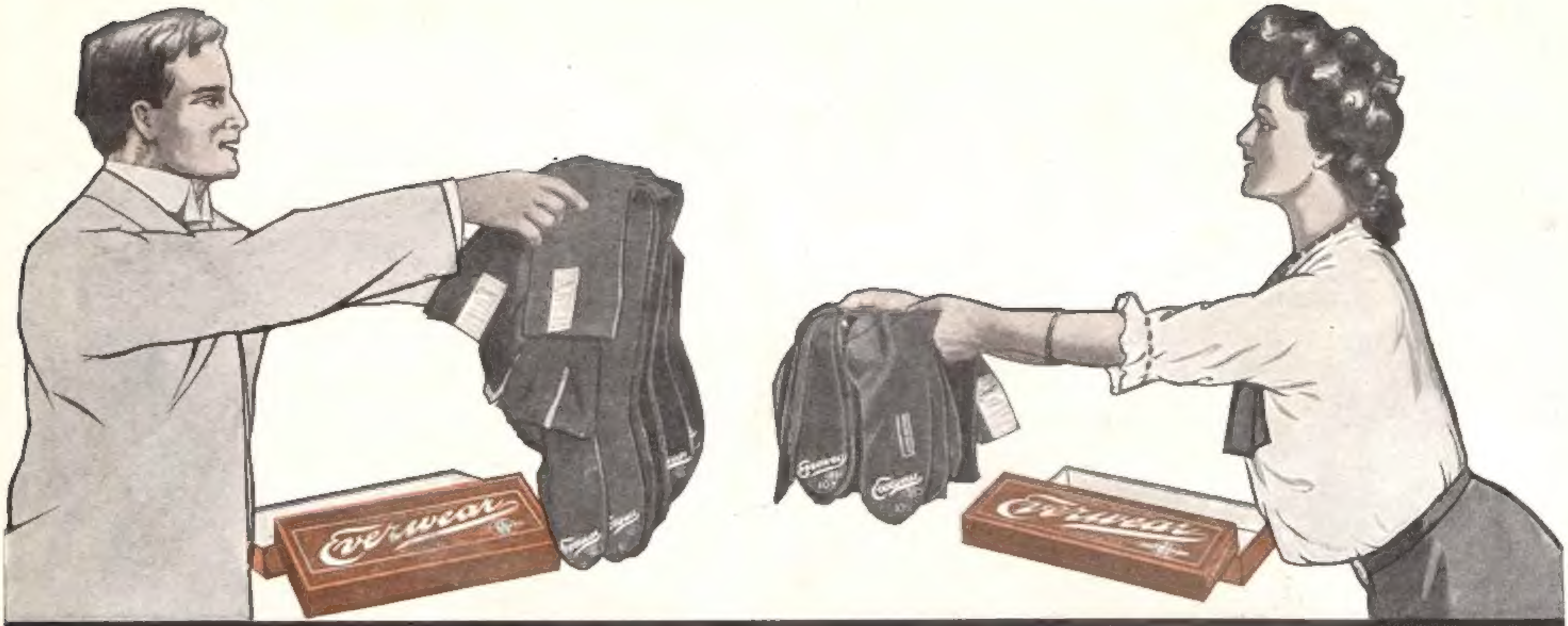
NOVEMBER 23,'07

FIVE CENTS THE COPY



Thanksgiving Number

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



WHAT would you think of a Christmas Present for your wife—or how would you like it if she gave you—a gift really a new present every day for 183 days—new for a whole half year?

A box of EVERWEAR HOSIERY—for men or women—contains six pair of hose and each pair is absolutely guaranteed to last for a full twenty-six weeks. If any pair should chance not to outwear the guarantee, we will replace with new hose on request absolutely without one cent of expense to you.

Everwear Hosiery is as nearly perfect as it is possible for hose to be. We absolutely guarantee that there will be no holes, no rips or no tears for a whole half year. Think of it—twenty-six whole weeks without a single darn! That's comfort, isn't it?

Seamless and made on special machinery that shapes it to fit the feet, **Everwear Hosiery** cannot tear when you are pulling it on and does not double over across the toe, heel or instep so as to make it wear out in spots. It positively cannot rip at the seams—because there are no seams.

Think what this means to you—just consider how you're liable to punch your toe through the hosiery you're wearing now. You know yourself how sore the rolled back edges of a hole will make your foot.

Soft, silky and non-irritating to the most sensitive foot, **Everwear Hosiery** is made of the very finest grade of Egyptian cotton as smooth as silk itself and flawlessly knit in fast colors.

All dealers sell it at $2.00 the box of six pairs packed one size in a box—and for either men or women. Women's hosiery is made in black, tan and black with white feet. Men's socks are made in black, black with white feet, blue and steel gray, and also in light and dark tan.

Now this is the hose with the guarantee about which you have read so much—always look for the trade-mark—and if you have not already worn **Everwear Hosiery** we want you to give it a trial right now.

Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery

6 PAIR GUARANTEED
6 MONTHS NO HOLES

We have absolute confidence in **Everwear** ourselves because we make it and know how it's made; but we show by our guarantee that we have the courage of our convictions.

We know and you know that if you are fully convinced that **Everwear** will actually wear for six months, it's the very hose for which you have been looking. Darning is not pleasant. Socks or stockings with holes in them are even less pleasant; more than that, they are mighty uncomfortable.

Now, we have made our statements and you have read them. Will you go a step further and let us prove what we say?

Here is the way.

The next time you buy hosiery, ask your dealer for **Everwear**—insist upon having this brand and no other and look for the trade-mark. Then, if your dealer does not have **Everwear** in stock, write us the size and color you want and order it from us direct.

During the Christmas season, if you want to send a box of **Everwear** to any of your friends, simply enclose us your card with your remittance, advise us of the size and color desired, and we will see that the order goes forward correctly.

There are other facts about **Everwear Hosiery** that are worth knowing and which we would like to have you know. Space prohibits our telling you here; but if you will write us for our interesting booklet, "An Everwear Yarn," we shall be glad to send it to you on request. It is free.

Note to Dealers **We want retailers to handle EVERWEAR HOSIERY wherever we are not already represented and offer exclusive privileges in their own cities. We are running a large advertising campaign and furnish other advertising matter that is of great value to EVERWEAR HOSIERY dealers. Write for our special dealers' introductory proposition.**

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., 555 State Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Typewriters come and go, but the machine that always stays, always leads, always improves, always outwears, and always outsells all others is the

Remington

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

To
Make Insurance
Doubly Sure

You should see that your policy is written by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Those words, "of New York," by themselves mean a lot on an insurance policy since last year. The Mutual Life was organized in 1843, and is the oldest active Insurance Company in America, and the strongest in the world.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

belongs absolutely to its policy holders, and is now being managed solely in their interest. It had, December 31, 1906, 495 millions of assets, being 80 millions in excess of the 415 millions required by law as a reserve for paying insurance risks and all other legal liabilities. The perfect quality of its investments excites praise and wonder in all judges of such matters; but it does more; it appeals to the plain people whose money comes slowly, who value safety, and who insist that insurance shall be insurance indeed.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies write to
**The Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York, N. Y.**

The price of food

You pay money for food more willingly than for anything else—it's the most important thing you buy.

Fortunately, the best food costs the least money; this is not true of anything else you buy.

Quaker Oats

is the best food for adults or children. It supplies more nourishment with less waste and at less cost than any other food. It digests easily, quickly, and all of it is at once converted into energy of mind and body.

The best start for any day's work, study or play, is a dish of **Quaker Oats**

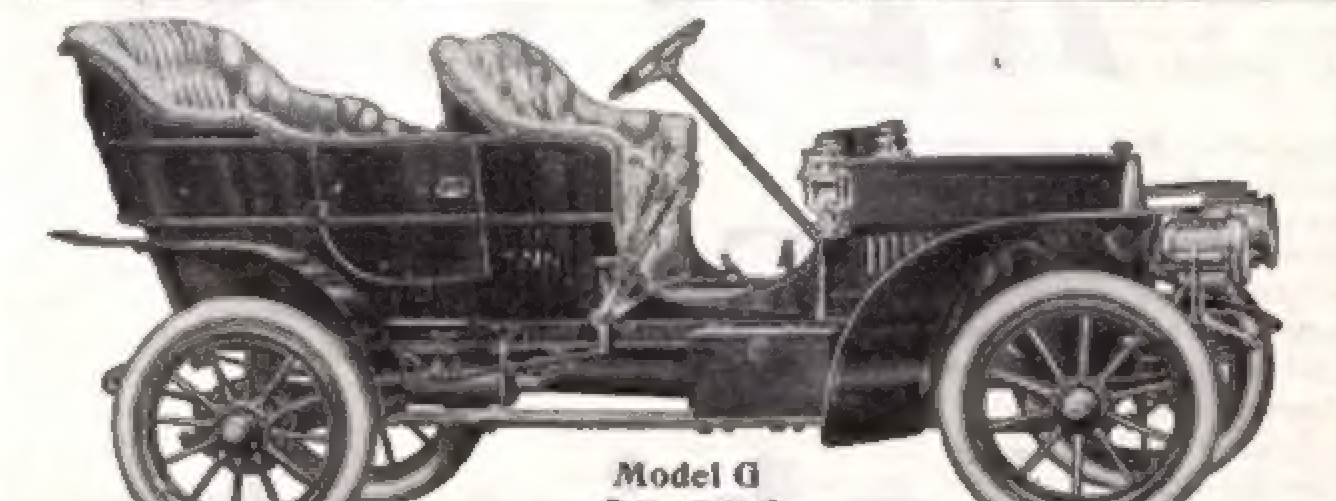
3 dishes for 1 cent

Quaker Wheat Berries Heat in a slow oven before eating and you'll find it the most delicious form of whole wheat—entire grains—puffed and baked. 10c a package.

Quaker Cornmeal The unusual quality will be an agreeable surprise to you. For sale at all grocers.

Quaker Rice Crisp by heating before serving. This is the most generally eaten cereal in the world and this is its best form. Dainty and strengthening. 10c. a package.

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO



Model G
$2,000
Four Cylinder—25 H. P.

Model G Distinctively "Cadillac" Throughout

CADILLAC

1908

This and All Models Now Ready

Judge Model G by performance, not price. On track, road and hill its superiority over cars of twice its price and thrice its rated power has been repeatedly demonstrated. There is noticeable simplicity in its design, with unprecedented efficiency at every point—speedy, powerful, flexible, silent, sensitive. Material and workmanship distinctively "Cadillac" throughout—a guarantee of the best construction. Has endurance to the limit of mechanical possibility.

Twenty-five horse power (A. L. A. M. rating); sliding gear transmission; shaft drive; 100 inch wheel base; surprising speed capabilities. $2,000 f. o. b. factory. Described in catalog G 26.

Among the other Cadillac winners are the sturdy single cylinder cars (Model S, Runabout, $850 and Model T, Touring Car, $1,000) and the luxurious four-cylinder Model H. The smaller types, as dependable and carefully built as ever, now have increased wheel base and longer rear springs, greatly adding to their easy riding qualities. Described in catalog T 26.

The Truth about the Automobile and What it Costs to Maintain One

This is the title of a 64-page booklet compiled from sworn statements of a large number of users of single cylinder Cadillacs. Gives facts and figures which buyers want to know. Mailed free if you ask for Booklet No. 26.

Model H is an example of exclusive automobile designing and careful execution. Possesses that quietness, smoothness, abundance of reserve energy and luxury of riding which other makers strive to accomplish by a greater number of cylinders with consequent complications. A comparative demonstration will prove this. Thirty horse power, capable of 50 miles an hour. $2,500 f. o. b. factory. Described in catalog H 26.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., *Member A. L. A. M.*, Detroit, Mich.

$50.00

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN
KUTTER
TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK
U.S.A.

KEEN KUTTER

Tool Cabinets

It is the simplest thing in the world to supply yourself with a complete set of tools and be sure that each one is the best to be had. Just buy a Keen Kutter Tool Cabinet. They are beautifully finished oak cases containing assortments of the famous Keen Kutter Tools. No other cabinet contains an entire set of tools under one name and trademark.

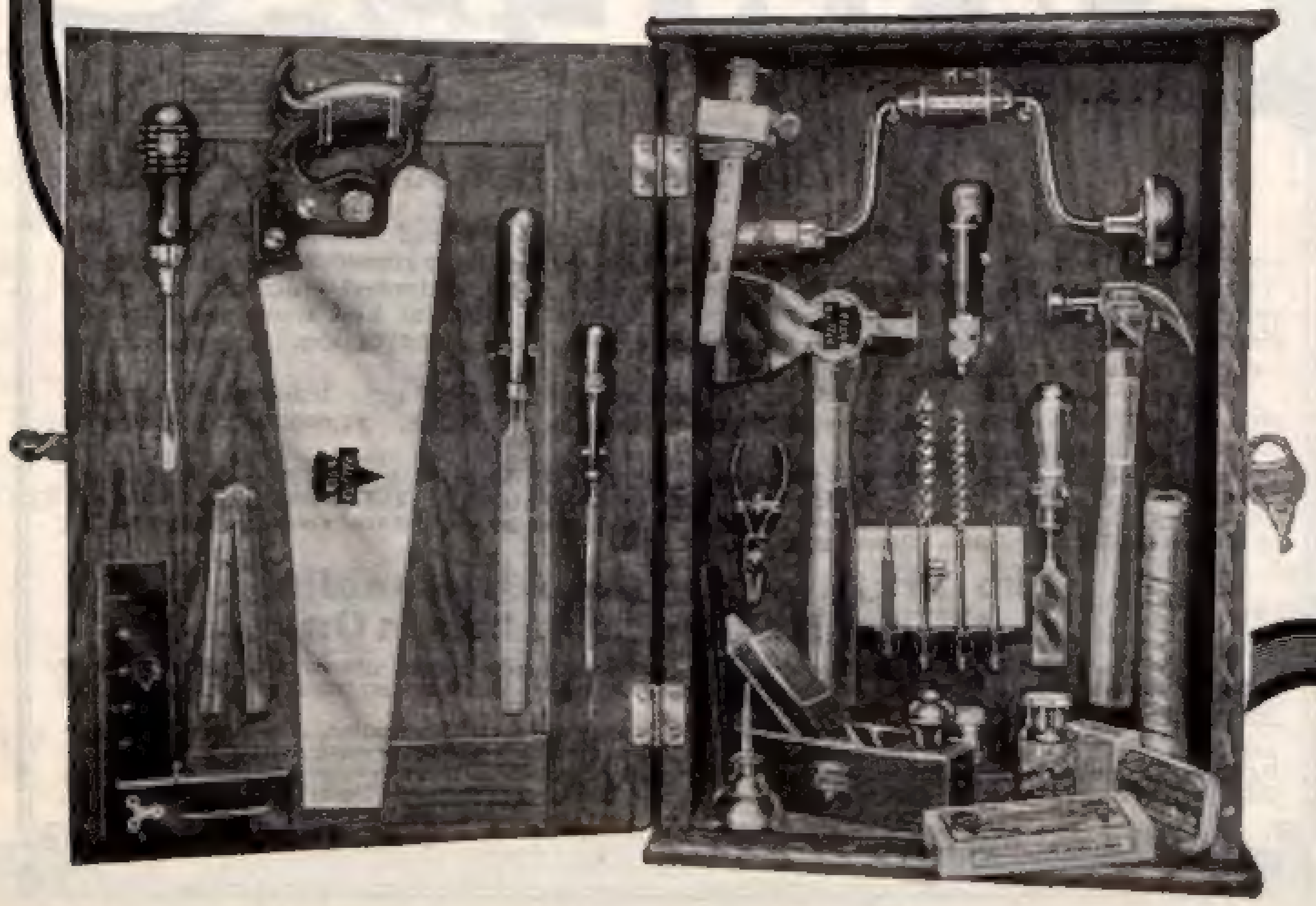
Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets are guaranteed—that means every tool is guaranteed, from the saws to the gimlets—and any unsatisfactory tool will be replaced by another guaranteed Keen Kutter tool. Every tool in every set is tested before leaving the factory—every edged tool is hand-whetted ready for use. They will hold their edges and adjustments indefinitely because each has a place of its own where it cannot be injured by contact with others.

All styles and sizes for different requirements, at prices ranging from $8.50 to $85.00.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Simmons Hardware Company (Inc.),
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

$12.50



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1907, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Founded A^D^ 1728 by Benj. Franklin. Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by The Curtis Publishing Company

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1907 Number 21

THE COME-ON By Eugene M. Rhodes

I

"AH, TAKE the Cash, and let the Credit go!"

Steve Thompson had sold his cattle. El Paso is (was) the Monte Carlo of America. Therefore—— The syllogism may be imperfectly stated, but the conclusion is sound. Perhaps, there is a premise suppressed or overlooked somewhere.

Cash in hand, well fortified with paving material, Thompson descended on the Gate City. At the expiration of thirty-six hours he perceived that he was looking through a glass darkly, in the Business Man's Club, intently regarding a neatly-lettered placard which ambiguously advised all concerned in this wise:

If Drinking Interferes with Your Business, Stop It

A back-room door was opened. A burst of merriment smote across the loneliness. A head appeared. "Hey! Will you walk into my parlor?" it jeered.

Steve walked over with dignity and firmly closed the door; closing it, through mere inadvertence, from the inside. A shout of welcome greeted him.

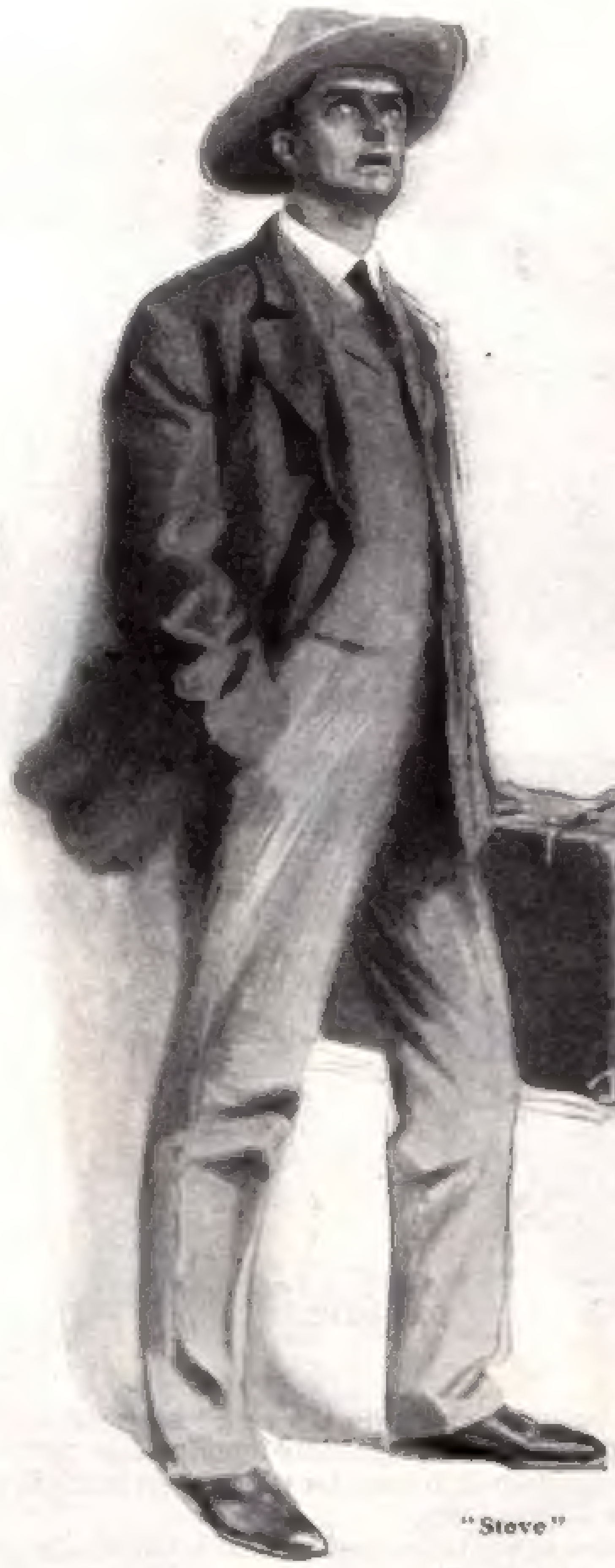
With one exception—the Transient—they were all old friends. The Stockman, the Judge; the supple-handed Merchant, with curly hair and nose, and the strong, quiet figure of the Eminent Person. A wight of high renown and national, this last, who had attained to his present bad eminence through superior longevity. As he was still in the prime of life, it should, perhaps, be explained that his longevity was purely comparative, as contrasted with that of a number of gentlemen, eminent in the same line, who had been a trifle dilatory at critical moments, to them final.

The Merchant, sometime Banker-by-night, as now, began evening up chip-stacks. "How much?" he queried. The Judge and the Eminent Person hitched along to make room between them.

"I'm not playing to-night," Steve began. He was cut short by a torrent of scoffing advice and information.

"Only one hundred to come in—all you got to get out.—Another victim! Bet 'em high and sleep in the streets! Table stakes—Cuter goes for aces and flushes. Just give us what money you can spare handy and go to bed. You'll save money and sleep.—Straight flush the best hand. All ties go to the sweaters. Here's where a man and his money are soon parted.—You play the first hand for fun and all the rest of the night to get even." Thus, and more also, the Five in hilarious chorus.

"Any man caught bluffing loses the pot," added the Eminent Person, gravely admonitory. "And a Lalla-Cooler can only be played once a night."



"Steve"

"Nary a play play I," said Steve aggrievedly. "I stole just one measly horse and every one's called me a horse-thief ever since. But I've played poker, lo! these many years, and no one ever called me a gambler once. The best I get is, 'Clear out, you blamed sucker. Come back when you grow a new fleece!' and when I get home the wind moans down the chimney, 'O-o-o-gh-h! wha-a-t have you do-o-one with your summer's w-a-A-a-ges!'"

"Aw, sit down—you're delayin' the game," said the Stockman. The Banker shoved over three stacks of patriotically assorted colors and made a memorandum. The Five howled mockery and derision, the cards danced and beckoned luringly in the mellow lamplight, the Judge pulled his coat-tail, the Major Premise tugged—*ergo*—Steve sat down, pulling his sombrero over his eyes.

"'He that runneth after fools shall have property enough,'" he quoted inaccurately. "I'll have some of your black hides on the fence by morning."

The cards running to him, it was not long before Steve doubled his "come-in" several times on quite ordinary hands, largely because his capital was so small that he could not be bluffed out. The betting was fierce and furious. Steve, "on velvet," played brilliantly. But he was in fast company—too fast for his modest means. The Transient seemed to have a bottomless purse. The Stockman had cattle on a thousand hills, the Merchant habitually sold goods at cost.

As for the Judge—his fine Italian hand was distinctly traceable in the frenzied replies to frenzied attacks upon certain frenzied financial transactions of his chief, a frenzied but by no means verdant copper magnate, to whom he, the Judge, was Procurer-General, adviser legal and otherwise. The Judge took no thought for the morrow, unless his frequently expressed resolve not to go home till that date may be so regarded.

The Eminent Person, a Republican for Revenue Only, had been awarded a remunerative Federal position as a tribute to his ambidextrous versatility in the life strenuous, and his known prowess as a "Stand-Patter."

Upon all these things Steve reflected. With caution, some caution, and again caution, a goodly sum might well be abstracted from these reckless and capricious persons; provided always that he had money on the table to play a good hand for what it was worth.

For long his luck held good. Having increased his gains manyfold, he was (being quite a normal person) naturally incensed that they were not more. Yielding to his half-formed resolve, he dug up his herd of cattle and put them on the table. "I am now prepared to grab old Opportunity by the scalp-lock," he announced.

He played on with varying success. Presently, holding aces up, and being persistently crosslifted by the Eminent One and the Judge, after a one-card draw all around, he became obsessed with the fixed idea that they were both bluffing and afraid to show down. When this delusion was dispelled, he noted with chagrin that the spoils of Egypt had departed, taking with them some plenty of real money.

That was the turning-point. By midnight he was hoarse with repeating, parrotwise, "That's good—give me another stack." His persistent ill-success won him sympathy, even from these hardened plungers.

"Bad luck, old man—sure!" purred the consolatory Stockman, raking the pot. "I drawed out on you. Sometimes the cards run against a fellow a long time, that way, and then turn right around and get worse."

"Don't you worry about me," retorted Steve. "You're liable to go home talking to yourself, yet, if the cards break even."

In the early stages of the game Steve had been nervous and restless. Now, he was smiling, easy, serene, his mind working smoothly, like a well-oiled machine. Collecting all his forces, counting the chances coolly, he played a steady, consistent game.

The reckless plunging ceased so far as it was against him. The others, for most part, merely called his tentative bets with wary respect. Things had come to such a pass that many good hands netted him little or nothing. Then came a rally; his pile grew till he was nearly even.

With twenty dollars each in a jackpot, the Eminent Person dealing, the Stockman modestly opened for two hundred. The Transient stayed, as did the Merchant and the Judge, the latter mildly stating that he would lie low and let some one else play his hand. Steve stayed.

"Happy as the dealer in a big jackpot," warbled the Eminent Person. "And now we will take an observation." He scrutinized his cards, contributed his quota, and raised for double the amount. "I'll just play the Judge's hand for him," he remarked blandly. The Stockman cheerfully re-raised five hundred.

The Transient, momentarily low in funds, stayed for the little he had before him. "I've got a showdown for this much," he said, pushing back the side money. "*And* a pretty good one. Bet your fool heads off! You've got to beat a hectic flush to finger this pot!"

The Merchant laid down the three sevens of diamonds, spades and clubs. "Any one got the seven of hearts?" he wondered. The Judge called. Steve, squeezing his hand carefully, drew out the seven of hearts, flashed it at the Merchant, replaced it, and stayed.

The Eminent Person, after due consideration, saw the five hundred and raised it a thousand. "To dissuade you all from drawing out on me," he explained, stroking his mustache with deliberate care.

The Stockman called without comment. The Judge hesitated, swore ferociously, and finally called.

Steve squeezed his cards with both hands for a final corroborative inspection, scratched his head and rolled his eye solemnly around the festal board.

"Nine hundred dollars of my good coin in there now, and here I sit between the devil and the deep, blue sea. One thousand bucks. Much money. Ugh! One thousand days, each day of twenty-four golden hours set with teenty near-diamond minutes! Well! I sure hate to give you fellows this good gold."

"Steve's got one of them things!" surmised the Stockman.

"A fellow *does* hate to lay down a bobtail straight flush when there's such a chance for action if he fills," chimed in the Eminent Dealer.

"It's face up, Steve. You'd just as well show us. My boy, you ought to wear a mustache," said the Judge critically. "Your lips get pale and give you away when you try to screw your courage up. Of course, you've got a sweet, little, rosebud mouth; but you need a big, ox-horn mustache in this vocation."

"Don't show it, Steve," advised the Stockman. "I judge his Honor's got one of them same things his black self. You might both fill—and you don't want to let him see how high yours is."

"If I only don't fill the wrong way," said Steve. "Want to split the pot or save stakes with me, Judge?"

"That would be a foolish caper. If I fill—I mean," the Judge corrected himself hastily—"I mean, I've got the money won now, unless you draw out, and that's a 52 to 1 shot."

"Me, too," said the dealer. "We both got it won. But I'll save out a hundred with you, Steve. That'll pay your bills and take you home."

"That'll be nine hundred to draw cards for a chance at nine thousand and action on what I got left. Faint heart never won a jackpot. Here goes nothin'!" said Steve, pushing the money in. "One from the top, when you get to me. If I bet after the draw, you all needn't call unless you're a mind to."

"Got that side money and pot straight?" queried the dealer lightly. "All right?" He stretched out a long left arm and flipped the cards from the pack with a jerk of the wrist. "Cards and spades? (I'm pat, myself, of course.) Cards to you? None? Certainly. None to you, and one to you, one to you, none ——"

Steve's card, spinning round as it came, turned over and lay face up on the table—the three of hearts. (Laymen will please recall that, as already specified, a straight flush was, in this game, the Best.) As the dealer was sliding the next card off to replace it, Steve caught the thin glint of a red 8 on the corner.

With a motion inconceivably swift he was on his feet, his left hand over the pack. "Hold on!" he cried. "Look at this!" He made a motion as if to spread out the four cards he had retained, checked himself and glared, crouching.

"Sit down, Steve. Don't be a fool," said the Stockman. "You know you've no right to an exposed card, and you know he didn't go to do it."

Steve bunched his four cards carefully and laid them on the table. "Certainly not. Oh, no! He didn't go to do it. But he did it, just the same," he said bitterly. "Now, look here! I don't think there's anything wrong—not for a minute. Nothing worse'n dumb, idiotic thumb-hand-sidedness. I specially don't want no one else to get mixed up in this," with a glance at the Stockman. "So you and the Judge needn't feel called upon to act as seconds. But I'm vexed. I'm vexed just about nine thousand dollars' worth, likely much more, if my hands hadn't been tipped. *Mira!*" addressing the dealer, who sat quietly holding the pack in his left hand, his right resting on the table. "I've a right to *call* for my card turned up, haven't I?"

"Sure thing," said the dealer equably.

"All right, then. One bad turn deserves another. But—plenty *cuidado!* If any card but the eight of hearts turns up, protect yourself, or somebody's widow'll collect life insurance, and I ain't married! Turn her over." He leaned lightly on the table with both hands. Their eyes met in a level gaze.

"Let her zip!" said the Eminent Person. Without hesitation he dropped the card over. No slightest motion from either man, no relaxing of those interlocked eyes. A catching of breaths ——

"The eight of hearts!" This in concert by the quartette of undisinterested witnesses.

The two Principals looked down, then. That the Eminent Person's free hand had remained passive throughout bore eloquent testimony to nerve and integrity alike. Nevertheless, he ran a hand slowly through his hair and wiped his forehead. "That was one long five seconds—most a week, I guess. Did you ever see such a plumb damfool break in your whole life?" he said to the crowd.

"I guess," said Steve sagely, pushing the eight-spot in with his other cards—"I guess, if you'd separated from a thousand big round dollars to draw a card and then got it turned over, *you* wouldn't have cared a whoop if your left eye was out, either. It *is* warm, ain't it?" He sat down with a sigh of relief.

The Stockman bunched his cards idly and tapped the table with them. The Judge was casually examining the chandelier with interest and approval. Presently, he looked down and around.

"Oh, thunder! What are you waiting for, Thompson? I pass, of course!" he said testily.

Steve shoved in his pile. "As I mentioned a while ago, you're not obliged to call this," he said demurely. "Just suit yourselves."

One card at a time, with thumb and forefinger, the Eminent Person turned over his hand with careful adjustment and alignment. After much delay, he symmetrically arranged an ace full, face up, and regarded it with profound attention.

"That was a right good-looking hand, too—before the draw," he remarked at last, sweeping them into the discard.

"Ye-es," assented the Stockman, mildly dubious. "It might have taken second money—maybe." He tossed in four deuces.

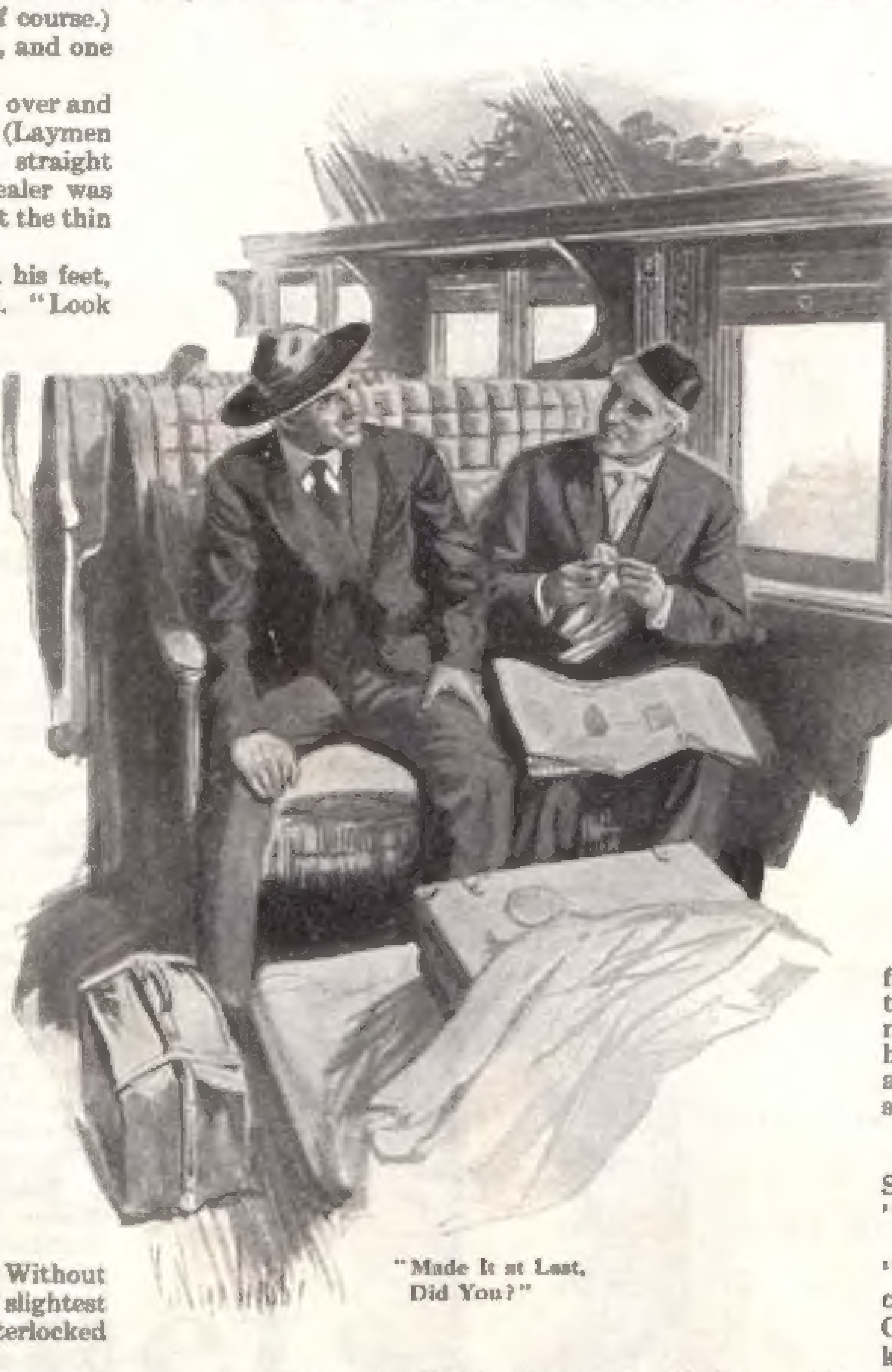
The Transient spread out a club flush. "Do you know?" he said confidentially—"do you know, I was actually glad to see that hand when I first picked it up?"

"Won't you fellows *never* learn to play poker?" said the Judge severely. "Why don't you stay out till you get something?" He laid his hand down. "Four tens and most five! The Curse of Scotland and Forty Miles of Railroad! *For*-ty miles, before the draw—and gone into the hands of a deceiver!"

"Oh!" Leaning over, Steve touched the ten of spades lightly. "So *that's* why I couldn't fill my hand!" he remarked innocently.

"Get out!" snorted the Judge. "No use throwing good money after bad. I wouldn't call you if I had five tens!"

He slammed in his hand. The Eminent Person thoughtfully took out the hundred he had saved. "Some one press the button, and I'll do the rest," said Steve. He removed the side-money, placidly ignoring the "pot" of some fifteen hundred dollars, for which the Transient was entitled to a showdown.



"Made It at Last, Did You?"

The Transient's jaw dropped in unaffected amazement. The dealer and the Stockman drummed their fingers on the table unconcernedly. And the Judge suddenly saw a great light.

"You, *Thompson!*" he roared. "Turn over that hand! I feel that you have treated this Court with the greatest contemptibility!" He pawed the discard with frantic haste, producing the seven of hearts. "Why, you pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed catamaran! What —— *have* you got, anyway?"

"Why, Judge," said Steve earnestly, "I've got a strong case of circumstantial evidence." He turned over the eight of hearts; then, after a pause, the ace, king, queen and jack of spades, and resumed the stacking of his chips.

A howl of joyous admiration went up; the Transient raked in the pot with the despised club flush.

"The Crime of the Century!" bellowed the Judge. "I'm the victim of the Accomplished Fact! Cash my checks! I'm going to join the Ladies' Aid!"

"Aw, shut up," gasped the Transient. "No sleep till morn where youth and booty meetsh! Give ush 'nother deck!"

But Steve, having stacked his chips, folded the bills and put them in his pocket.

"What's the matter with you, you old fool?" demanded the Eminent Person affectionately. "You can't quit now."

Steve rose, bowing to right and left, spreading his hand over his heart. "Deeply as I regret and, as I might say, deplore, to break up a good game," he declaimed, "I must now remove myself from your big midst. For a Lalla-Cooler can only be played once in one night. Besides, I've always heard that no man ever quit ahead of the game, and I'm going to prove the rule. I will never play another card, never no more!"

"What—not in your whole life?" said the Stockman, chin on hand, raising his eyebrows at the last word.

"Oh—in my whole *life!*" admitted Steve. He drew a dollar from his pocket, balanced it on his thumb, and continued: "We will now invoke the arbitrament of chance to decide the destinies of nations. Heads, I order an assortment of vines and fig trees, go back to the Jornado and become a cattle-king. Tails, I proceed to New-York-on-the-Hudson, by the Ess-Pee, at 3:15 this A. M. presently, and arouse that somnolent city from its Rip Van Winkle."

The coin went spinning to the ceiling. "Tails!" said the Merchant, picking it up. "I must warn my friends on Wall Street. Hello! this is a bad dollar!"

"I'll keep it for a souvenir of the joyful occasion," said Steve. "Just one more now, and we'll all go home!"

"Hold on, you abandoned profligate!" said the Judge. "You don't know any one in the Big Burgh, do you? Thought not. Without there! Ho, varlet!" He thumped on the table, demanding writing materials. "I'll fix you out. Give you a letter to a firm of mining experts I'm in touch with."

After an interval devoted to refreshments, the Judge read with all the pride of authorship:

Messrs. Atwood, Strange & Atwood,
25 Broad Street, New York City.

Gentlemen:

This will introduce to you Mr. Stephen Thompson, of Dundee, New Mexico. You will kindly consider yourself *in loco parentis* to him, charging same to my account.

On presentation of this letter, please pay Mr. Thompson's fine or go his bail, as the case may be, furnish him with pocket-money and a ticket home, and see him safely on the right train.

Should the matter be more serious, wire me at once. Periodical insanity can be readily proved. He has just recovered from a paroxysm at this writing. He is subject to these attacks whenever his wishes are crossed, having been raised a pet. Therefore, you will be doing yourself a great favor by acceding to any request he may make, however unreasonable it may seem. It is unlucky to oppose or thwart him; but he is amenable to kindness. Kindly apprize municipal and Federal authorities for the preservation of public safety. Your loss is our eternal gain.

During the ensuing applause he signed this production. Steve pocketed it gravely. "Thank you," he said. "When I get down to husks I'll look up my locoed parent."

"The Bird of Time," said the Transient vociferously, "hash but a little way to flutter. Cash in! The bird ish on the wing! To-morro'sh tangle to the winds reshign. Come, all ye midnight roish-roishterers! A few more kindly cupsh for Auld Lang Shine. Then let ush eshcort thish highwayman to the gatesh of the city and cash him forth to outer darknesh! Let ush shing!

"I stood on a flush at midnight,
When my money wash nearly gone,
And two moonsh rosh over the city
Where there shouldn't have been but one."

. . . .

In Ohio, one of rough appearance, clad in a fire-new, ready-made suit, began to pervade Thompson's car; restlessly rushing from one side to the other in conscientious effort to see all there was to be seen; finally taking to the vestibule as affording better conveniences for observation. He was, however, not so absorbed in the scenery but that he took sharp note of the cowboy's unsophisticated garb and guileless mien. Later, when Steve went into the smoker, he struck up acquaintance with him; initiated by the mere demand for a light, continued through community of interest, as both being evidently non-urban.

A voluble and open-hearted person, the stranger; displaying much specie during their not infrequent visits to the buffet for refreshment of the jocund grape, where they vied with each other in liberality; and one who naïvely imparted his private history without reticence. A lumberman, who had risen from the ranks; a Non-Com. of Industry, so to speak, who, having made his pile, was now, impelled by filial piety, revisiting his old New England home.

This touching confidence so ingratiated the bluff and hearty son of toil to the unsuspicious cowboy that he, in turn, began to ooze information at every pore. Steve Thompson was his name, miner, of Butte, Montana. He had, after years of struggle and defeat, made a lucky strike. He had bonded his mine to NewYork parties—the Copper-bottom, just to the left of the High Line Trail from Anaconda to Philipsburgh; receiving $10,000 down for a quarter interest, giving option on two-thirds remainder for $50,000, if, after six months' development work, the mine justified its promise. It had proved all his fancy painted it; he was on his way to the big town, to be paid the balance on the sixteenth, at the office of—where is that letter? Oh, yes, here it is—"Atwood, Strange & Atwood, 25 Broad Street"—retaining a one-fourth interest. He was going to see the sights. Possibly he would take a trip round the world.

Incited by judicious interest of his auditor, he prattled on and on, till the lumberman—(Dick Barton, the name of him)—was possessed with the salient points of his past, present and future; embellished by a flood of detail and personal reminiscence. It is to be regretted that the main points were inaccurate and apocryphal, the collateral details gratuitous improvisations, introduced for the sake of local color and vraisemblance.

"For," Steve reasoned, "evidently this party is a seeker after knowledge; it is better to siphon than to be pumped. Doubtless it will be as bread upon the waters."

Freely did he gush and freely buy. (The bulk of his money, in large bills, was safely wadded at the bottom of the six-shooter scabbard under his arm, his .45 on guard—but his well-filled billbook was much in evidence.) So thoroughly charmed was Barton that he lamented loud and long that he and his new acquaintance might not have their first view of the metropolis in company. But he had promised his aged parents to come to them directly, by way of Albany. However, he was a day ahead of his schedule; neither of them had seen Niagara; if Thompson would excuse him, he would write his father, that the letter would go on to herald the hour of his coming. Then they both would take one day's lay-over at Buffalo, visiting the famous cataract entirely at his, Barton's, expense. Thence, exchanging addresses, on their respective ways, to meet in Manhattan later. To which Thompson agreed with cordiality.

The letter Barton mailed at Buffalo was addressed:

J. F. Mitchell
Binghamton
The Arlington. N. Y.

II

IT HAD been a good morning, thought Mendenhall. If only more citizens like this big, talkative, prosperous-looking stranger would settle in Elmsdale! Over a thousand dollars' worth in one bill—not bad, that, for a little, rural New York town. Moreover, the stranger had evinced a taste in his selection of furniture and carpets scarcely to be expected from his slightly overdressed appearance and his loud, dominating talk. His choice had been always swift and certain, wholly unaffected by prices. Obviously, a self-made man, with a long purse, this.

The big man threw up his hands in mock surrender. "Time—King's X—'nuff!" he bellowed, a pervading and infectious smile spreading over his broad, jovial, smooth-shaven face. "Police! Nine—eleven—twelve hundred, sixty-eight. I'll pay you a hundred to bind the—No, I'll just pay you now and have done with it. Don't want the stuff delivered till some time next week, though. Wife'll run up to-morrow or next day to take her choice of the two houses I've been looking at. Then, paperhanging, mantels, plumbing and all that—Make it even twelve-fifty?" he demanded, pen poised in a plump, white hand, eying the dealer with shrewd expectancy.

"Certainly, certainly," Mendenhall murmured, rubbing his hands with a thought of future custom.

Scratch-tch-ch! The check was made out with a flourish. "Here you are. I'll come round when I'm ready and tell you where to send the stuff. By the way, where do you bank? Want to send in checks for collection."

"At the Farmers' and Citizens', mostly. The First National is right around the corner, first turn to your left. Thank you very much, Mr."—he glanced at the check—"Mr. Britt—Mr. N. C. Britt. I hope for the pleasure of your better acquaintance, Mr. Britt."

"Oh, you will!" laughed Britt. "Nice little town, here. If I like it as well a year from now as I do to-day I'll stick. Time for an old fellow like me to settle down. I've worked hard all my life. But I've got enough. What's the good of more? No dying in the harness for mine. I want to retire, as they call it, and let the young bucks do the work."

"Oh, you're not an old man," protested Mendenhall with reason. "Your amazing vitality—your energetic ——" Britt pulled at his luxuriant white hair.

"Oh, good enough for an old Has-been!" he laughed with pardonable vanity. "Pretty hearty yet, owing to having lived a clean and wholesome life, thank God; but aging, sir—aging. 'The evil days draw nigh!'" He shook his head with a sober air, which at once gave way to the satisfied smile habitual on his round, contented face. Briskly, he consulted a heavy gold repeater, replacing it with the quick movement of one to whom seconds are valuable. "Well, well! Twelve-thirty! Been here all morning, picking and choosing! Take luncheon with me? No? All right—see you later!" He swung out through the door.

Turning the corner, he crossed the street to the First National, bounced in and presented himself at the teller's window, lighting a cigar, puffing like a tugboat. "To open a small account—two of 'em. Checks for collection," he announced. Tone and manner were breezily self-assertive; the president, from his desk, turned and looked. He indorsed, blotting with a swift dab, and a final fillip through the window. "Chicago, thirty-three hundred—credit to Britt & Stratton. Here's our signature. Denver, eight hundred, to private account H. E. Stratton. He'll be here next week. I'll bring him around and identify. Draw on this by Wednesday? Good! Gimme check-book. Excuse haste; yours truly!" He popped out.

The president smiled. "An original character, apparently," he said. "He doesn't aim to let grass grow under *his* feet."

Between two and three Britt bustled into Mendenhall's, making for the office.

"Oh, I say!" he puffed, as Mendenhall rose. "Banked that check yet?"

"Not yet," replied the other sedately. "It is our custom to send the day's checks for deposit just before three. Nothing wrong, I trust?"

Britt dropped into a chair, mopping his face. "Oh, no, nothing *wrong;* but I'm afraid I've made a little mistake. I'm not a good business man—not systematic—though I worry along. Like the young wife's bookkeeping—'Received fifty dollars from John—spent it all.' Fact is, I never entirely got over the days when a very short memory was enough to keep track of all my transactions. Always forgetting to fill out my stubs," he explained. "So I don't remember what bank I checked on. But I'm pretty sure 'twas the Commercial, and my balance there is low—not enough to cover your bill, I'm thinking." He leaned back, his portly sides shaking with merriment. "By Jove!" he roared. "It would have been a good joke on me if I hadn't remembered. Nice introduction to a town where I expect to make my home. Oh, well, even so, you had the furniture safe in your warehouse. Guess you wouldn't have been much scared, eh?" He poked Mendenhall playfully with a stubby finger. "Well, let's see about it."

Secretly, the other resented the familiarity, deprecated the boisterous publicity with which the stranger saw fit to do business. Business, with Mendenhall, was a matter for dignified and strictly private conference. With stately precision he took up the neat bundle of checks which he had just indorsed, ran them over, slipped one from under the rubber band, and looked it over with great deliberation. He could not afford to offend a good customer, but he could thus subtly rebuke such hasty and slipshod methods.

"Yes, it is on the Commercial." He held it out inquiringly.

"Thought so!" snorted the other. "Dolt! Imbecile! Ass! I'll apply for a guardian. Fix you out this time!" He whipped out fountain-pen and check-book. "National Trust Company (guess I've got enough *there*). Pay to J. C. Mendenhall & Co.—how much was that?"

He took the check from the unresisting Mendenhall, spread it out on the desk with a sprawling gesture, apparently tore it to strips with the same impetuous vehemence, and threw it into the waste-basket. After this brief outburst of anger his good humor returned. "Twelve-fifty. Here you are. No mistake this time. Say, old man, that's the drinks on me—come along!"

"Thank you, I never drink," returned Mendenhall primly. He had not relished the roughness with which the other had snatched the check from him, though making allowance for the natural annoyance of one who had been betrayed into a mortifying mistake.

"All the better, all the better. Seldom do myself, but sometimes —— Have a cigar? No? Well, I must toddle along!"

It may here be mentioned that during his moment of impulsive vexation Mr. Britt had inconsiderately substituted for the "Commercial" check another, precisely similar save for the important particular that it lacked the Mendenhall indorsement, and this substitute, as we have seen, was in the waste-basket.

The original had slipped between the leaves of Britt's check-book, under cover of his large hands. Those hands were most expert in various amusing and adroit feats of legerdemain, though Mr. Britt's modesty led him to a becoming, if unusual, reticence in this regard.

Just before three Britt ran heavily up the steps of the First National, puffing down the corridor, cocking a hasty eye at the clock as he came.

"Hey, there, sonny! I was almost too late, wasn't I?" was his irreverent greeting to the cashier. "Time to cash this before closing up?" he demanded breathlessly, but with unabated cheerfulness. He flopped the check over. "Mendenhall's indorsement. Hi! Mr. President! Just a minute! I'm a stranger here, but if you'll let us slip in at a side door I'll trot around and fetch Mendenhall. Need this money to-night."

The president took the check from the indignant young cashier, nodded at the familiar signature with the cabalistic peculiarities which attested its authenticity, glanced indulgently at the bobbing white head in window, with difficulty suppressing a smile.

"It will not be necessary, Mr.—Mr. Britt," he said courteously. "Not necessary at all. You have an account here, I believe?"

"It won't be here long," retorted Britt, with garrulous good nature. "Draw it all out next week. Eleven, twelve—*and* fifty. Thanks to *you*. There goes the clock. Good day!"

"Quite an odd character, that Mr. Britt?" said the president casually at the club that night. "Boyish old chap."

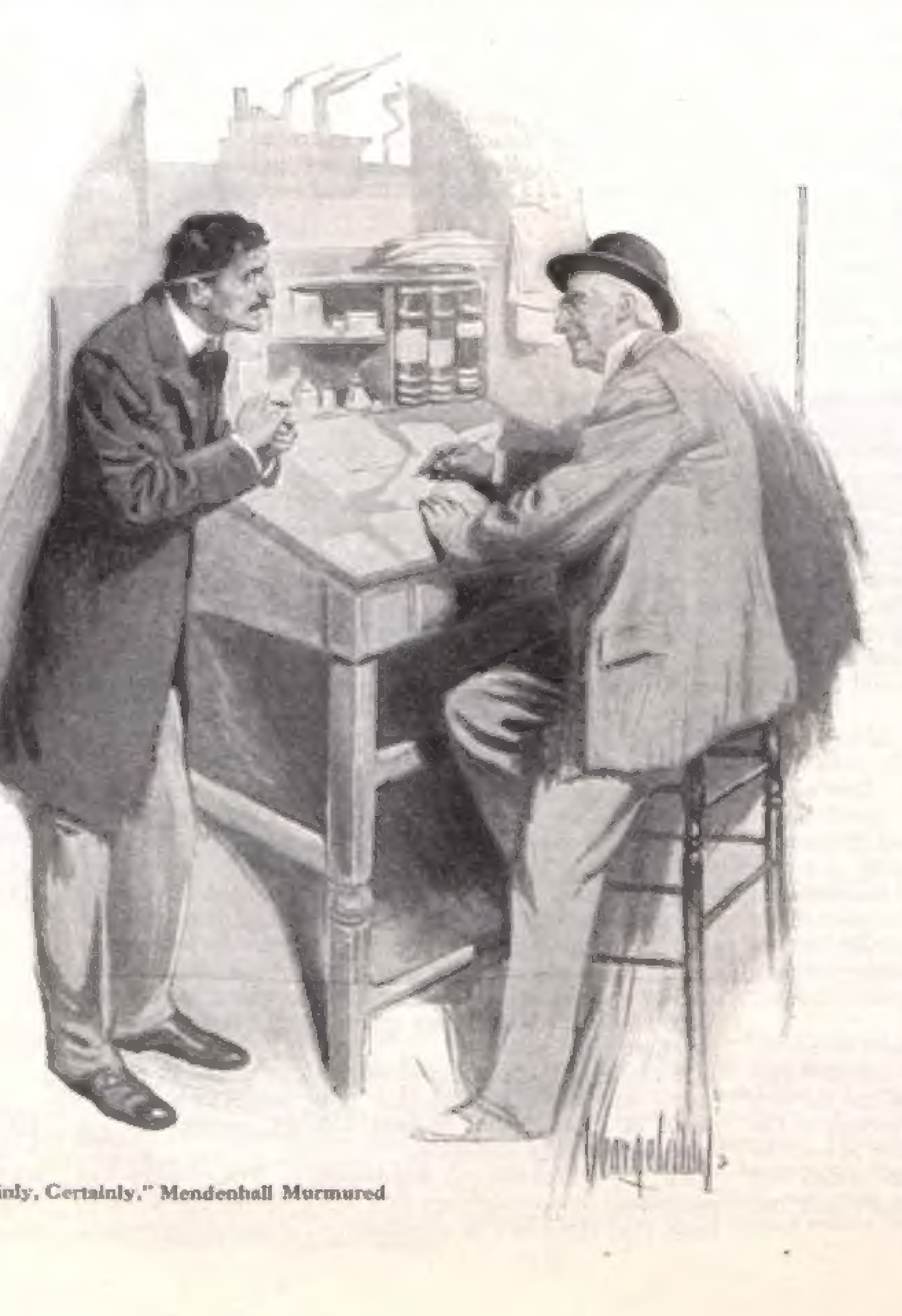
"Yes, isn't he?" said Mendenhall, folding his paper. "I sold him a pretty stiff bill of goods this morning. Warmish, I take it. He's going to settle here."

"Friend of yours?"

"Oh, no, I never saw him before."

"Why, you indorsed his check for twelve hundred and fifty," said the president, interested, but not alarmed. Doubtless the man had references. Besides, his face was a letter of credit in itself.

(Continued on Page 30)



"Certainly, Certainly," Mendenhall Murmured

IS ROOSEVELT A MENACE TO BUSINESS?

Empty Warehouses and High Prices Don't Make a Panic

By John G. Shedd
of Marshall Field & Co.

THE real question, to my mind, is not the one proposed by the editor—"Is Roosevelt a Menace to Business?"—but something beyond that: "Are we facing a real panic or merely a passing flurry?" As to our President, I give him credit for entire honesty, sincerity and singleness of purpose. But for a man in his exalted and powerful position his utterances have probably been incautious. So much hangs upon his words that they are not received as would be the statements of any other man; the people are used to reading between the lines of an utterance from the Chief Executive of the nation, of feeling that there is a reserve of meaning behind even temperate statements from such a source. Therefore it is quite likely that President Roosevelt's outspoken words—on the occasion of his recent visit in the South, for example—have had an alarming effect upon the financial public. And it is quite possible they have been taken to indicate a degree of radicalism which he does not really feel.

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM H. RAU

He is Doing Precisely the Same Thing that the Noisy Sandlots Orator Does

But the practical questions of the present moment are these: Is the present financial disturbance only a currency flurry or the beginning of a serious panic? And what is the immediate precaution or remedy to be applied? These are the questions which ought to be considered in preference to the one proposed to me.

No; I do not believe we are facing a serious panic. As I see it, the country is suffering temporary penance for overspeculation—particularly for overspeculation in Wall Street. Why do I believe we are not confronting a general panic? Naturally I look at it from the merchant's viewpoint. I have never observed anything like a panic of more than local scope which did not present this condition: the warehouses of manufacturers filled with goods which had to be put on the market and sold at sagging prices in order to enable the manufacturers to meet pressing obligations. Not only have I never observed a real panic which did not start with this situation, but I have never read of one.

Now, what are the conditions in the manufacturing world to-day? There is scarcely an exception to the statement that there is not a warehouse of a manufacturer or of his selling agent or distributer which is stocked with unsold goods. Most of the factories from which the wholesale merchant of the great city buys his wares are sold out of all they can produce for several months to come. My observation is that the most of the large factories have already sold their entire winter output and some of them are sold out far beyond that date. This is not the setting for a panic scene. It is exactly the reverse.

In this country the farmer is the great actual producer, and it is to him that the merchant instinctively looks when he wishes to get a line on the real situation. How about the farmer to-day? He has abundant crops which are in keen demand for the feeding of the world—and in demand at exceptionally high prices. There is hardly a single locality of which this is not true. It must be remembered that the export trade of the United States, in almost every line of staple produce, has increased tremendously within the past few years. And whatever we sell to other nations brings what we most need at the present moment—money, gold.

There is still another vital fact in the farmer's situation. He is not in debt and trying to "dig out"; on the contrary, it is not too much to say that, as a class, the farmers of to-day are not only out of debt but have money in the banks and out at interest. Again I say, that is not the setting for a panic; I have never seen a panic which had this sort of a basis. And I do not believe there ever has been one or will be one now.

In speaking of the farmer there is only one word to say: he is the basis of the structure to-day, and if he pursues a normal course the currency flurry will soon be smoked out. He has the real tangible and basic wealth; the world at large wants it and stands ready to pay good prices for it. If the farmer takes his profits and does the natural and normal thing with them—puts them in his local bank, just as he has been doing right along—then he and the merchant and the railroad and the city banker will be all right. But if the farmers of the whole country should allow themselves to become frightened and withhold their money from deposit and from circulation they can make trouble. The responsibility of the outcome, not of the origin, of the situation seems to me to be clearly in their hands. And I believe that they are big, broad and far-sighted enough to recognize this and act accordingly.

Dishonest Financiers, Not Roosevelt, Responsible

By John Wanamaker, Philadelphia

THINGS are quieting down, the worst of the business depression is passing, the tide has actually turned, and confidence and prosperity will come along gradually.

For the widespread lack of financial confidence from which the country has been suffering I do not hold President Roosevelt to be in any degree responsible. It is the result of conditions which he has indeed helped to make known, but of which he has not been in any degree the cause. As he himself has admirably expressed it: If he lights a torch he is not responsible for what the light shows.

The depression first began through the loss of public confidence in financial names which the public had long been taught to revere. First came the great insurance scandals, in which the revelations regarding Alexander, McCall and Hyde shocked and alarmed the public. We are still suffering from that. More recently there have been revelations regarding such things as the Metropolitan Railway management in New York, and the banking methods of the Heinzes, Morse and others.

Lack of confidence and financial retribution have come as a punishment for financial wrong-doing; it is precisely the kind of punishment which follows a cashier's breach of trust. It is not surprising that a lack of confidence which ought to affect only those institutions which have justly forfeited trust should have extended to other great corporations and banks.

Meanwhile, the keeping of money out of the banks by people who aim at saving their principal, even at the expense of interest, has caused distinct increase of the troubled financial situation.

But it is all coming out satisfactorily. The country is so prosperous, manufacturers and workingmen are alike so busy, that there can be no cause for continued depression.

As soon as the people feel that dishonesty has been thoroughly discountenanced and exposed, and that, after such a lesson as we have been having, the financial world will understand that honesty is the best policy, there will be a complete return of normal conditions.

Not a Man of Affairs and a Bad Misfit

By Clinton B. Evans
Editor of The Economist, Chicago

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is a menace to the business of the country because of the fear of what he will say next. Nothing that he has actually done (except as saying is doing) has hurt the country, but a constant outpouring of threats from the ruler of any nation must necessarily cause disturbance in the best times. It is more than proper for a President of the United States to avow principles of honor and to declare that dishonesty shall be punished; but a constant iteration of such avowals is not only unnecessary, but suggestive of purposes that are not made known.

Mr. Roosevelt's course probably cannot be attributed to political motives, but he is doing precisely the same thing that the noisy sandlots orator does when he attacks anybody that has accomplished anything in a business way. Mr. Roosevelt has his eyes directed to only one element in business affairs, and is apparently unable to see anything else. He ferociously demands that dishonesty shall be eliminated from business. So far, so good; but if his methods were fully operative he would kill the patient while expelling the poison. In the ordinary sense of the term he cannot be called a narrow man, but in this one respect he is pitifully narrow. In the management of any great affair the diplomatic quality is as essential as the purpose to do the right thing; otherwise the purpose fails of accomplishment. The punishment of a few thieves need not be accompanied by the ruin of a million people and the destruction of the whole economic fabric.

Not that the President is alone responsible for the recent crisis. The responsibility rests on many people. But he has a large share in it, and the word of assurance and helpfulness that should naturally be expected from such a fatherly ruler in the height of the agony was not uttered. Mr. Roosevelt may be a statesman, but clearly he is not a man of affairs; and, lacking the qualities of the man of affairs, he is found to be a bad misfit in certain emergencies. In respect to business he is like a diplomat who, in handling a delicate matter with a foreign nation, should proceed to lecture that nation on the necessity of being decent. Nor is there reason to expect any change in the policy that has been so fiercely outlined.

Mr. Roosevelt is a man of strong convictions and great tenacity of purpose. He lacks the breadth of a Lincoln and the amenability to reason of a McKinley. He has to a considerable extent justified the fears of many that his Administration would be characterized by a series of blunders such as any headstrong man might commit. Yes, he is a menace to the business of the country. If he is better than the rest of us maybe he is too good for his time, or perhaps one might say too exacting. But his zeal is a zeal too little tempered with wisdom.

He Has Strained Public Confidence to the Breaking Point

By E. D. Hulbert
Vice-President Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, Chicago

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in a great speech delivered in Chicago some years ago, quoted an old Dutch proverb—"Speak softly, but carry a big stick." This seems a good proverb, taken as a whole, but to use the butt end of it only may be questionable. He who carries a big stick should in common decency speak softly. The policeman on the beat carries a big stick and he has the power of the whole community back of him; therefore he must speak softly and go about his business quietly so that honest folks can work or rest in peace. The pursuit and punishment of malefactors should not be made a public spectacle. It is no longer considered conducive to public morals to have criminals hanged or pilloried in public places, no matter how amusing it may be to the populace.

For some time past the President of the United States has been hunting for evildoers in high places in a way never before attempted by a chief magistrate anywhere. It would seem almost as though the principle has been that it is better for any number of innocent people to suffer than for one guilty man to escape. When complaint was made that this action and the threats accompanying it were doing harm to legitimate business, it was really no answer to say that corporations that were obeying the law had nothing to fear. That may be true so far as the responsible heads of these corporations are concerned, but the widely-scattered small stockholders have no means of knowing whether the responsible heads are obeying the laws or not, and here it was that to a great extent the harm began.

For some years past the well-to-do middle class has been investing heavily in corporate securities. The amount of money thus invested in the past four years is probably as great as the total amount of savings deposits in the country. Naturally these people became timid about their investments and tried to get their money back by selling their securities. It was about the same thing as a run on a savings-bank, and the result has been the heaviest drop in the stock market during the past year that has ever been recorded. Good and bad have suffered alike—this at a time when earnings were at the highest point and prosperity at its highest tide. One calamity has followed another until at the present moment, when the need of added railroad facilities has never been so great, railroad building and improvement have come practically to a standstill. At a time when it is imperatively necessary that currency should be actively employed in moving the crops, it is being locked in the banks, and crop-moving is coming almost to a standstill. We are under a blight which will affect every man, woman and child.

It would, of course, be ridiculous and unfair to blame the President in any way for the failure of rotten or ill-managed banks; but the failure of a few banks in New York, with almost a purely local business, would have had no such general disastrous consequences if the public confidence had not been strained to the point where it needed only some such occurrence as this to break it. Any one who believes that the policies and acts of the present Administration had nothing to do with bringing about this condition of affairs must be afflicted with that extreme blindness which comes only to those who will not see. The man who sets fire to his neighbor's barn can hardly justify himself by saying he did it to kill the rats. The rat is a pretty smart and active fellow, and it may be found, when it is all over, that he has suffered less than anybody.

The Song of the Dinner-Bell

By J. W. FOLEY

As long as they fry spring chicken,
As long as young squabs are born,
As long as my pulses quicken
At platters of fresh green corn,
Sing me no mournful numbers,
Chant me no solemn song;
As long as we've sliced cucumbers
I guess I can get along.

As long as we've baked potatoes
That fluff out like flakes of snow,
As long as we've sliced tomatoes,
As long as young turkeys grow,
Bring me no pale and pallid
Refrain from a funeral song;
As long as we've sweetbread salad
I guess I can get along.

Bid not mine eyes be moist or
Red from expected woes
As long as they leave an oyster,
As long as a lobster grows.
How can the times be tearful,
How can the world be sad,
How can we not be cheerful
As long as they plank roe-shad?

As long as the tall, hot biscuit
Is dripping with honey sweet,
You may hate the world—I'll risk it
As long as we've things to eat.
No praises that I might utter,
No splendors my fancy spreads,
Compare with the yellow butter
Spread thick on fresh home-made bread.

What is the sense of spoiling
Life, with its bill-of-fare?
As long as we've mushrooms broiling
Where is the room for care?
Why should our troubles fret us,
Why should our hopes e'er fade,
As long as we've crisp head-lettuce,
With mayonnaise overlaid?

Peace to thy sighing, brother;
See that thy tears are dried.
Get thee a steak, and smother
It with some onions, fried.
Turkey with oyster dressing,
Beef with its gravy brown.
Life? It is one grand blessing—
Dinner is served—sit down!

An Antiseptic President

By T. A. McIntyre

CONFIDENCE is the heart of the business body. Stability is the fundamental quantity of all calculations of commerce. Any disturbance of confidence or sudden change in the basis of trade causes cessation of activity and, in extreme cases, paralysis of business. It was not to be wondered at that, with the bludgeon of the President assailing conspicuous success in so many lines of business adventure, capital should take fright and lock its vaults. In spite of Presidential disregard of Wall Street, the popular symbol of money power, and his exaltation of the farmer with mild approbation of "legitimate business," there is a very intimate connection between them all in the intricacies of modern commerce.

There can be no doubt that prosperity bred many evils, as it always does. There were conspicuous examples of wrongdoing in the conduct of great corporations and notable instances of "malefactors of great wealth," although the President has never identified those he had in mind, and there are many opinions as to the qualifications necessary to gain this distinction. But the means of correcting these evils were at hand in the law, and had been effectively used by his predecessors in office for many decades. Rebating has been punished by a law long on the statute-books, and this is the only conviction gained in the warfare waged by all the mighty hordes of commissions, personal agents and peripatetic attorneys now working under the personal direction of the President.

The restless and vigorous initiative of the Executive forced commissions to activity, and the well-trained staff of personal promoters of publicity and educators of the public blew the horns for the onslaught on the long list of lawbreakers. The purification process was to be drastic and rapid beyond parallel. What in past experience had taken years to accomplish by force of law and aroused public conscience was to be done within the term of office of the great antiseptic President. The public had withstood the insurance investigations, numerous revelations of business turpitude, readily accepted railway rate legislation as salutary both for the railways and the people, commended packing-house reform, and was willing to accept advice on the real duty of man in the propagation of his kind. But as one after another of the great corporations was assailed, and in the case of the Standard Oil Company by masked batteries of district attorneys, commissioners of corporations, courts and public speakers, all acting with singular unison as if by prearrangement, business took alarm. It was a question in the public mind to what lengths these attacks would go, and whether any business enterprise successful enough to attract attention would be immune.

The effect abroad was extremely unfavorable. Foreign bankers refused to extend their commitments here. The economic situation was by no means sound after a long period of great prosperity with high prices obtaining for commodities as well as securities. It did not take much of a strain on credit to reveal the weakness of the whole situation.

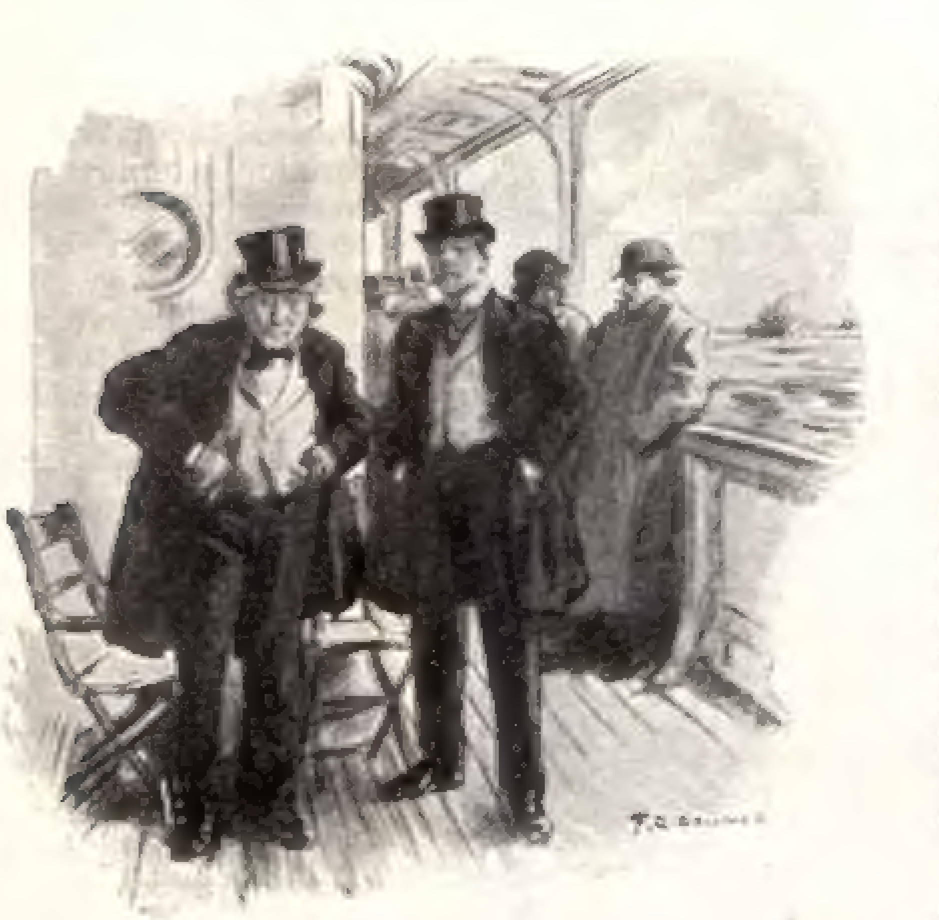
The President is not a business man. He refused to heed repeated warnings of those competent to advise and alarm, of the conservative press. On one of the most critical days of the banking crisis he reiterated his determination to continue his fight against corporate evils. He suffers from overconfidence in the omniscience of protracted palm-bearing. He has gone about a vast work with an axe when a scalpel was needed. Impetuously he has sought to do what no man could do within the Presidential term. Orderly enforcement of the law is one thing; raid by the

(Concluded on Page 39)

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

In Which the Prodigal and the Major Collect a Little Bill

Copyright, 1907, by George Horace Lorimer. Copyright in Great Britain



Dear Uncle Bill:

When the Major and I walked down the gangplank at Baltimore, a cold fog was blowing in from the bay, and our faces contributed nothing to the cheerfulness of the landscape. For the trip across had been given over to serious conversation, which I loathe, because it never results in anything except adding a dash of crape to a situation that is already lavender. Of course, it's safe to fear the worst, but, somehow, it always strikes me as being just a little indelicate—like telephoning the undertaker an hour or so before the corpse is ready.

To do the Major's sunny disposition justice, only some great shock could have driven him to so distasteful a course, but a hasty, followed by a slow, searching of his pockets had furnished the shock. The first clean-up was two dollars and ten cents. A further probing of his clothes, following all their curves, dips, spurs and angles, failed to add a penny to it.

"And I could have swo'n, suh," the Major exclaimed, when the last flicker of hope fled with the turning out of his pistol pocket, "that I had ten—yes, twenty dollars, besides this beggarly pittance. How, suh, are we ever goin' to get to New York on this?"

"Put me one in plain arithmetic, Major," I replied. "I'm not up on differential calculus. It looks as if we might have to do as the Baltimoreans do, and tarry a while in this beautiful little city."

"But how, suh, can we earn our bread in this fo'saken hole?" the Major persisted with growing excitement.

"We might follow the advice of a certain celebrated queen," I suggested, "and eat cake—Lady Baltimore." Then the serious conversation began.

Coming off the boat in our silk hats and frock coats we must have looked like a couple of bum statesmen from the sagebrush. At the first place which seemed good to him, the Major automatically turned in for his afternoon appetizer, it being an oft-proclaimed theory of his that "it is a blank outrage, suh, to introduce food suddenly into an unprepared and unsuspectin' stomach. It should always, suh, be given a gracious and stimulatin' warnin' that it is expected to perfo'm its functions." But he checked himself at the very bar, as he remembered our impoverished state, and backed out, saying yearningly and doubtingly, "I reckon I'm better off without it, eh, Jack?"

I was cruel enough to confirm this rather hazy impression, and I improved the occasion to tell him how much better I felt since I had learned to regard water as a beverage. But the Major listened abstractedly. He never cared to talk temperance until after he had had his third drink. For him to nod approvingly over "Wine is a mocker," he had to be feeling just a little bit lit up.

We dined off a dozen raw oysters apiece in a water-front restaurant. This lowered the privy purse by fifty cents, but so raised the Major's spirits that, as we started off to hunt for some place to sleep, he exclaimed:

"That made an exceedin'ly nutritious and—er—gentlemanly repast, suh! Don't have to pick yo' blank teeth after eatin' oysters. Now we'll get to bed with the chickens and rise in the mo'nin' with the lark, to hunt fo' Oppo'tunity. And when we do find her, suh, as I am absolutely convinced that we shall, I allow we'll pull her dashed fo'lock out by the roots befo' we let her get away."

We found one of those hotels where everyone pays in advance, because no one has any baggage, or because, if any one has, the proprietor is afraid he'll leave it. We got a room for fifty cents apiece, and, though the beds were damp and dirty, I was disposed on reflection to agree that they were "not so dashed damp and dirty as the blank sidewalk, suh." So we turned in, and, as we were both dog-tired after what the Major called "the multitudinous activities of the day," we were soon sleeping like millionaires in the ten-thousand-dollar bed at the St. Regis.

Alas, no magniloquent voice, ordering a sumptuous breakfast, disturbed my slumbers next morning. I came to in the gray dawn with a stomach-ache—but it was the ache of emptiness, not of repletion—and put on my ridiculous frock coat, while the Major trumpeted defiance through his Roman nose at the phantoms of his dreams. Then, as timidly and as bunglingly as a bride on her honeymoon, I abstracted a dime from the sixty cents capital in my trusting roommate's pocket, and tiptoed out and downstairs. Pinned to the Major's coat I left this hastily-scribbled note:

Dear Major: Meet me here between six and seven tonight. I've taken breakfast money and gone out to set a hen. Our eggs are all in one basket now, but unless they're rotten I'll swap them for money. I'll try to, anyway; but this is a suspicious world. JACK.

I had an anchor to windward about which the Major knew nothing; in fact, when I had thrown it overboard I had taken precious good care that he shouldn't know anything about it, for it was my Teddy-bear suit. On our way through Baltimore the week before I had thoughtfully wrapped it up in a separate parcel and checked it in the baggage-room of the hotel at which we were stopping. I had not mentioned this to the Major, because he had been counting on my appearance as the Teddy-bear to sell incredible quantities of the pomade, and I knew that if I had given him a hint of my unwillingness, he would have reasoned with me until he had proved that it was my duty to suffering humanity to be the bear. But there's nothing checks painful argument like removing the cause of the controversy. And now my cowardice would look like admirable prudence, and I was not the young man to claim another motive. So may circumstances make virtues of our vices.

Once in possession of the bundle, I invested my dime in coffee and rolls, and, feeling moderately refreshed, inquired the way to the largest department store in the city. There I made for the toy department and, in a brisk, businesslike tone, claimed the attention of its manager. And now I made a surprising discovery. For the first time in my sporadic hunting of a job I was able to interest some one in what I was talking about—I had something definite to say. For the first time I was able to make some one consider me seriously—I had something definite to offer. I was looking for an opening to be the Teddy-bear.

I began with one of those simple, manly statements which a fellow makes when he's asking the girl's father, and trying to tell him modestly that his Minnie has caught a fine fellow. The manager started to edge away, muttering something about "not needing any more help just then." But I remembered that Jim had told me once that, first, and at any cost, you must get your customer's undivided attention, and then proceed to interest him. So, as this fellow seemed to be of a coarse fibre, on which refined methods were wasted, I shook out my Teddy-bear suit and jumped into it before he could say "Jack Robinson," or, in fact, anything except, "Well, I'll be hanged!"

I had succeeded in attracting his attention, so I proceeded to interest him by inflating the long rubber tongue with "Dee-lighted" on it, and shooting it out into his face. It scared him back ten feet, and then his first impulse was to call for help. His second, which he followed, was to invite me into his private office, out of the laughing crowd that was gathering around us.

Once inside I dropped into a chair, threw back the bear's head, and started right in to follow up my advantage:

"Corker, ain't it? My own invention—covered by patents—warranted to cause wholesome merriment among the little ones, and to make their mammas shell out—ready to go to work right now. Put me out there on that platform, with a good salesman beside me, and you can wire your jobbers to double their orders. You'll need the toys."

"H-m-m; there might be something in it," the manager replied.

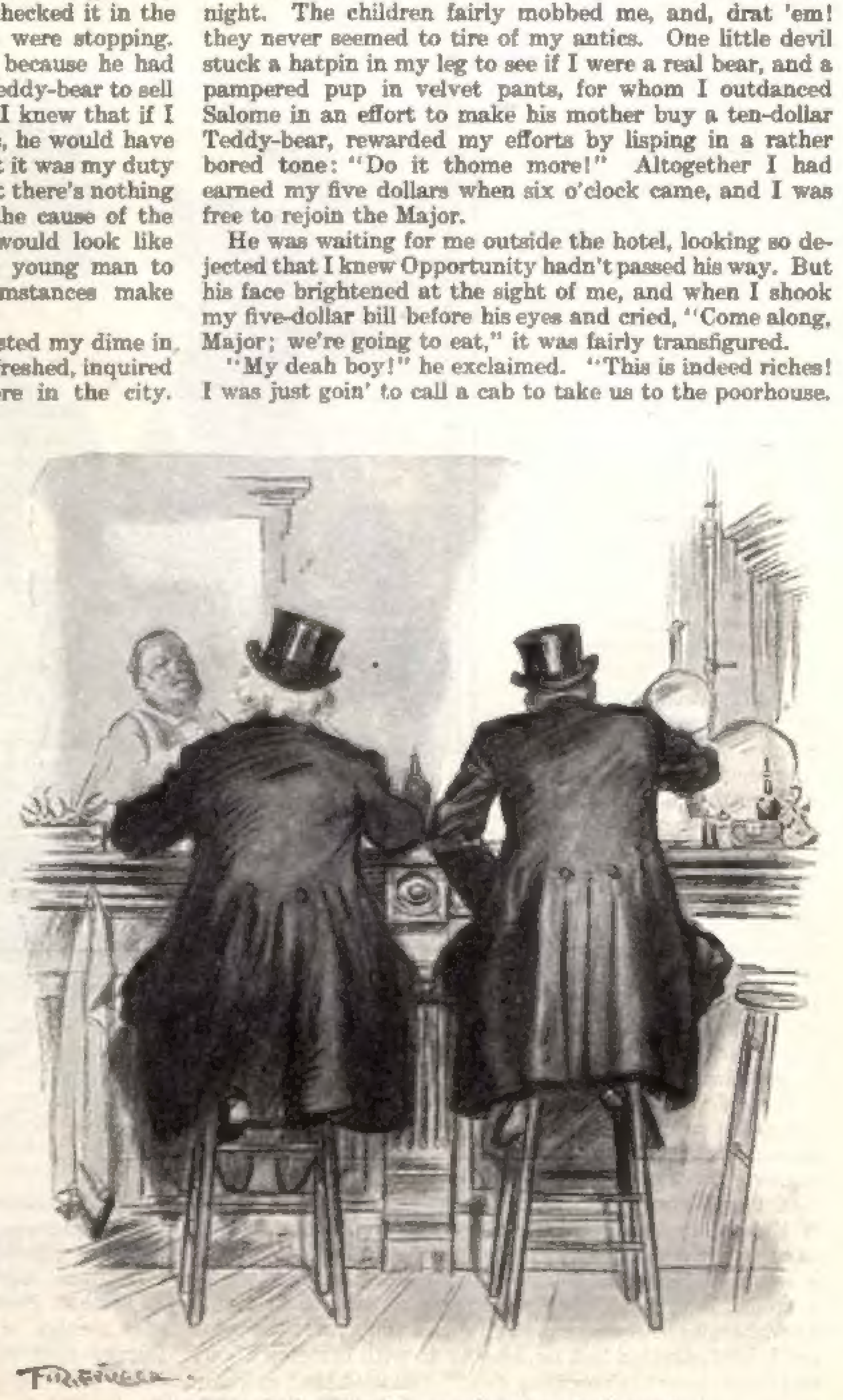
"Might be!" I echoed, and, by way of final argument, I slipped on the bear's head and again ran out the "dee-lighted" tongue. A yell of laughter, which swept away the manager's last doubt, burst from the crowd that was watching us through the glass partition.

When it came to the question of terms he was disposed to haggle a little, but, seeing that I had my man, I drew on my scant remaining store of business experience and adopted the methods of one Eckstein, with whom I had had dealings at various times, and began to show a Hebrew lack of interest in anything except my price. In the end, the manager accepted my terms—a week's trial at five dollars a day, payable nightly, and the exclusive right to the Teddy-bear in Baltimore, if, at the end of that time, he chose to renew on the same basis.

It was a scream from the moment I stepped out on the platform and began to "demonstrate" toys. I put Santa Claus out of business in five minutes, and he was fired that night. The children fairly mobbed me, and, drat 'em! they never seemed to tire of my antics. One little devil stuck a hatpin in my leg to see if I were a real bear, and a pampered pup in velvet pants, for whom I outdanced Salome in an effort to make his mother buy a ten-dollar Teddy-bear, rewarded my efforts by lisping in a rather bored tone: "Do it thome more!" Altogether I had earned my five dollars when six o'clock came, and I was free to rejoin the Major.

He was waiting for me outside the hotel, looking so dejected that I knew Opportunity hadn't passed his way. But his face brightened at the sight of me, and when I shook my five-dollar bill before his eyes and cried, "Come along, Major; we're going to eat," it was fairly transfigured.

"My deah boy!" he exclaimed. "This is indeed riches! I was just goin' to call a cab to take us to the poorhouse.



"An Exceedin'ly Nutritious and Gentlemanly Repast"

But now, suh, we can taste a little real food, unless," and his face fell, "this is a case five."

"There's more where that came from," I assured him; "I've got a steady job," and I told him of my good fortune, using a good many asterisks when I got up to explaining how the Teddy-bear suit happened to be in Baltimore.

The Major didn't reproach me, but he looked thoughtful when I told him how the children had ragged me, and said: "I suppose you must stick it out fo' a week, Jack, if I can't turn up somethin', and we must economize until we can scrape together carfare to New York. I can always get a stake there." So we didn't dine that night, after all; only had something to eat.

Nothing turned up—nothing ever does when you really need it—and I had to keep right on being the frolicsome, light-hearted bear for the little ones.

"Luck," as the Major said to me one night in our dingy little room, "hates the unlucky. When you're down to white chips she deals you ten high. If you had a little mo' sense, suh, in yo' blank head, and a little less sentiment in yo' dashed heart, you'd quit me first chance you got. I'm not only a dead weight, but I'm pullin' downhill. I haven't had such a hoodoo since the war."

At the end of the week we found ourselves only a dollar or two nearer New York, for, though we had lived as closely as we could, there had been linen to buy, and that had taken our little surplus. I had small fear that my engagement at the department store would be terminated, for I had made good, but on Saturday morning as I went to work I had an idea for extricating ourselves from our difficulties. So, instead of getting into my Teddy-bear suit, I made straight for the manager's office.

"Want to find out about next week?" he inquired.

"No," I replied; "I want to leave. I'm going to New York to-day, for I've interested capital there in my invention. If you want to keep the Teddy-bear suit you can have it and the exclusive right to use it in Baltimore for a hundred dollars. It would cost you five, and well worth it, as you know, if I wasn't hard up."

Well, there was a lot of the painful and ungentlemanly haggling which seems so inseparable from a business transaction, but the upshot of the matter was that I hurried back to the Major with a hundred dollars. Twenty of this went to buy a postal order to cover our unliquidated hotel bill on the East Shore. The Major inclosed this to Miss Lynn in a letter written in his best manner, very cold and stately, in which he requested her to forward our baggage to the little New York hotel at which we planned to put up.

An hour later, seated in the smoking compartment of a north-bound Pullman, the Major looked out at the suburbs of Baltimore over his before-luncheon "warning." There was a faint color in his cheeks, a sparkle in his eye, and the chastening of the past week was rapidly disappearing from his manner.

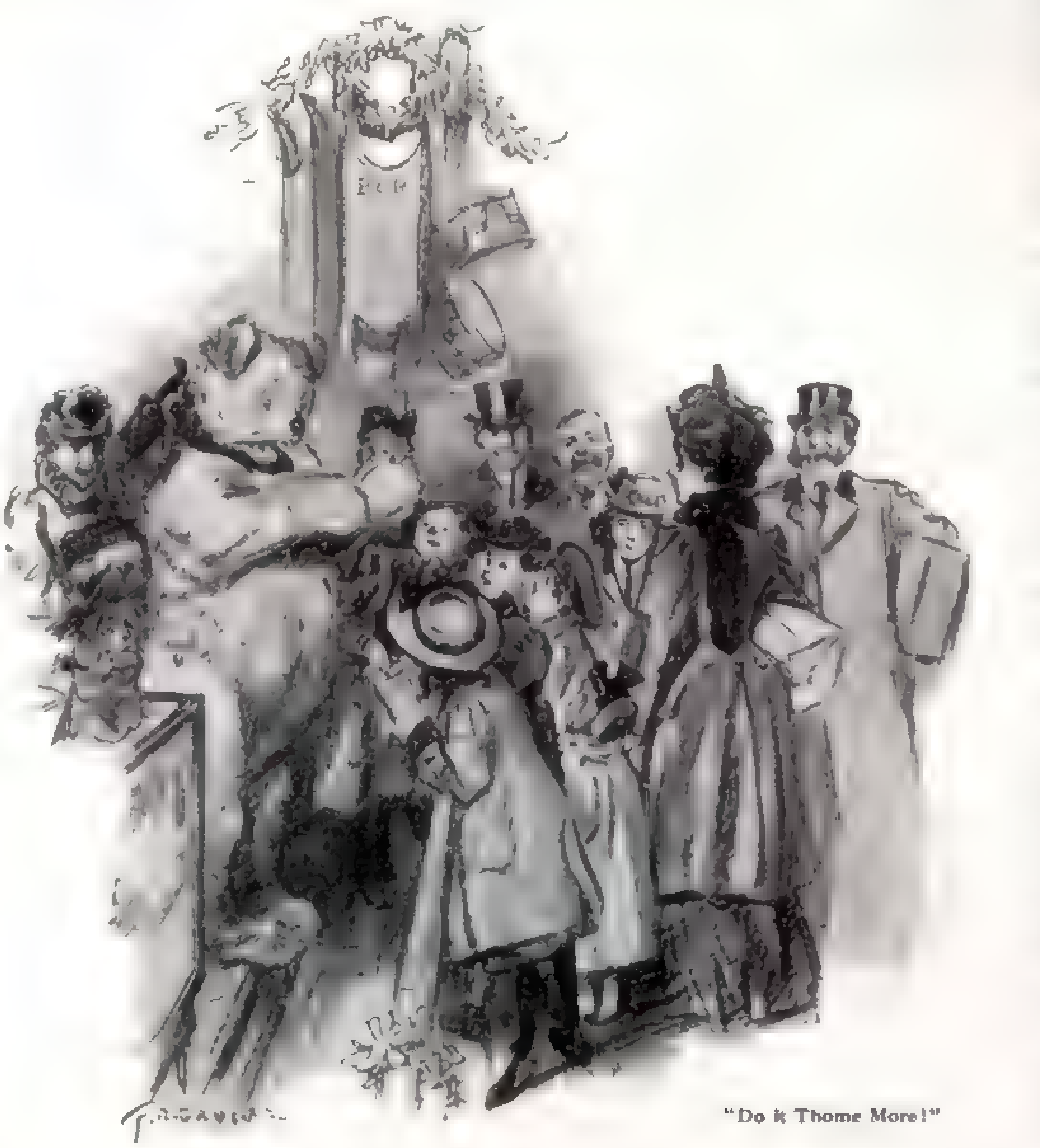
"I have a presentiment, Jack," he began, "a conviction, I might say, suh, that the blank luck is about to change. You may consider that hundred as simply a first and triflin' installment on favors that we are about to receive."

I was feeling too happy at escaping from Baltimore to chill the Major's spirits with any doubts, so I did not tell him that during the past week I had been disturbed by a growing suspicion that there was an intimate connection between luck and work. By a curious coincidence, the lucky men, so far as I had been able to see, all had jobs and liked them; the unlucky ones either didn't have jobs or didn't like them. I knew that work would have to be an acquired taste with me, but I remembered how bravely I had persisted in trying to like grand opera, and I determined to get a job and to cultivate a taste for it as an ambitious Freshman would a thirst for beer. I did rather despair, though, of ever being able to emulate those fellows who get down before hours, and bolt a piece of pie at noon in their hurry to get back, and who have to be shooed out of the office at night, so that the janitors can clean up. There ought, even in work, to be a happy medium, I thought, and I reckoned it was a safe bet that I should find it. At this conclusion I looked across at the Major, to see if he had read my guilty thoughts in my face, but he was lost in pleasant reverie, and singing softly to himself:

"Hold the fo't,
Fo' I am comin'."

Then, catching my eye, he lifted his glass and continued: "Yo' health, suh, and happy days. Very poor Bou'bon. Most inferior. Let us go fo'ward and see if the dashed monopoly that runs these dinin'-cars can offer anythin' fit fo' a gentleman to eat."

Crossing on the ferry from Jersey to New York the old fellow insisted on standing out front where he could pick out the familiar landmarks. A distant glimpse of the Statue of Liberty stirred him to exclaim, "A fine woman, suh! God bless her!" and a passing Pennsylvania ferryboat called forth, "A marvelous system, Jack, the creation of a master mind! Think, suh, that if it weren't fo' the progressiveness of its builders we should sca'cely be twenty miles out of Baltimo' at this blessed minute, even if we'd been ridin' fo' liberty like Paul Revere." And again, less excitedly now: "I must be growin' old, Jack, fo' I plum lost my nerve in Baltimo'. Reckoned I never would get back here again. Dash these second-rate cities, anyway! I don't feel safe in them. If you go broke, you might as well rent a house and register fo' the next election, because the only man that you know well enough to touch is out West on a business trip. If you've got money, and have to stay a while to trim a little more from the natives, you can't go to the theatre, because the shows are all blank road companies takin' out last year's plays; if you want a drink, the dashed town has just gone dry; if you want a little relaxation at cards, the house has just been pulled. The only thing you can do is to walk down one side of Main Street and back on the other, and then you're apt to be run in as a suspicious character, because you're a stranger. But here, suh, in New York, there is somethin' doin' every minute, and even the seconds are tol'ably busy. If the front do' closes the back do' opens. If they have to shut that, you can come down through the scuttle, or go up by the fire-escape. It's the blankest, resou'cefullest, thoughtfullest town in creation. If you want money, all you've got to do is to walk up Broadway from Twenty-third to Fo'ty-second, and you've found yo' man—or someone else who'll answer just as well. If yo' scheme fails on one block, all you've got to do is to walk around the co'ner and begin life over again. No, suh, unless I've an independent income from Government bonds, and can affo'd to farm a plantation back home, you give me ——"



"Do It Thome More!"

Just then the boat bumped into the ferry slip, and, in the scramble ashore, the Major's peroration was lost. Half-way to the street we met the crowd hurrying to catch the outgoing boat, and in it we came face to face with the Governor. It was the first time I had seen him since we parted in his library, and it gave me a horrid start. I made an effort to dodge, but it was too late. We were almost on him, and his keen eyes were already fixed on us. So I raised my hat with a muttered "Good-afternoon, sir," and, to my intense surprise, he returned the salutation, and, as he came abreast of me, added in a really hearty voice: "Glad to see you looking so well, Jack."

He kept right on to his boat, but, coming from the Governor, this was a distinctly friendly overture, and I gathered that he would not take it amiss if I should call at the house with an olive branch. Involuntarily, I turned around to look at him again, and caught the Major regarding me intently.

"Who was that, Jack?" he asked.

"An old acquaintance—no one you know," I replied, trying to say it in an offhand manner and making a botch of it.

"Wasn't it—he certainly looked amazin'ly like—old Con. Spurlock?"

"Yes," I answered shortly, knowing the Major's delicacy about asking questions when one showed that one didn't wish to be communicative.

But this time he had decided to be indelicate, and he persisted with: "Any kin of yo's?"

"Yes, we're related," I admitted. "I think I mentioned it when I first met you. But, as you can see, he isn't particularly proud of it."

"He seemed co'dial enough," the Major returned. "With all that money, the old boy ought to do somethin' handsome fo' you, Jack."

"Not he," I laughed, a little more at ease.

"Well, if he won't come down now, you can have a shy at breakin' the will," the Major suggested hopefully. "I wonder where the old scoundrel's off to in such a hurry. Probably goin' to Washington to hire some blank Brutus to stab the rate bill in the back. But he might spare himself his pains; our honahed President is not to be trifled with in that matter, suh."

As I made no rejoinder, the conversation lapsed and then passed to other topics. Arrived at the hotel, the Major insisted on starting out at once for that productive mile between Twenty-third and Forty-second, to happen on an angel unawares, and, though I pointed out that we still had a comfortable balance, he was not to be dissuaded.

"No, suh," he explained; "I've had my lesson, suh, and hereafter, when there's a matter of business pressin' fo' attention, it's goin' to be attended to befo' I do anythin' else. The gentleman that I have selected to act as our banker might go up against a game to-night and get cleaned out—if," he added thoughtfully, "the blank idiot hasn't already done it. No, suh, let me make my peace with my financial conscience, and then I'll come back and o'der some things fo' dinner that are not on the bill-of-fare."

Stretched out in a lazy leather chair, I lounged the early evening away in the hotel lobby, finding pleasure in the mere consciousness of being comfortably housed, and diversion in my growing appetite, knowing how thoroughly it was soon to be satisfied.

It was almost eight o'clock before the Major returned, and I hardly needed to question him as to the result of his mission, for he swung in through the door with his ready-money walk.

"Did you get it, Major?" I asked, not for information, but by way of greeting.

"I did not, suh," he returned cheerfully. "We won't need to borrow, I am happy to say, fo' I have learned that a man is in town who owes me a considerable sum of money."

"That's good," I commented, though my face must have showed disappointment—"if you get it. There's much giving the slip 'twixt the borrower and the lender."

"Not between that borrower and this lender, suh," the Major returned with a snap of his jaws. "I shall collect

(Continued on Page 5[illegible])

THE NICKELODEONS

The Poor Man's Elementary Course in the Drama

By Joseph Medill Patterson

Climax of a Melodrama: The Recognition, from The Two Sisters

THREE years ago there was not a nickelodeon, or five-cent theatre devoted to moving-picture shows, in America. To-day there are between four and five thousand running and solvent, and the number is still increasing rapidly. This is the boom time in the moving-picture business. Everybody is making money—manufacturers, renters, jobbers, exhibitors. Overproduction looms up as a certainty of the near future; but now, as one press-agent said enthusiastically, "this line is a Klondike."

The nickelodeon is tapping an entirely new stratum of people, is developing into theatregoers a section of population that formerly knew and cared little about the drama as a fact in life. That is why "this line is a Klondike" just at present.

Incredible as it may seem, over two million people on the average attend the nickelodeons *every day of the year*, and a third of these are children.

Let us prove up this estimate. The agent for the biggest firm of film renters in the country told me that the average expense of running a nickelodeon was from $175 to $200 a week, divided as follows:

Wage of manager	$25
Wage of operator	20
Wage of doorman	15
Wage of porter or musician	12
Rent of films (two reels changed twice a week)	50
Rent of projecting machine	10
Rent of building	40
Music, printing, "campaign contributions," etc	18
Total	$190

Merely to meet expenses, then, the average nickelodeon must have a weekly attendance of 4000. This gives all the nickelodeons 16,000,000 a week, or over 2,000,000 a day. Two million people a day are needed before profits can begin, and the two million are forthcoming. It is a big thing, this new enterprise.

The nickelodeon is usually a tiny theatre, containing 199 seats, giving from twelve to eighteen performances a day, seven days a week. Its walls are painted red. The seats are ordinary kitchen chairs, not fastened. The only break in the red color scheme is made by half a dozen signs, in black and white, NO SMOKING, HATS OFF and sometimes, but not always, STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE

The spectatorium is one story high, twenty-five feet wide and about seventy feet deep. Last year or the year before it was probably a second-hand clothier's, a pawnshop or cigar store. Now, the counter has been ripped out, there is a ticket-seller's booth where the show-window was, an automatic musical barker somewhere up in the air thunders its noise down on the passersby, and the little store has been converted into a theatrelet. Not a theatre, mind you, for theatres must take out theatrical licenses at $500 a year. Theatres seat two hundred or more people. Nickelodeons seat 199, and take out amusement licenses. This is the general rule.

But sometimes nickelodeon proprietors in favorable locations take out theatrical licenses and put in 800 or 1000 seats. In Philadelphia there is, perhaps, the largest nickelodeon in America. It is said to pay not only the theatrical license, but also $30,000 a year ground rent and a handsome profit.

To-day there is cutthroat competition between the little nickelodeon owners, and they are beginning to compete each other out of existence. Already consolidation has set in. Film-renting firms are quietly beginning to pick up, here and there, a few nickelodeons of their own; presumably they will make better rates and give prompter service to their own theatrelets than to those belonging to outsiders. The tendency is clearly toward fewer, bigger, cleaner five-cent theatres and more expensive shows. Hard as this may be on the little showman who is forced out, it is good for the public, who will, in consequence, get more for their money.

Who the Patrons Are

THE character of the attendance varies with the locality, but, whatever the locality, children make up about thirty-three per cent. of the crowds. For some reason, young women from sixteen to thirty years old are rarely in evidence, but many middle-aged and old women are steady patrons, who never, when a new film is to be shown, miss the opening.

In cosmopolitan city districts the foreigners attend in larger proportion than the English-speakers. This is doubtless because the foreigners, shut out as they are by their alien tongues from much of the life about them, can yet perfectly understand the pantomime of the moving pictures.

As might be expected, the Latin races patronize the shows more consistently than Jews, Irish or Americans. Sailors of all races are devotees.

Most of the shows have musical accompaniments. The enterprising manager usually engages a human pianist with instructions to play Eliza-crossing-the-ice when the scene is shuddery, and fast ragtime in a comic kid chase. Where there is little competition, however, the manager merely presses the button and starts the automatic going, which is as apt as not to bellow out, I'd Rather Two-Step Than Waltz, Bill, just as the angel rises from the brave little hero-cripple's corpse.

The moving pictures were used as chasers in vaudeville houses for several years before the advent of the nickelodeon. The cinemetograph or vitagraph or biograph or kinetoscope (there are seventy-odd names for the same machine) was invented in 1888-1889. Mr. Edison is said to have contributed most toward it, though several other inventors claim part of the credit.

The first very successful pictures were those of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, Nevada, in 1897. These films were shown all over the country to immense crowds and an enormous sum of money was made by the exhibitors.

The Jeffries-Sharkey fight of twenty-five rounds at Coney Island, in November, 1899, was another popular success. The contest being at night, artificial light was necessary, and 500 arc lamps were placed above the ring. Four cameras were used. While one was snapping the fighters, a second was being focused at them, a third was being reloaded, and a fourth was held in reserve in case of breakdown. Over seven miles of film were exposed and 198,000 pictures, each 2 by 3 inches, were taken. This fight was taken at the rate of thirty pictures to the second.

The Poor Mill-Girl

The 500 arc lamps above the ring generated a temperature of about 115 degrees for the gladiators to fight in. When the event was concluded, Mr. Jeffries was overheard to remark that for no amount of money would he ever again in his life fight in such heat, pictures or no pictures. And he never has.

Since that mighty fight, manufacturers have learned a good deal about cheapening their process. Pictures instead of being 2 by 3 inches are now ⅝ by 1⅛ inches, and are taken sixteen instead of thirty to the second, for the illusion to the eye of continuous motion is as perfect at one rate as the other.

By means of a ratchet each separate picture is made to pause a twentieth of a second before the magic-lantern lens, throwing an enlargement to life size upon the screen. Then, while the revolving shutter obscures the lens, one picture is dropped and another substituted, to make in turn its twentieth of a second display.

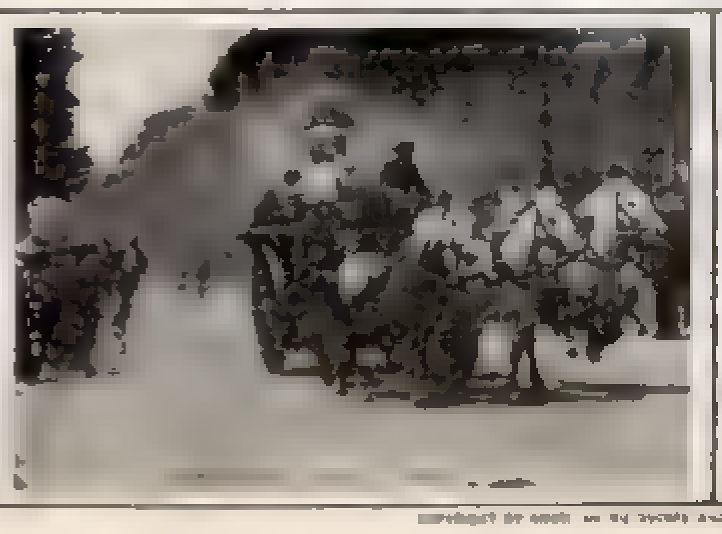
The films are, as a rule, exhibited at the rate at which they are taken, though chase scenes are usually thrown faster, and horse races, fire-engines and fast-moving automobiles slower, than the life-speed.

How the Drama is Made

WITHIN the past year an automatic process to color films has been discovered by a French firm. The pigments are applied by means of a four-color machine stencil. Beyond this bare fact, the process remains a secret of the inventors. The stencil must do its work with extraordinary accuracy, for any minute error in the application of color to outline made upon the ⅝ by 1⅛ inches print is magnified 200 times when thrown upon the screen by the magnifying lens. The remarkable thing about this automatic colorer is that it applies the pigment in slightly different outline to each successive print of a film 700 feet long. Colored films sell for about fifty per cent. more than black and whites. Tinted films—browns, blues, oranges, violets, greens and so forth—are made by washing, and sell at but one per cent. over the straight price.

The films are obtained in various ways. "Straight" shows, where the interest depends on the dramatist's imagination and the setting, are merely playlets acted out before the rapid-fire camera. Each manufacturing firm owns a studio with property-room, dressing-rooms and a completely-equipped stage. The actors are experienced professionals of just below the first rank, who are content

Typical Slapstick Comedy


Fire-Engine Answering a Call

The Automatic Scissors

Notice the Excellent Pantomime

The Wrong Flat: Rough-House Comic

to make from $18 to $25 a week. In France a class of moving-picture specialists has grown up who work only for the cameras, but in this country most of the artists who play in the film studios in the daytime play also behind the footlights at night.

The studio manager orders rehearsals continued until his people have their parts "face-perfect," then he gives the word, the lens is focused, the cast works rapidly for twenty minutes while the long strip of celluloid whirs through the camera, and the performance is preserved in living, dynamic embalmment (if the phrase may be permitted) for decades to come.

Eccentric scenes, such as a chalk marking the outlines of a coat upon a piece of cloth, the scissors cutting to the lines, the needle sewing, all automatically without human help, often require a week to take. The process is ingenious. First the scissors and chalk are laid upon the edge of the cloth. The picture is taken. The camera is stopped, the scissors are moved a quarter of an inch into the cloth, the chalk is drawn a quarter of an inch over the cloth. The camera is opened again and another picture is taken showing the quarter-inch cut and quarter-inch mark. The camera is closed, another quarter inch is cut and chalked; another exposure is made. When these pictures so slowly obtained are run off rapidly, the illusion of fast self-action on the part of the scissors, chalk and needle is produced.

Sometimes in a nickelodeon you can see on the screen a building completely wrecked in five minutes. Such a film was obtained by focusing a camera at the building, and taking every salient move of the wreckers for the space, perhaps, of a fortnight. When these separate prints, obtained at varying intervals, some of them perhaps a whole day apart, are run together continuously, the appearance is of a mighty stone building being pulled to pieces like a house of blocks.

Such eccentric pictures were in high demand a couple of years ago, but now the straight-story show is running them out. The plots are improving every year in dramatic technique. Manufacturing firms pay from $5 to $25 for good stories suitable for film presentation, and it is astonishing how many sound dramatic ideas are submitted by people of insufficient education to render their thoughts into English suitable for the legitimate stage.

The moving-picture actors are becoming excellent pantomimists, which is natural, for they cannot rely on the playwright's lines to make their meanings. I remember particularly a performance I saw near Spring Street on the Bowery, where the pantomime seemed to me in nowise inferior to that of Mademoiselle Pilar-Morin, the French pantomimist.

The nickelodeon spectators readily distinguish between good and bad acting, though they do not mark their pleasure or displeasure audibly, except very rarely, in a comedy scene, by a suppressed giggle. During the excellent show of which I have spoken, the men, women and children maintained a steady stare of fascination at the changing figures on the scene, and toward the climax, when forgiveness was cruelly denied, lips were parted and eyes filled with tears. It was as much a tribute to the actors as the loudest bravos ever shouted in the Metropolitan Opera House.

To-day a consistent plot is demanded. There must be, as in the drama, exposition, development, climax and dénouement. The most popular films run from fifteen to twenty minutes and are from five hundred to eight hundred feet long. One studio manager said: "The people want a story. We run to comics generally; they seem to take best. So-and-so, however, lean more to melodrama. When we started we used to give just flashes—an engine chasing to a fire, a base-runner sliding home, a charge of cavalry. Now, for instance, if we want to work in a horse race it has to be as a scene in the life of the jockey, who is the hero of the piece—we've got to give them a story; they won't take anything else—a story with plenty of action. You can't show large conversation, you know, on the screen. More story, larger story, better story with plenty of action—that is our tendency."

. . . .

Civilization, all through the history of mankind, has been chiefly the property of the upper classes, but during the past century civilization has been permeating steadily downward. The leaders of this democratic movement have been general education, universal suffrage, cheap periodicals and cheap travel. To-day the moving-picture machine cannot be overlooked as an effective protagonist of democracy. For through it the drama, always a big fact in the lives of the people at the top, is now becoming a big fact in the lives of the people at the bottom. Two million of them a day have so found a new interest in life.

Meet Me at the Fountain: A Comedy Climax

The prosperous Westerners, who take their week or fortnight, fall and spring, in New York, pay two dollars and a half for a seat at a problem play, a melodrama, a comedy or a show-girl show in a Broadway theatre. The stokers who have driven the Deutschland or the Lusitania from Europe pay five cents for a seat at a problem play, a melodrama, a comedy or a show-girl show in a Bowery nickelodeon. What is the difference?

The Easterner. This Slide is Exhibited East of the Alleghanies

The stokers, sitting on the hard, wooden chairs of the nickelodeon, experience the same emotional flux and counter-flux (more intense is their experience, for they are not as blasé) as the prosperous Westerners in their red plush orchestra chairs, uptown.

The sentient life of the half-civilized beings at the bottom has been enlarged and altered, by the introduction of the dramatic motif, to resemble more closely the sentient life of the civilized beings at the top.

Take an analogous case. Is aimless travel "beneficial" or not? It is amusing, certainly; and, therefore, the aristocrats who could afford it have always traveled aimlessly. But now, says the Democratic Movement, the grand tour shall no longer be restricted to the aristocracy. Jump on the rural trolley-car, Mr. Workingman, and make a grand tour yourself. Don't care, Mr. Workingman, whether it is "beneficial" or not. Do it because it is amusing; just as the aristocrats do.

The film makers cover the whole gamut of dramatic attractions. The extremes in the film world are as far apart as the extremes in the theatrical world—as far apart, let us say, as The Master Builder and The Gay White Way.

If you look up the moving-picture advertisements in any vaudeville trade paper you cannot help being struck with this fact. For instance, in a current number, one firm offers the following variety of attractions:

Romany's Revenge (very dramatic)	300	feet
Johnny's Run (comic kid chase)	300	"
Roof to Cellar (absorbing comedy)	782	"
Wizard's World (fantastic comedy)	350	"
Sailor's Return (highly dramatic)	535	"
A Mother's Sin (beautiful, dramatic and moral)	392	"
Knight Errant (old historical drama)	421	"
Village Fire Brigade (big laugh)	325	"
Catch the Kid (a scream)	270	"
The Coroner's Mistake (comic ghost story)	430	"
Fatal Hand (dramatic)	432	"

Another firm advertises in huge type, in the trade papers.

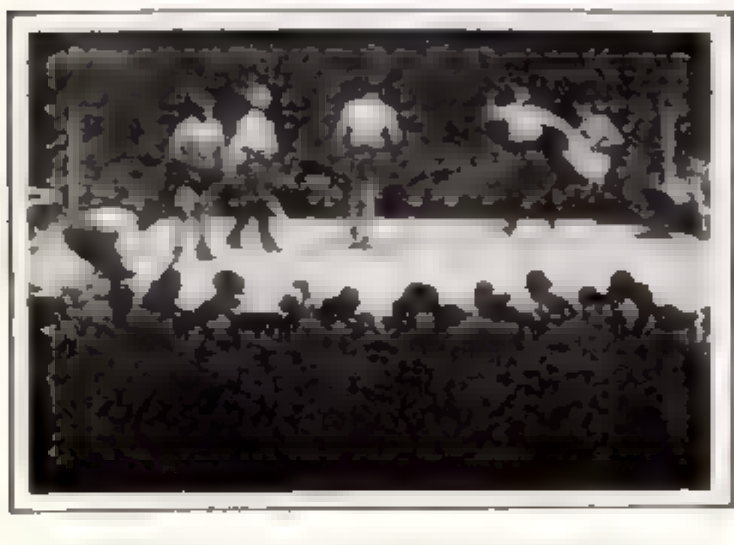
LIFE AND PASSION OF CHRIST

Five Parts, Thirty-nine Pictures, 3114 feet	Price, $373.68
Extra for coloring	125.10

The presentation by the picture machines of the Passion Play in this country was undertaken with considerable hesitation. The films had been shown in France to huge crowds, but here, so little were even professional students of American lower-class taste able to gauge it in advance, that the presenters feared the Passion Play might be boycotted, if not, indeed, in some places, mobbed. On the contrary, it has been the biggest success ever known to the business.

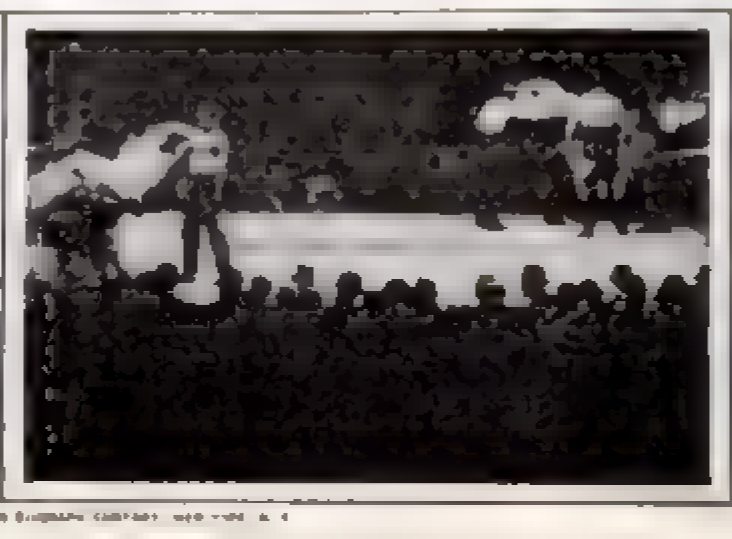
Last year incidents leading up to the murder of Stanford White were shown, succeeded enormously for a very few weeks, then flattened out completely and were withdrawn.

(Concluded on Page 38)



At the End of Round 17, Sharkey-Jeffries Fight

Preparing for the Rest Between Rounds

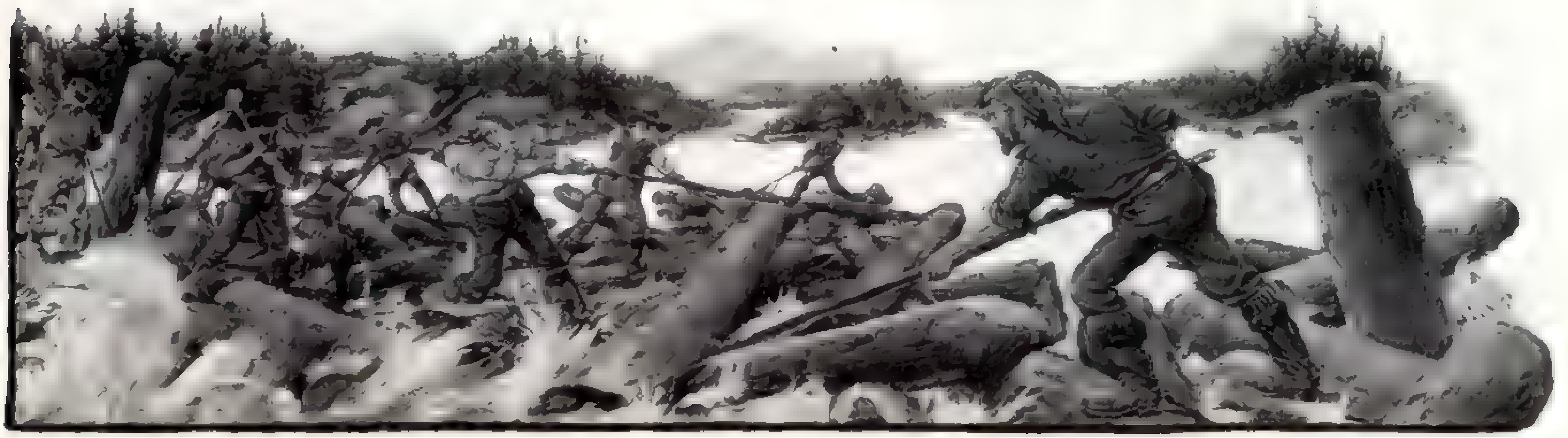


In Their Corners, Sharkey-Jeffries Fight

Sharkey-Jeffries Fight—a Clinch, Round 17

THE DRIVE—By Stewart Edward White

AUTHOR OF THE SILENT PLACES



THE time was the year 1872, and the place a bend in the river above a long pond terminating in a dam. Beyond this dam, and on a flat lower than it, stood a two-story mill structure. Save for a small, stump-dotted clearing, and the road that led from it, all else was forest. Here in the bottom-lands, following the course of the stream, the hardwoods grew dense, their uppermost branches just beginning to spray out in the first green of spring. Farther back where the higher lands arose from the swamp could be discerned the graceful fronds of white pines and hemlock and the sturdy tops of Norways and spruce.

On the bank, and in a small woods-opening, burned two fires, their smoke ducking and twisting under the buffeting of the wind. The first of these fires occupied a shallow trench dug for its accommodation, and was overarched by a rustic framework from which hung several pails, kettles and pots. An injured-looking chubby man in a battered brown derby hat moved here and there. He divided his time between the utensils and an indifferent youth, his "cookee." The other and larger fire occupied the centre of a rectangle composed of tall racks built of saplings and intended for the drying of clothes. Two large tents gleamed white among the trees.

About the drying fire were gathered thirty-odd men. Some were half-reclining before the blaze; others sat in rows on logs drawn close for the purpose; still others squatted like Indians on their heels, their hands thrown forward to keep the balance. Nearly all were smoking pipes.

"Blow, you son-of-a-gun!" cried disgustedly one young fellow with a red bandanna, apostrophizing the wind; "I wonder if there's *any* side of this fire that ain't smoky!"

"Keep your hair on, bub," advised a calm and grizzled old-timer. "There's never no smoke on the *other* side of the fire—whichever that happens to be. And as for wind, she just makes holiday for the river-hogs."

"Holiday!" snorted the younger man. "We ought to be down to Bull's dam before now ——"

"And Bull's dam is half-way to Redding," mocked a reptilian and redheaded giant on the log, "and Redding is the happy childhood home of ——"

The young man leaped to his feet and seized from a pile of tools a peavey—a dangerous weapon, like a heavy cant-hook, but armed at the end with a sharp steel shoe.

"That's about enough!" he warned, raising his weapon, his face suffused and angry. The redheaded man, quite unafraid, rose slowly from the log and advanced, barehanded, his small eyes narrowed and watchful.

But immediately a dozen men interfered.

"Dry up!" advised the grizzled old-timer, Tom North by name. "You, Purdy, set down! And you young squirt, subside! If you're going to have ructions, why, have 'em, but not on drive. If you don't look out I'll set you both to rustling wood for the doctor."

At this threat the belligerents dropped muttering to their places. The wind continued to blow, the fire continued to flare up and down, the men continued to smoke, exchanging from time to time desultory and aimless remarks. Only Tom North carried on a consecutive, low-voiced conversation with another of about his own age.

"Just the same, Jim," he was saying, "it is a little tough on the boys, this new sluice-gate business. They've been sort of expectin' a chance for a day or two at Redding, and now if this son-of-a-gun of a wind hangs out, I don't know when we'll make her. The shallows at Bull's was always bad enough, but this is worse."

"Yes, I expected to pick you up 'way below," admitted Jim, whose "turkey," or clothes-bag, at his side proclaimed him a newcomer. "Had quite a tramp to find you."

"This stretch of slack water was always a terror," went on North; "and we had fairly to pike-pole every stick through when the wind blew, but now that dam's backed the water up until there reelly ain't no current at all. And this breeze has just stopped the drive dead as a smelt."

"Don't opening the sluice-gates give her a draw?" inquired the newcomer.

"Not against this wind—and not much of a draw anyway, I should guess."

"How long you been hung?"

"Just to-day. I expect Jack will be down from the rear shortly. Ought to see something's wrong when he runs against the tail of this jam of ours."

At this moment the lugubrious, round-faced man in the derby hat stepped aside from the row of steaming utensils he had been arranging.

"Grub pile," he said, in a conversational tone of voice.

The group arose as one man and moved upon the heap of cutlery and of tin plates and cups. From the open fifty-pound lard pails and kettles they helped themselves liberally, then retired to squat in little groups here and there near the sources of supply. Mere conversation yielded to an industrious silence. Sadly the cook surveyed the scene, his arms folded across the dirty white apron, an immense mental reservation accenting the melancholy of his countenance. After some moments of contemplation he mixed a fizzling concoction of vinegar and soda, which he drank. His rotundity to the contrary notwithstanding, he was ravaged by a gnawing dyspepsia, and the sight of six eggs eaten as a side dish to substantials carried consternation to his interior.

So busily engaged was each after his own fashion that nobody observed the approach of a solitary figure down the highway of the river. The man appeared tiny around the upper bend, momently growing larger as he approached. His progress was jerky and on an uneven zigzag, according as the logs lay, by leaps, short runs, brief pauses, as a riverman goes. Finally he stepped ashore just below the camp, stamped his feet vigorously free of water, and approached the group around the cooking fire.

No one saw him save the cook, who vouchsafed him a stately and lugubrious inclination of the head.

The newcomer was a man somewhere about thirty years of age, squarely built, big of bone, compact in bulk. His face was burly, jolly, and reddened rather than tanned by long exposure. A pair of twinkling blue eyes and a humorously quirked mouth redeemed his countenance from commonplaceness.

He spread his feet apart and surveyed the scene.

"Well, boys," he remarked in a rollicking big voice. "Glad to see the situation hasn't spoiled your appetites."

At this they looked up with a spontaneous answering grin. Tom North laid aside his plate and started to arise.

"Sit still, Tom," interposed the newcomer. "Eat hearty. I'm going to feed yet, myself. Then we'll see what's to be done. I think first thing you'd better see to having this wind turned off."

After the meal was finished, North and his principal sauntered to the water's edge, where they stood for a minute looking at the logs and the ruffled expanse of water below.

"Might as well have sails on them and be done with it," remarked Jack Orde reflectively. "Couldn't hold 'em any tighter. It's a pity that old mossback had to put in a mill. The water was slack enough before, but now there seems to be no current at all."

"Case of wait for the wind," agreed Tom North. "Old Daly will be red-headed. He must be about out of logs at the mill. The flood-water's going down every minute, and it'll make the ripples above Redding a holy fright. And I expect Johnson's drive will be down on our rear most any time."

"It's there already. Let's go take a look," suggested Orde.

They picked their way around the edge of the pond to the site of the new mill.

"Sluice open, all right," commented Orde. "Thought she might be closed."

"I saw to that," rejoined North in an injured tone.

"Course," agreed Orde; "but he might have dropped her shut on you between times when you weren't looking."

He walked out on the structure and looked down on the smooth water rushing through.

"Ought to make a draw," he reflected. Then he laughed. "Tom, look here," he called. "Climb down and take a squint at this."

North clambered to a position below.

"The son-of-a-gun!" he exclaimed.

The sluice, instead of bedding at the natural channel of the river, had been built a good six feet above that level, so that even with the gates wide open a "head" of six feet was retained in the slack water of the pond.

"No wonder we couldn't get a draw," said Orde. "Let's hunt up old What's-his-name and have a powwow."

"His name is plain Reed," explained North. "There he comes now."

"Sainted cats!" cried Orde, with one of his big, rollicking chuckles. "Where did you catch it?"

The owner of the dam flapped into view as a lank and lengthy individual dressed in loose, long clothes and wearing atop a battered old "plug" hat, the nap of which seemed all to have been rubbed off the wrong way.

As he bore down on the intruders with tremendous, nervous strides they perceived him to be an old man, white of hair, cadaverous of countenance, with thin, straight lips, and burning, fanatic eyes beneath stiff and bushy brows.

"Good-morning, Mr. Reed!" shouted Orde above the noise of the water.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," replied the apparition.

"Nice dam you got here," went on Orde.

Reed nodded, his fiery eyes fixed unblinking on the riverman.

"But you haven't been quite square to us," said Orde. "You aren't giving us much show to get our logs out."

"How so?" snapped the owner, his thin lips tightening.

"Oh, I guess you know, all right," laughed Orde, clambering leisurely back to the top of the dam. "That sluice is a good six foot too high."

"Is that so!" cried the old man, plunging suddenly into a craze of excitement. "Well, let me tell you this, Mr. Man, I'm giving you all the law gives you, and that's the natural flow of the river, and not a thing more will you get! You that come to waste and destroy, to arrogate unto yourselves the kingdoms of the yearth and all the fruits thereof, let me tell you, you can't override Simeon Reed! I'm engaged here in a peaceful and fittin' operation, which is to feed the hungry by means of this grist-mill, not to rampage and bring destruction to the noble forests God has planted! I've give you what the law gives you, and nothin' more!"

Somewhat astonished at this outbreak the two rivermen stood for a moment staring at the old man. Then a steely glint crept into Orde's frank, blue eyes and the corners of his mouth tightened.

"We want no trouble with you, Mr. Reed," said he, "and I'm no lawyer to know what the law requires you to do and what it requires you not to do. But I do know that this is the only dam on the river with sluices built up that way, and I do know that we'll never get those logs out if we don't get more draw on the water. Good-day."

Followed by the reluctant North he walked away, leaving the gaunt figure of the dam owner gazing after them, his black garments flapping about him, his hands clasped behind his back, his ruffled plug hat thrust from his forehead.

"Well!" burst out North, when they were out of hearing.

"Well!" mimicked Orde, with a laugh.

"Are you going to let that old high-banker walk all over you?"

"What are you going to do about it, Tom? It's his dam."

"I don't know. But you ain't going to let him hang us up here all summer ——"

"Sure not. But the wind's shifting. Let's see what the weather's like to-morrow. To-day's pretty late."

The next morning dawned clear and breathless. Before daylight the pessimistic cook was out, his fire winking bravely against the darkness. His only satisfaction of the long day came when he aroused the men from the heavy sleep into which daily toil plunged them. With the first light the entire crew were at the banks of the river.

As soon as the wind died the logs had begun to drift slowly out into the open water. The surface of the pond was covered with the scattered timbers floating idly. After a few moments the clank of the bars and ratchet was heard as two of the men raised the heavy sluice-gate on the dam. A roar of water, momently increasing, marked the slow rise of the barrier. A very imaginative man might then have made out a tendency forward on the part of those timbers floating nearest the centre of the pond. It was a very sluggish tendency, however, and the men watching critically shook their heads.

Four more had by this time joined the two men who had raised the gate, and all together, armed with long pike-poles, walked out on the funnel-shaped booms that should concentrate the logs into the chute. Here they prodded forward the few timbers within reach, and waited for more.

These were a long time coming. Members of the driving crew leaped, shouting, from one log to another. Sometimes, when the space across was too wide to jump, they propelled a log over either by rolling it, paddling it, or projecting it by the shock of a leap on one end. In accomplishing these feats of tight-rope balance they stood upright and graceful, quite unconscious of themselves, their bodies accustomed by long habit to nice and instant obedience to the almost unconscious impulses of the brain. Only their eyes, intent, preoccupied, blazed out by sheer will power the unstable path their owners should follow. Once at the forefront of the drive the men began vigorously to urge the logs forward. This they accomplished almost entirely by main strength, for the sluggish current gave them little aid. Under the pressure of their feet as they pushed against their implements the logs dipped, rolled and plunged. Nevertheless, they worked as surely from the decks of these unstable craft as from the solid earth itself.

Jack Orde wandered back and forth over the work, his hands clasped behind his back, a short pipe clenched between his teeth. To the edge of the drive he rode the logs, then took to the bank and strolled down to the dam. There he stood for a moment gazing aimlessly at the water making over the apron, after which he returned to the work. No cloud obscured the serene good-nature of his face. Meeting Tom North's troubled glance he grinned and said:

"I'll go labor with our old friend below."

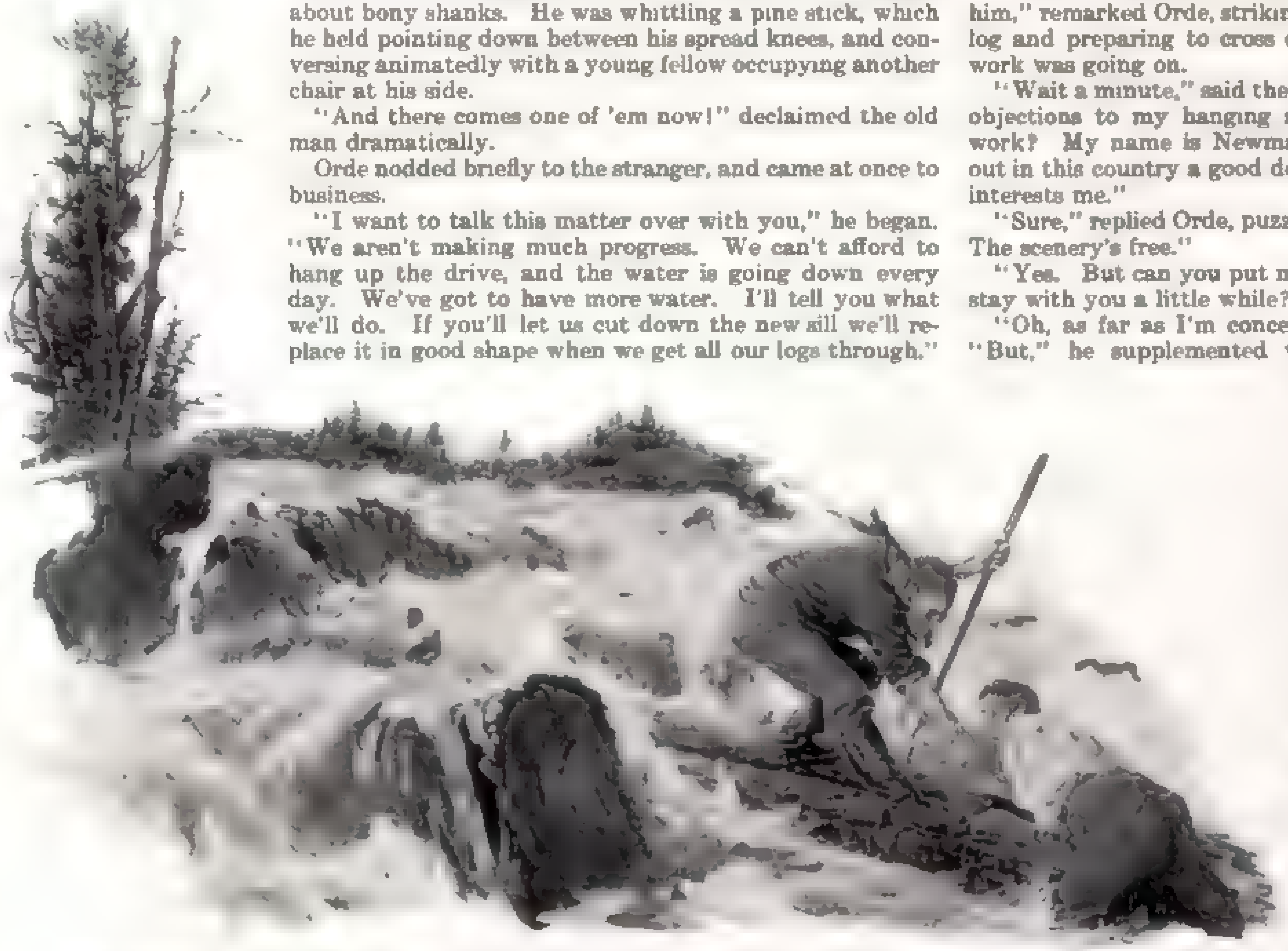
He regained the bank, stopped to light his pipe, and sauntered with every appearance of leisure down the bank, past the dam, to the mill structure below.

Here he found the owner occupying a chair tilted back against the wall of the building. His ruffled plug hat was thrust, as usual, well away from his high and narrow forehead; the long, broadcloth coat fell back to reveal an unbuttoned waistcoat; the flapping black trousers were hitched up far enough to display woolen socks wrinkled about bony shanks. He was whittling a pine stick, which he held pointing down between his spread knees, and conversing animatedly with a young fellow occupying another chair at his side.

"And there comes one of 'em now!" declaimed the old man dramatically.

Orde nodded briefly to the stranger, and came at once to business.

"I want to talk this matter over with you," he began. "We aren't making much progress. We can't afford to hang up the drive, and the water is going down every day. We've got to have more water. I'll tell you what we'll do. If you'll let us cut down the new sill we'll replace it in good shape when we get all our logs through."



Nevertheless, They Worked as Surely from the Decks of These Unstable Craft as from the Solid Earth Itself

"No, sir!" promptly vetoed the old man.

"Well, we'll give you something for the privilege. What do you think is fair?"

"I tell ye I'll give you your legal rights, and not a cent more," replied the old man, still quietly, but with quivering nostrils.

"What is your name?" asked Orde.

"My name is Reed, sir!"

"Well, Mr. Reed, stop and think what this means. It's a more serious matter than you think. In a little while the water will be so low in the river that it will be impossible to take out the logs this year. That means a large loss, of course, as you know."

"I don't know nothin' about the pesky business, and I don't want to," snorted Reed.

"Well, there's borers, for one thing, to spoil a good many of the logs. And think what it will mean to the mills. No logs means no lumber. That is bankruptcy for a good many who have contracts to fulfill. And no logs means the mills must close. Thousands of men will be thrown out of their jobs, and a good many of them will go hungry. And with the stream full of the old cutting, that means less to do next winter in the woods—more men thrown out. Getting out a season's cut with the flood water is a pretty serious matter to a great many people, and if you insist on holding us up here in this slack water the situation will soon become alarming."

"Ye finished?" demanded Reed grimly.

"Yes," replied Orde.

The old man cast from him his half-whittled piece of pine. He closed his jack-knife with a snap and thrust it in his pocket. He brought to earth the front legs of his chair with a thump, and jammed his ruffled plug hat to its proper place.

"And if the whole kit and caboodle of ye starved outright," said he, "it would but be the fulfillin' of the word of the prophet, who says: 'So will I send upon you famine and evil beasts, and they shall bereave thee; and pestilence and blood shall pass through thee; and I will bring the sword upon thee. I the Lord have spoken it!'"

"That's your last word?" inquired Orde.

"That's my last word, and my first. Ye that make of God's smilin' land waste places and a wilderness, by your own folly shall ye perish."

"Good-day," said Orde, whirling on his heel without further argument.

The young man, who had, during this colloquy, sat an interested and silent spectator, arose and joined him. Orde looked at his new companion a little curiously. He was a very slender young man, taut-muscled, taut-nerved, but impassive in demeanor. He possessed a shrewd, thin face, steel-gray, inscrutable eyes behind glasses. His costume was quite simply an old gray suit of business clothes and a gray felt hat. At the moment he held in his mouth an unlighted and badly-chewed cigar.

"Nice, amiable old party," volunteered Orde with a chuckle.

"Seems to be," agreed the young man dryly.

"Well, I reckon we'll just have to worry along without him," remarked Orde, striking his steel caulks into the first log and preparing to cross out into the river where the work was going on.

"Wait a minute," said the young fellow; "have you any objections to my hanging around a little to watch the work? My name is Newmark—Joseph Newmark. I'm out in this country a good deal for my health. This thing interests me."

"Sure," replied Orde, puzzled. "Look all you want to. The scenery's free."

"Yes. But can you put me up? Can I get a chance to stay with you a little while?"

"Oh, as far as I'm concerned," agreed Orde heartily. "But," he supplemented with one of his contagious chuckles, "I'm only river-boss. You'll have to fix it up with the doctor—the cook, I mean," he explained as Newmark looked puzzled. "You'll find him at camp up behind that brush. He's a slim, handsome fellow with a jolly expression of countenance."

He leaped lightly out over the bobbing timbers, leaving Newmark to find his way.

In the centre of the stream the work had been gradually slowing down to a standstill with the subsidence of the first rush of water after the sluice-gate was opened. Tom North, leaning gracefully against the shaft of a peavey, looked up eagerly as his principal approached.

"Well, Jack," he inquired, "is it to be peace or war?"

"War," replied Orde briefly.

At this moment the cook stepped into view, and, making a trumpet of his two hands, sent across the water a long, weird and not unmusical cry. The men at once began slowly to drift in the direction of the camp. There, when the tin plates had all been filled, and each had found a place to his liking, Orde addressed them. His manner was casual and conversational.

"Boys," said he, "the old mossback who owns that dam has come up here loaded to scatter. He's built up the sill of that gate until we can't get a draw on the water, and he refuses to give, lend or sell us the right to cut her out. I've made him every reasonable proposition, but all I get back is quotations from the prophets. Now we've got to get those logs out. That's what we're here for. A fine bunch of whitewater binders we'd look if we got hung up by an old mossback in a plug hat. Johnny Sims, what's the answer?"

"Cut her out," grinned Johnny Sims briefly.

"Correct," replied Orde with a chuckle. "Cut her out. But, my son, it's against the law to interfere with another man's property."

This was so obviously humorous in intent that its only reception consisted of more grins from everybody.

"But," went on Orde more seriously, "it's quite a job. We can't work more than six or eight men at it at a time. We got to work as fast as we can before the old man can interfere."

"The nearest sheriff's at Spruce Rapids," commented some one philosophically.

"We have sixty men, all told," said Orde. "We ought to be able to carry it through."

He filled his plate and walked across to a vacant place. Here he found himself next to Newmark.

"Hello," he greeted that young man; "fixed it with the doctor all right?"

"Yes," replied Newmark in his brief, dry manner. "Thanks. I think I ought to tell you that the sheriff is not at Spruce Rapids, but at the village—expecting trouble."

Orde whistled, then broke into a roar of delight.

"Boys," he called, "old Plug Hat's got the sheriff right handy. I guess he sort of expected we'd be thinking of cutting through that dam. How'd you like to go to jail?"

"I'd like to see any sheriff take us to jail, unless he had an army with him," growled one of the river-jacks.

"Has he a posse?" inquired Orde of Newmark.

"I didn't see any. But I understood in the village that the Governor had been advised to hold State troops in readiness for trouble."

Orde fell into a brown study, eating mechanically. The men began an eager and somewhat truculent discussion full of lawless and bloodthirsty suggestion. Some suggested the kidnaping and sequestration of Reed until the affair should be finished.

"How'd he get hold of his old sheriff then?" they inquired with some pertinence.

Orde, however, paid no attention to all this talk, but continued to frown into space. At last his face cleared, and he slapped down his tin plate so violently that the knife and fork jumped off into the dirt.

"I have it!" he cried aloud.

But he would not tell what he had. After the noon hour he instructed a half-dozen men to provide themselves with saws, axes, picks and shovels, and all marched in the direction of the mill.

When within a hundred yards or so of that structure the advancing rivermen saw the lank, black figure of the mill-owner flap into sight astride a bony old horse, and clatter away, coat-tails flying, up the road and into the waiting forest.

"Now, boys!" cried Orde crisply. "He'll be back in an hour with the sheriff. Lively!" He rapidly designated ten men of his crew. "You boys get to work and make things hum. Get as much done as you can before the sheriff comes."

"He'll have to bring all of Spruce County to get me," commented one of those chosen, spitting on his hands.

"Me, too!" said others.

"Now listen," said Orde, holding them with an impressive gesture, "when that sheriff comes, with or without a posse, I want you to go peaceably. Understand?"

"Cave in? Not much!" cried Purdy.

"See here," and Orde drew them aside to an earnest, low-voiced conversation that lasted several minutes. When he had finished he clapped each of them on the back and all moved off, laughing, to the dam.

"Now, boys," he commanded the others. "No row without orders. Understand? If there's going to be a fight I'll give you the word when."

The chopping crew descended to the bottom of the sluice, the gate of which had been shut, and began immediately to chop away at the apron. As the water in the pond above had been drawn low by the morning's work, none overflowed the gate, so the men were enabled to work dry. Below the apron, of course, had been filled in with earth and stones. As soon as the axe-men had effected an entry to this deposit, other men with shovels and picks began to remove the filling.

The work had continued nearly an hour when Orde commanded the fifty or more idlers back to camp.

"Get out, boys," he ordered, "the sheriff will be here pretty quick now, and I don't want any row. Get out of sight."

"And leave them to fight her out alone? Guess not!" grumbled a tall, burly individual with a red face.

Orde immediately walked directly to this man.

"Am I bossing this drive, or am I not?" he demanded.

The riverman growled something.

Smack! Smack! sounded Orde's fists. The man, taken by surprise, went down in a heap, but immediately rebounded to his feet as though made of rubber. But Orde had seized a peavey, and stood over against his antagonist, the murderous weapon upraised.

"Lie down, you hound, or I'll brain you!" he roared at the top strength of his great voice. "Want fight, do you! Well, you won't have to wait till the sheriff gets here! You make a move!"

For a full half-minute the man crouched breathless, and Orde, his ruddy face congested, held his threatening attitude. Then he dropped his peavey and stepped aside.

"March!" he commanded. "Get your turkey and hit the hay trail. You'll get your time at Redding."

The man sullenly arose and slouched away, grumbling under his breath. Orde watched him from sight, then turned to the silent group, a new crispness in his manner. "Well?" he demanded.

Hesitating, they turned to the river trail, leaving the ten still working at the sluice. When well within the fringe of the brush Orde called a halt. His customary good humor seemed quite restored.

"Now, boys," he commanded, "squat down and lay low. You give me an ache. Don't you suppose I've got this thing all figured out? If fight would do any good, you know mighty well I'd fight. And the boys won't be in jail any longer than it takes to get a wire to Daly to bail them out. Smoke up, and don't bother."

Another full half-hour elapsed before the situation developed further. Then Tom North's friend, Jim, who had gathered his long figure on the top of a stump, unclasped his knees and remarked that old Plug Hat was back.

The men arose to their feet and peered cautiously through the brush. They saw Reed, accompanied by a thick-set man, whom some recognized as the sheriff of the county, approach the edge of the dam. A moment later the working crew mounted to the top, stacked their tools neatly, resumed their coats and jackets and departed up the road in convoy of the sheriff.

A gasp of astonishment broke from the concealed rivermen.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" ejaculated one. "What are we comin' to? That's the first time I ever see one lonesome sheriff gather in ten river-hogs without the aid of a Gatlin' or an ambulance! What's the matter with that chicken-liver bunch, anyway?"

Orde watched them, his eyes expressionless, until they had disappeared in the fringe of the forest. Then he turned to the astonished group.

"Jim," said he, "and you, Ellis, and you, and you, and you, and you, get to work on that dam. And remember this, if you are arrested, go peaceably. Any resistance will spoil the whole game."

The men broke into mingled cheers and laughter as the full significance of Orde's plan reached them. They streamed back to the dam, where they perched, proffering advice and encouragement to those about to descend.

Immediately, however, Reed was out, his eyes blazing either side his hawk nose.

"Here!" he cried. "Quit that! I'll have ye arrested!"

"Arrest ahead," replied Orde coldly.

Reed stormed back and forth for a moment, then departed at full speed up the road.

"Now, boys, get as much done as possible," urged Orde. "We better get back in the brush, or he may try to take in the whole b'iling of us on some sort of a blanket warrant."

"How about the other boys?" inquired North.

"I gave one of them a telegram to send to Daly," replied Orde. "Daly will be up to bail them out."

Once more they hid in the woods; and again, after a longer interval, the mill-owner and the sheriff reappeared. Reed appeared to be expostulating violently, and a number of times pointed up river; but the sheriff went ahead stolidly to the dam, summoned those working below and departed up the road as before. Reed stood uncertain until he saw the rivermen beginning to reëmerge from the brush, then followed the officer at top speed.

Without the necessity of command a half-dozen men leapt down on the apron. The previous crews had made considerable progress in weakening the heavy supports. As soon as these should be cut out, and the backing removed, the mere sawing through of the massive sill should carry away the whole obstruction.

"Next time will decide it," remarked Orde. "If the sheriff brings a posse and sits down to lay for us, of course we won't be able to get near to finish the job."

"I didn't think that of George Morris," commented Sims in an aggrieved way. "He was a riverman himself once, before he was sheriff."

"He's got to obey orders and serve a warrant when it's issued, of course," replied Orde to this. "What did you expect?"

At the end of another hour, which brought the time to four o'clock, the sheriff made his third appearance, this time in a side-bar buggy.

"I wish I dared join that confab," said Orde, "and hear what's going on; but I'm afraid he'd jug me sure."

"He wouldn't jug me," spoke up Newmark. "I'll go down."

"Bully for you!" agreed Orde.

The young man departed in his precise, methodical manner, picking his way rather mincingly among the inequalities of the trail. In spite of the worn and wrinkled condition of his garments, they retained something of a city hang and smartness that sharply differentiated their wearer from even the well-dressed citizens of a smaller town. They seemed to match the refined, shrewd, but cold intelligence of his lean and nervous face.

About sunset he returned from a scene which the distant spectators had watched with breathless interest. It was in essence only a repetition of the two that had preceded it, but Reed had evidently gone almost to the point of violence in his insistence, and the sheriff had shaken him off rudely. Finally Morris and his six prisoners had trailed away. The sheriff and North's friend occupied the seat of the buggy, while the other five trudged peaceably alongside. Once again Reed clattered away on his bony steed, but this time ahead of the official party.

With a whoop the river crew, now reduced to a scant dozen, rushed down to meet the too deliberate Newmark.

"Well?" they demanded, crowding about him.

"Reed wanted the sheriff to stay and protect the dam," reported Newmark in his brief, dry manner. "Sheriff refused. Said his duty was simply to arrest on warrant, and as often as Reed got out warrants he'd serve them. Reed said then he should get a posse and hunt up Orde and the rest of them. Sheriff replied that as far as he could see the terms of his warrant were covered by the men he found working on the dam. Reed demanded protection. Sheriff said for him to get an injunction, and it would be enforced."

"Well, that's all right," interjected Orde with satisfaction. "We'll have her cut through before he gets that injunction, and I guess I've got men enough here and down river to get through before we're *all* arrested."

"Yes," said Newmark, "that's all very well. But now he's gone to telegraph the Governor to send the troops."

Orde whistled a jig tune.

"Kind of expected that, boys," said he. "Let's see; the next train out from Redding—they'll be here by five in the morning at soonest. Hope it'll be later."

"What will you do?" asked Newmark.

"Take chances," replied Orde. "All you boys get to work. Zeke," he commanded one of the cookees, "go up road and report if Morris comes back. I reckon this time we'll have to scatter if he comes after us. I hope we won't have to, though. Like to keep everything square on account of this State troop business."

The sun had dropped below the fringe of trees, which immediately etched their delicate outlines against a pale, translucent green sky. Two straight, thin columns of smoke rose from the neglected camp-fires. Orde, glancing around him, noticed these.

"Doctor!" he commanded sharply. "Get at your grub. Make some coffee right off and bring it down. Get the lanterns and bring them to the dam. Come on, boys!"

Over a score of men attacked the sluice-way, for by now part of the rear crew had come down river. The pond above had recovered its volume. Water was beginning to trickle over the top of the gate. In a short time progress became difficult, almost impossible. The men worked up to their knees in swift water. They could not see; and the strokes of axe or pick lost much of their force against the liquid. Dusk fell. The fringe of the forest became mysterious in its velvet dark. Silver streaks, of a supernal calm, suggested the reaches of the pond. Above, the sky's day surface unfolded and receded and dissolved and melted away until, through the pale afterglow, one saw beyond into the infinities. Down by the sluice a dozen lanterns flickered and blinked yellow against the blue-blackness of the night.

After some time Orde called his crew off and opened the sluice-gates. The water had become too deep for effective work, and a half-hour's flow would reduce the pressure. The time was occupied in eating and in drying off about the huge fire the second cookee had built close at hand.

When the meal was finished the men lit their pipes and went back to work philosophically. With entire absorption in the task they dug, chopped and picked. The dull sound of blows, the gurgle and trickle of the water, the occasional grunt or brief comment of a riverman alone broke the calm of evening. Now that the sluice-gate was down and the water had ceased temporarily to flow over it, the work went faster. Orde, watching with the eye of an expert, vouchsafed to the taciturn Newmark that he thought they'd make it.

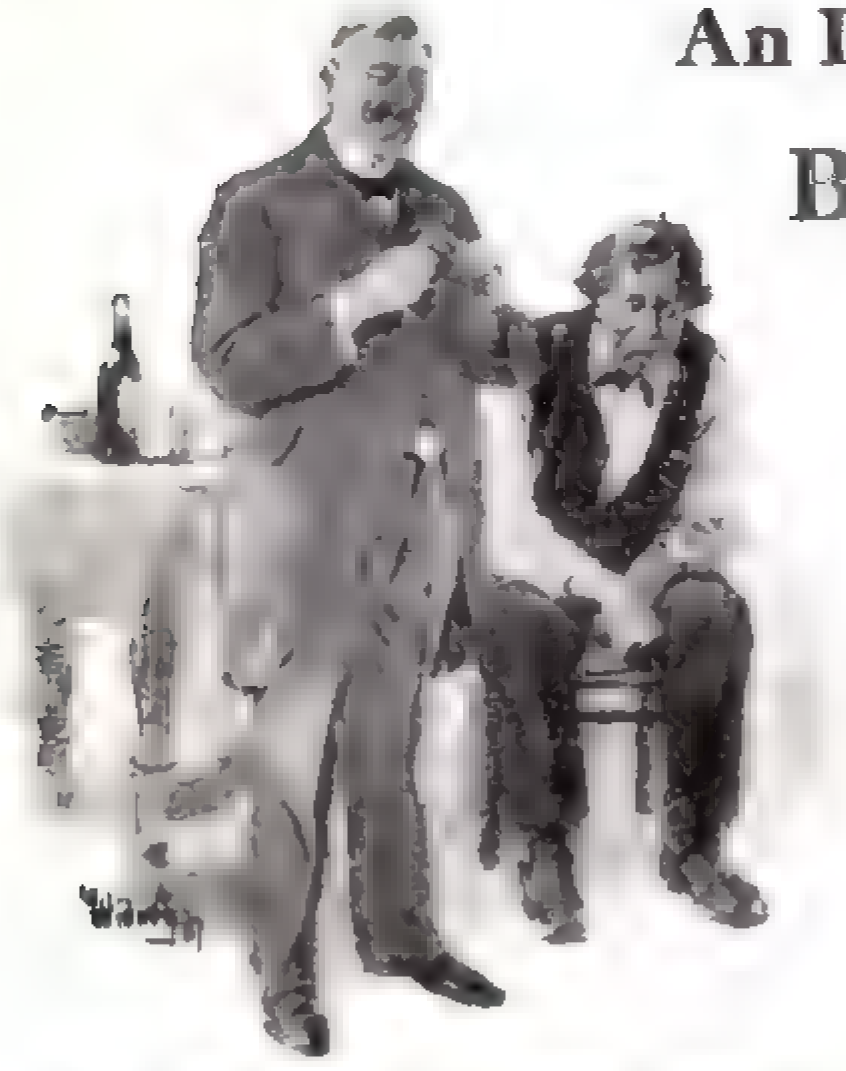
All night the work went on, the men spelling each other at intervals of every few hours. By three o'clock the main

(Continued on Page 45)

The Battle of the Bottle

An Inquest on the Georgia Saloon

By HARRIS DICKSON



A Shrewd Agent of the Liquor Dealers' Association Had Been Employed

NOBODY suspected that the thing had any intention of happening; it sneaked up on the wary and surprised the vigilant. It must have been one of those coming events which cast their shadows behind. But every post-mortem prophet in the State can now predict that Georgia went dry.

Some have good reasons, many have good excuses, and all have good stories. Here is a story that they do not tell, but it fits:

Uncle Josh Turnrow rushed in breathless from the stable-lot and interrupted his wife while she was cooking breakfast.

"Mandy, oh, Mandy! What do you think! That dod-gasted old muley cow has done et up the grindstone."

Mandy did not glance up from the griddle.

"I tole ye so, Josh; I tole ye so."

Before the war, when the Georgia gentleman felt toddyly inclined he drove up to the grocery store and hitched his horse. In the back room there would be a number of barrels ranged against the wall: barrels with clean oaken staves and polished brass hoops. The old gentleman well knew what was in each of these, and the generous spigot would turn at the touch of his hand. Water stood on the centre table in a sweet-smelling cedar bucket, likewise hooped with brass. The familiar cocoanut dipper lay across it, ice and sugar close beside.

Wherein Ducks and Negroes Differ

SUCH was the simplicity of the old régime that the gentleman served himself alone or in company with a friend, chatting amiably as they smacked their lips. The whisky was pure, the water fresh, and he paid ten cents as he passed out the door. But this primitive method vanished like many another institution of the Old South.

After the war, through the reconstruction period, adventurers planted their doggeries at every crossroad in the State. New-made citizens in black, simple-hearted savages scarcely removed from their jungle, congregated here, listening to the harangue of carpet-bagger and scalawag. Here it was that the deviltry of those days was hatched. Drunken negroes took possession of the highways, armed with the best of weapons and brutalized by mean whisky. The inevitable result is written in riot and arson and murder—and worse—upon the annals of every community in the South.

From these doggeries, by a rapid transition, grew the palaces of glass and gold which for long dominated the politics of Georgia.

This terrorism in the rural districts did much to bring about the overthrow of carpet-bag rule. When the whites were again in the saddle, one of their first legislative acts was to forbid any barroom within three miles of a church or schoolhouse in the State. This effectually disposed of the crossroads abominations.

Several years afterward "local option" laws were enacted, the first ever passed in the South, if not the United States. Under these laws each county might determine by election whether or not liquor should be sold. Almost at once the different counties began to hold elections, and in a decade 125 out of 145 counties in the State were dry. Agricultural communities almost without exception voted against the sale, carrying the smaller towns and cities within their limits. The larger cities remained wet.

This concentrated the liquor traffic in the cities. By means of railroads, express companies, telegraph and telephone communication, these city dealers were enabled to defeat the law in the smaller counties by making the country express office and depot little better than an adjunct to the city barroom. The jug trade vetoed the local option law.

This aroused the greatest wrath and indignation, but the people were helpless. Most of them were Democrats, and the Democratic party stood pledged to the local option principle.

In 1896 certain Prohibitionists, headed by the Chancellor of the State University, determined to make a straight fight for State Prohibition. By agreement with leading Populists the Prohibitionists furnished the candidate for Governor, hoping that the combination would overthrow the liquor traffic. Honorable Seaborn Wright, of Floyd County, was selected to make the race. He stumped the State throughout that aggressive and historic campaign.

At this time 126,000 negroes were registered voters, the largest ever known in the State of Georgia. Ducks and negroes differ—the duck takes to water. The Prohibitionists were defeated by about 20,000 votes, and have always claimed that a large majority of the white vote was cast for their ticket.

Enter Hoke Smith

AFTER their defeat most of the Prohibitionists returned to the Democratic party, where they normally belonged, and began to work for State Prohibition within the party.

Prior to the State Convention of 1906 the Democrats maintained the local option plank in their platform—in other words, the party stood for county option as against State Prohibition. The liquor interests, allied with the railroads, through the politicians then in control, successfully resisted every attempt to change this. As a matter of fact, liquor dealers seized upon the local option life-preserver and clung to it aggressively.

Honorable Hoke Smith, ex-Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland, had long been a leading figure in the politics of Georgia. In 1906, as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, he headed a strong movement against the political powers of the State which developed into a revolution, a veritable landslide, wiping out the controlling faction.

Personally Governor Smith is a local optionist, but against the sale of liquor. He does not drink it and does not use it on his table. When a mere lad at college, he organized the Knights of Jericho and made a campaign for pledges among the young men of the universities in the State. These were total abstinence pledges to last as long as a man remained a member of the order.

In his campaign for Governor he told the people he was a local optionist and adhered to the view of allowing each county to settle this question for itself; but in a local option election he voted against the sale. He was not one of those local optionists that wanted an opportunity to allow the stuff to be sold. He said, however, if the State passed a Prohibition law he would sign it.

His friends say that in this race Governor Smith ran money out of politics; he drove out the agents of the liquor dealers and the corporations—chased them into a hole and stopped up the hole. These two interests had always been in combination, and he placed them in a position where they were afraid to spend money in the campaign. He denounced the use of money to hire wagons or ward heelers, to buy votes, or for any like purpose. He did not allow his friends to use money, and demanded legislation that would require every candidate to show what money he had spent, how he spent it, and where he got it from. That paralyzed the Liquor Dealers' Association, although he was not doing this with a view to Prohibition.

The "Gal in the Fountain"

THE Honorable Hoke Smith is a man of means. He is part owner of a large hotel, the handsomest in Atlanta, if not in the South. And thereby hung a tale—or many tales. There was a gorgeous bar at the hotel, and a trickling marble fountain in the centre thereof. The bar was all right, and the fountain was not so bad, but there was a "gal in the fountain." She was not an ordinary gal in ordinary clothes, but a bewildering gal, in no clothes at all.

Robed in Oriental imagination this dimpled nymph in bronze, with outspread arms and intoxicating smile, perched herself above the scintillating waters unconscious of the gaze that her innocence attracted. And she was the woman in the case.

Upon every stump throughout the State and in the columns of the press, this unoffending vision of delight was made the sport of jest and the subject of sarcastic comment. Perspiring humorists pilloried the owners of the hotel as partners in the liquor traffic and contaminators of youth. Luckily for the gal, she had eyes that saw not and ears that refused to hear. Some said she was artistic, some said she was brazen—which is pretty near the truth. She might well have drooped her lids and drawn the shimmering veil of water around her.

The primaries resulted in a sweeping victory for Honorable Hoke Smith, and a complete vindication of the gal; against four opponents they carried 122 out of 145 counties.

This revolution placed in power very largely the same element that had supported State Prohibition in 1896, together with a younger set of politicians grown up since that time and who favored reform. The Legislature elected in that campaign, as was afterward developed, believed overwhelmingly in Prohibition.

For many years the rumor passed current throughout the State that a shrewd agent of the Liquor Dealers' Association had been employed to go into each county and do missionary work for the Senatorial candidate favorable to their interests. He paid no attention to the lower House.

There are 44 Senators in the State of Georgia, and 23 constitute a majority. Senators from the six cities might safely be relied upon to support local option; that left only 17 to be looked after. Having secured his twenty-three the missionary rested easy; whatever drastic legislation the House might propose the Senate would block it.

Possibly the liquor dealers were too confident in 1906, possibly they went to sleep; but, somehow or other, the L. D. A. slipped a cog and failed to get the necessary twenty-three.

After this election and before the passage of the Prohibition Bill things happened in Georgia.

First and foremost, people began to suspect

"A-Sellin' Goobers an' A-Spreadin' Joy"

a change in their own opinions; and in no class was this more radical than in the younger men.

It may be said that the younger element throughout the South is in favor of reform. In no part of America has the drinking habit so noticeably declined. This is not a revolution; it is an evolution. More and more do their employers demand sobriety; the bar is an impassable barrier to professional and commercial success.

As a rule, they are not opposed to reasonable and proper use of liquor—only to the abuses. They resent the unpunished violations of law by the liquor interests that control the very officers charged with the duty of suppressing them. They protest against the Amalgamated Dive-Keepers' League, organized to secure immunity from the decent laws of every State. They feel indignant at the roughshod manner in which the ward boss tramples the rights of respectability. Many of these young men believe that liquor may be a very excellent thing in its place, and that there ought to be some means of dispensing it for proper purposes. They even regret the inconveniences which may result from general prohibitory laws. But, under the present system, they regard the sale and abuse as inseparably linked, creating a traffic theoretically tolerated by law, but practically superior to it.

The dive-keepers of the South have made the Prohibitionists of the South, more than all other influences combined. These low joints have been too often protected by men higher up in the business—men who dominate the politics of the country. This sinister power has been too offensively active in the election of sheriffs, mayors, chiefs of police, district attorneys—officers from constable to Governor, yea, even the judges of our courts—upon the platform of non-interference with their traffic. Officeholders whose bread and butter depend upon it are forced to make promises—tacit, if not express—and to keep these promises upon pain of political death. So much for what the young men are thinking.

The railroads of Georgia began to weary of their liquor alliance. They felt the effect of so many wrecks, the loss of life and property, due in a considerable degree to drunken recklessness among their employees. It is difficult to tell whether this feeling started at the top or the bottom of officialdom. It probably began somewhere about the middle and worked both ways. There is, perhaps, no class of men in the civilized world, man for man, which is soberer than the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Big-hearted, generous and liberal as they are, yet they know how to be convivial without carousing, and good-natured without artificial stimulus.

The Bottle and the Throttle

"WHY," said a conductor running into Atlanta, "if I suspected that my engineer was not sober I would not even let him run this train to the nearest side-track. I'd ring him down right here on the main line, send out flagmen, and wait until another engineer could be got. If the fireman were drinking the engineer would run on the first side-track and kick him off the engine. Our business is too dangerous to take chances."

The superintendent cannot complain, for back of this engineer and conductor stands the Brotherhood and the O. R. C. So the transcontinental line of railroad must be stopped.

The American locomotive engineer has in his keeping millions of human lives and millions of money. To his eternal credit be it said that the instance is rare indeed where he hesitates to sacrifice his own life and save his passengers. Upon the steadiness of his nerve and the clearness of his eye depends the safety of helpless people. He chose between the bottle and the throttle—and corked up the bottle for good and all. This is true of conductor, brakeman and flagman, of every working part of that perfectly-organized machine.

That engineer will not touch the lever or turn a wheel until he knows that every member of the crew is sober, and that of the train which is to meet him at the next switch. It matters not whether he pulls a load of cattle or a load of railroad presidents, sobriety is a condition precedent to his moving.

The influence of these men has permeated every pore of railroad operation, and is felt by every mechanic throughout the land.

The business man is beginning to count the cost and the drain of whisky waste. Every dollar spent in that way would otherwise go for shoes and hats, for clothing, schoolbooks, and to pay those bad accounts which he annually charges to profit and loss.

The net earnings of all the railroads in the United States will pay the nation's drink bill for less than sixty days. Prohibition Maine has more individual depositors in her savings-banks than she has registered voters. The business man prefers customers who patronize the savings-bank rather than those who patronize the other institutions.

He keeps sober himself, requires his clerk to keep sober—and he keeps up a mighty lot of thinking.

The business man knows that the money and effort now invested in liquor could be put to more productive uses.

"Come Up Yo'self an' Put Us Out"

Prior to 1886 there was a handsome barroom on Marietta Street. Its owner quit selling liquor and went into the restaurant business. Two years later, when Atlanta reversed itself, he did not reopen his saloon, but kept on with his restaurant. To-day he is reputed to be worth a quarter of a million.

One of the big saloons on Decatur Street—the objective point of the riot—is now being converted into a bank.

The ministers of Georgia, with scarcely an exception, are making the temperance question a religious issue. They turn over their churches to laymen for its discussion and arrange the great meetings. They are behind this movement to a man, and, especially in the rural districts, are the real leaders of public thought.

The negro, like the poor, is with us always. His presence enters into every political question, and is a controlling factor in many. The people of Georgia are really becoming very much alarmed over the magnitude of their negro question. They are more and more impressed with the idea that not only the North, but the South, has not been dealing with this question as it should.

Georgia has spent a vast sum of money for negro education, teaching him to read and write and a smattering of grammar, then turning him loose, just as much a savage when he comes out of school as when he entered it. They realize now that they must teach him the A B C of civilization. They cannot exercise the same control over him that they did in former years. Georgians feel that liquor ought to be kept from the negro, just as it is kept from the Indian—that it destroys him. This spirit of keeping liquor from him is as much a sympathy for the weaker race needing protection as it is a measure of safety for the whites against that weaker race on account of the incitement to crime that comes from the use of liquor.

Good Negroes and Bad Whisky

THE negro is a child unable to restrain himself, and the whites must take such temptations away from him. Yet, in the cities the whites now turn him over absolutely to the barkeeper, with no restraint upon him, and the greater portion of his earnings pass over the bar.

These dive-keepers sell him the meanest of adulterated whiskies. One firm was heavily fined in Atlanta for manufacturing a celebrated brand of Scotch whisky in their cellar. These fighting stuffs are sold to the negro—the kind of stuff that would make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face.

Build a negro church on one hill and a white church on the next one; they will sing and pray for a generation without the slightest conflict or ill will. Take the pulpit out of each and substitute a bar, and the dragon's teeth raise at once a crop of fighting men bent upon each other's extermination.

The negro vote cuts a decided figure. Sixty days before the Legislature met a local option election was held in a county where there was a large majority of negroes. The liquor dealers paid their taxes and were preparing to buy their votes to put liquor back into the county. This excited the whites and intensified hostility to local option. The cry was raised, local option won't do any longer, because the liquor dealers will come down to our dry counties where there are negro majorities, pay their taxes and put liquor back into their hands. For years Georgia has been laboring to get the negro out of politics, and the whites revolted at the danger of the liquor dealers lugging him back for the purpose of putting into his hands something that made him a public peril. There were a good many people in Georgia who concluded for this reason that local option was no longer safe.

The Lesson of the Riots

IN THE year preceding the Atlanta riot there were 21,000 criminal cases in the Recorder's Court of the city; 13,000 of these were negroes, 5000 being negro women. This showed, to the astonishment of the people and the country at large, that the proportion of crime to the population was greater in Atlanta than in any city of the Union.

Just before the riot there were two cases of assault by negroes upon white women; in the excitement which followed several others were reported. While many of these rumors were untrue, yet they served to inflame the people.

This riot was brought about, as many believe, by the negro saloons on Decatur Street and the congregation of negroes at low dives. The mad purpose at the beginning was to go down to these dives and tear them in pieces. These establishments were closed for a number of days, and the people of Atlanta discovered that there was scarcely a need for a Recorder's Court.

Such were the appalling facts suddenly thrust upon the people of the State who had been taught to believe that Atlanta was one of the best-regulated cities in the South, with a low percentage of crime.

Later, the City Council, at the instance of big liquor dealers, put a number of these negro saloons back on Decatur Street. Indignation spread, and the people of the entire State roused themselves against the traffic. A feeling of uneasiness sat like some grim spectre beside every hearthstone in the land. They dreaded the time when another riot might start, spread from city to city, causing a calamity too terrible for contemplation. Men who had never before been Prohibitionists placed themselves squarely in the ranks.

Manufacturing interests in Georgia were seriously affected by the fact that, after the payment of their negro laborers—and some of the whites, as well—on Saturday nights, their factories were practically unable to run on the Mondays and Tuesdays following.

The Georgia Jug Trade

WHEN a train left Atlanta bound for a trip through the parching desert there would be stations where the express-messenger shouted "Jugs off!" and the unloading began. Little jugs, big jugs, medium jugs; white jugs, brown jugs, striped jugs; whisky jugs, wine jugs, gin jugs; jugs for black and white and yellow men, women and children; jugs to the right of them, jugs to the left of them. The volleying and thundering came afterward.

"Now look here," said the Prohibitionist to the liquor dealer, "we have voted to let whisky alone and to let you alone; but you won't let us alone. We are willing for you to sell it in Macon or Atlanta, but we do not want it sold here. You send your secret agents around through the bushes, evading our laws and filling our negroes with cheap whisky. If you do not quit it we are going to wipe you out in Atlanta, and everywhere else."

The liquor dealers did not quit; so the Prohibition horse got his tail over the dashboard and ran away.

Dispensaries were never adopted as a final solution of the question. They were used as a jimmy to pry the saloon out of middle-class cities. They supplied liquors with reasonable guarantee of purity, prevented disorder at the place of sale, and the profits appealed to large property holders in the cities who wanted to reduce their taxes.

In Rome, where there are three white men to one negro, the dispensary demonstrated that the negroes consumed more liquor than the whites. They spent at least half of their earnings in the dispensary. This could easily be shown by reference to the books.

The dispensary opens at sunrise and closes at sunset. Nothing but chemically pure whisky can be sold. Three commissioners are elected by the grand jury, one in each year; the commissioners select manager and clerks. The books are inspected by the grand jury at least three times a year. Whisky is sold at barroom prices, not cheaper.

Rome, Georgia, a city of about 8000 people, formerly received in saloon licenses about $9000 annually, from thirteen barrooms. Last year the net profits from the dispensary were $50,000. There is very little graft, the sale being watched too closely, and is too vigilantly supervised.

The performances of the blind tiger are both singular and plural. He is likewise shrinking and evasive.

In the country town some old, crippled negro, perhaps, will have a bottle of mean whisky in his boot-leg for sale to any man who won't tell on him.

Perhaps there may be a ramshackle store bearing the innocent sign, "SOAP, 10c."; but that brand of soap is not a part of the cleanliness which is next to godliness. No human face is visible in the store; no goods are displayed upon its shelves and no scales are on the counter. The purchaser must go in alone, deposit his coin and wait. After a discreet period of patience he passes into the rear room, where, on the head of an upturned barrel, he finds his package of "soap."

The Sunshine of Cotton Court Alley

OLD Aunt Creasey weighed three hundred; fat and black and happy, she sat at the alley corner and 'tended her peanut-stand. Many a worried business man stopped to buy, just for the cheer she gave him. It certainly was a tonic to hear Aunt Creasey laugh.

"Hello, mammy! What you doin'?"

Always the same reply: "A-sellin' goobers an' a-spreadin' joy." Then she'd laugh—from toes to red bandanna Aunt Creasey laughed. Her ample bosom shook like a bowl overfull of gelatine.

"Lordy, honey!" she'd say. "Dis is what you call one o' dem lulla-by bosoms—hah, hah, hah!"

If that purchaser were dry and wise, instead of buying peanuts he would slip Aunt Creasey half a dollar. Whereupon she would produce for him out of that lulla-by bosom a bottle of very good whisky.

It was a pity for the law to disturb Aunt Creasey, who had made herself the sunshine of Cotton Court Alley.

Matters were in this shape when the Legislature met. There had been practically no agitation for a State prohibitory law. It was totally unexpected by the Legislature—surprised the whole State, and no part of it more than the Prohibitionists themselves. Two incidents conspired to bring it about.

Sam Jones, evangelist, had lived and labored in the county of Bartow, town of Cartersville, battling for Prohibition all his life. Sam had a prejudice against liquor, which he thus expressed: "I hate whisky; I hate it! I'll hit it as long as I have a fist; I'll kick it as long as I have a foot; I'll butt it as long as I have a head. I'll bite it as long as I have any teeth—and when I wear my teeth out I'll *gum* it to death!" Them was his sentiments. But Sam was dead, and no one could take his place.

The liquor men determined it was a good chance for them to vote whisky back into Bartow County. So they called a liquor election. It looked like trying to rob the dead. The Prohibitionists were dismayed, but went to work with the energy of despair. Fighting with teeth and claws, they went through the campaign. They won by a vote of 1781 to 84. That was a revelation to both sides, and to the State. Such a majority was never before heard of.

Pretty soon afterward the Prohibitionists plucked up courage and determined to vote liquor out of a dyed-in-the-wool liquor stronghold—Lowndes County, of which Valdosta is the county seat.

That was a short fight, but hot, and to a finish—without gloves and no rules. Women and children paraded and prayed upon the streets.

At early dawn of election day a double line of women ranged themselves so that every voter must pass between them on his way to the polls. When the doubtful voter attempted to run this gauntlet he would gladly have swapped them off for a double line of Apaches with tomahawks in hand.

But the prudent man who voted "Dry" marched down that triumphal avenue waving his credentials high above his head. Result: 1645 dry, 410 wet. Those good ladies now are wondering how the 410 managed to slip by. It ought to have been unanimous.

The Prohibition giant awakened to a realization of his strength. The Legislature being in session, carried away with the enthusiasm of their wonderful and unexpected victories, the Prohibitionists began to clamor for a State prohibitory law.

At first the suggestion was received skeptically by the Legislature. Petitions began to pour into the country members from clubs, anti-saloon leagues, the W. C. T. U., churches and several chambers of commerce. Such pressure was brought to bear that the Legislature was simply overwhelmed. It got so strong they could not resist, and fell into line.

Bills were introduced by country members for State Prohibition, and after a fiery debate there was introduced in a most spectacular manner that obstructive engine known as the "filibuster."

Very early of the morning when the bill was put upon its final passage 10,000 people assembled around the Atlanta Capitol. They packed the galleries, crowded the corridors and thronged the grounds. The air snapped with electric excitement and determination hardly paralleled in the stormiest days of secession, war and reconstruction. The people of Georgia were holding a business meeting.

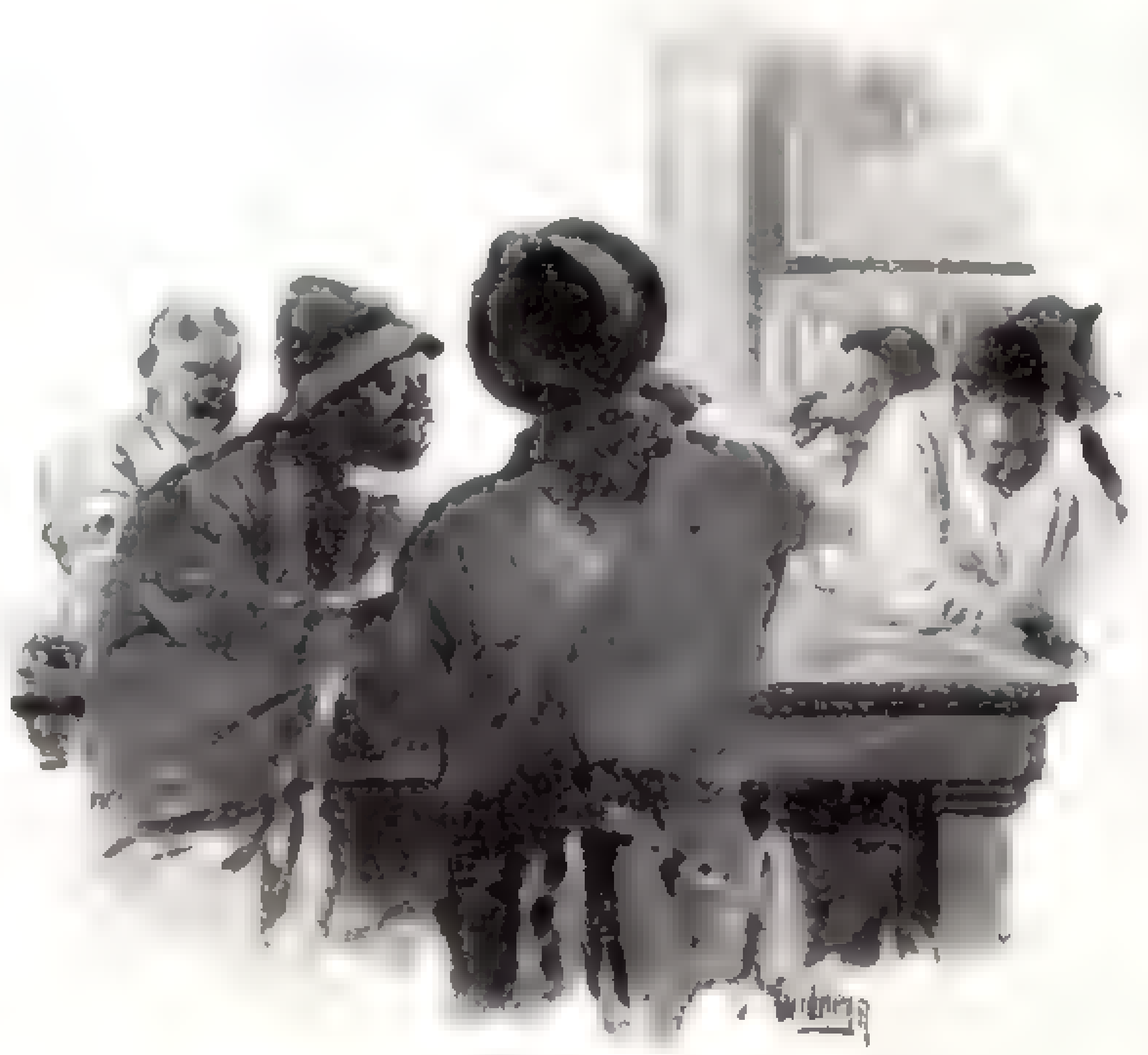
From every county in the State they came, these self-chosen Senators and voluntary Representatives. The plow stood idle in the furrow, the pulpit empty in the church. The bench and the bar, the cotton field and the counting-house gave up their men.

There were women from homes wrecked in times of peace, homes which all the powers of war had failed to destroy; there were sons mourning the fall of gallant fathers—fathers who had ridden unscathed from Manassas to Appomattox; there were gray-haired sires, heart-broken at the ruin of the sons upon whom they hoped to lean in their declining years.

These people said little or nothing, but were desperately in earnest, for on that day a spirit mightier than Sherman's army was marching through Georgia.

The bill was called and a filibuster began. It seemed practically impossible to force a vote. Throughout the day those patient people waited in the gallery, stood in the corridors, and moved restlessly about the grounds. Night came, nine o'clock, and though an overwhelming majority was in favor of the bill, no action had yet been taken.

The member from Floyd then rose in his seat and protested with great vehemence against these tactics of the liquor men. He denounced their action in unmeasured terms. As he took his seat the storm broke and the pent-up indignation of the people found a voice. The Speaker rapped for order—he might as well have whistled against a hurricane. He demanded that the galleries be cleared, and sent the sergeant-at-arms to enforce his order. A man leaned over the gallery rail and yelled: "Come up here yo'self an' put us out; an' fetch yo' filibusters—we'll throw the whole business outen the windows."


The Inevitable Result is Written in Murder and Arson

The Prohibition leader whose speech had fired the magazine went up into the gallery and besought the people to leave, which they did.

When he returned to the floor the leader of the filbustering forces sprang up and denounced the member from Floyd for causing a disgraceful scene, charging him with packing the galleries in the attempt to coerce legislation. "Such a man," he cried, "is not fit to represent a free people on this floor."

The Gal in Mourning

THE member from Floyd was on his feet, pale to the lips, his voice trembling. "This outbreak," he answered, "is the inevitable result of methods which seek to defeat the constitutional right of this House to enact legislation."

"Does the gentleman condone that outbreak?" shouted the filibuster.

"I do; it is the right of the people to protest."

"You are unfit, sir, to be a member of this House."

Thereupon the member from Floyd retorted with a word which means fight, and the storm broke out again. The House adjourned.

Next morning the filibusters agreed if the bill were deferred until the following Tuesday, it should come to a vote after six hours of debate.

This final vote stood 139 for, to 39 against, State Prohibition, the most unprecedented majority by which Prohibition had ever won in any State. The universal belief is that if put to a popular vote it would have carried by one hundred thousand.

"Huh!" said the old negro janitor; "mighty few white folks kin git whisky now—an' no niggers 't all."

When Governor Smith attached his signature to the Prohibition law, he is said to have signed away $30,000 from his private revenues; of course, this is largely talk, a big amount to make a good story, but Mrs. Grundy says so, nevertheless.

That turned the searchlights once again upon the poor little gal in the fountain; all of Georgia looked her way. But she could well stand the scrutiny in any light without affront to modesty—for the gal was robed in mourning and the fountain had turned to tears. Some kindly soul had hung a coarse black gown about her, as though she were some new-made nun weeping for the frivolous years that she had spent. There she stands to this good day, covered and shrouded. Yet a single tiny split in the robe half discloses a rebellious and dimpled knee—a reminder of what the gal had been before Georgia voted dry.

The Club-Locker Furore

ONE of the curiosities of this Georgia law is the "locker tax," which is aimed at the social clubs. But for this it might be easy to organize a so-called "club" and evade the law.

It has heretofore been held legal in Georgia, even under Prohibition régime, for a body of men in their club to keep liquor in their private lockers, for their personal use and with which they can treat their friends. There was tacked on to the general revenue bill of the State a provision placing a tax of $300 per year on each system of lockers in clubs. It created quite a furore among the Prohibitionists. They regarded it as a serious mistake, the one weak spot in a most drastic law.

This provision passed the House, and the Senate increased the tax to $10,000. When this Senate bill came back to the House it was strongly fought, and defeated, although its author agreed to the amendment. The House refused to concur in the increase, and a conference committee finally established the tax at $500, where it now stands.

The theory of the liquor men is that this recognizes the right of clubs to have liquor. They also claim that that right has always existed without regard to Prohibition laws. The Prohibitionists answer that it was expressly provided in this bill that nothing in it should be so construed as to recognize the right of clubs to establish lockers or to utilize them. They also claim that this is forbidden by a section in the temperance law which provides that no liquor shall be sold in any place of public business, or by any one engaged in a public business. That the keeper of a club is engaged in a public business, and that he is paid a salary by which he earns his living. That it is a public place even if frequented only by private individuals.

On that basis it is believed the courts will decide the bill constitutional, and that the locker cannot exist.

Any fool may lead a horse to water, but it takes more than a Legislature to drive men to the tank when the joy of the julep is strong upon them. Man has too versatile a thirst.

It is believed that the law in Georgia can be rigidly enforced because of the tremendous power of public sentiment behind it. Heretofore it has been possible in dry counties for men to stand on the public streets, right under the nose of the police, and sell liquor from a vessel concealed beneath their coats—draining it through a rubber tube into a flask which the purchaser hides in his pocket. This pipe line is strictly a blind tiger invention, not controlled by the Standard Oil. People and officers winked at it, because a petty jury could scarcely be impaneled without getting men who did not believe in enforcing the law. Offenders escaped and laughed as they went their way.

Prohibition elections heretofore have been pretty evenly divided, with a strong minority opposed. Now public opinion is practically united, almost unanimous, in the State of Georgia, and this gives promise of the law's enforcement.

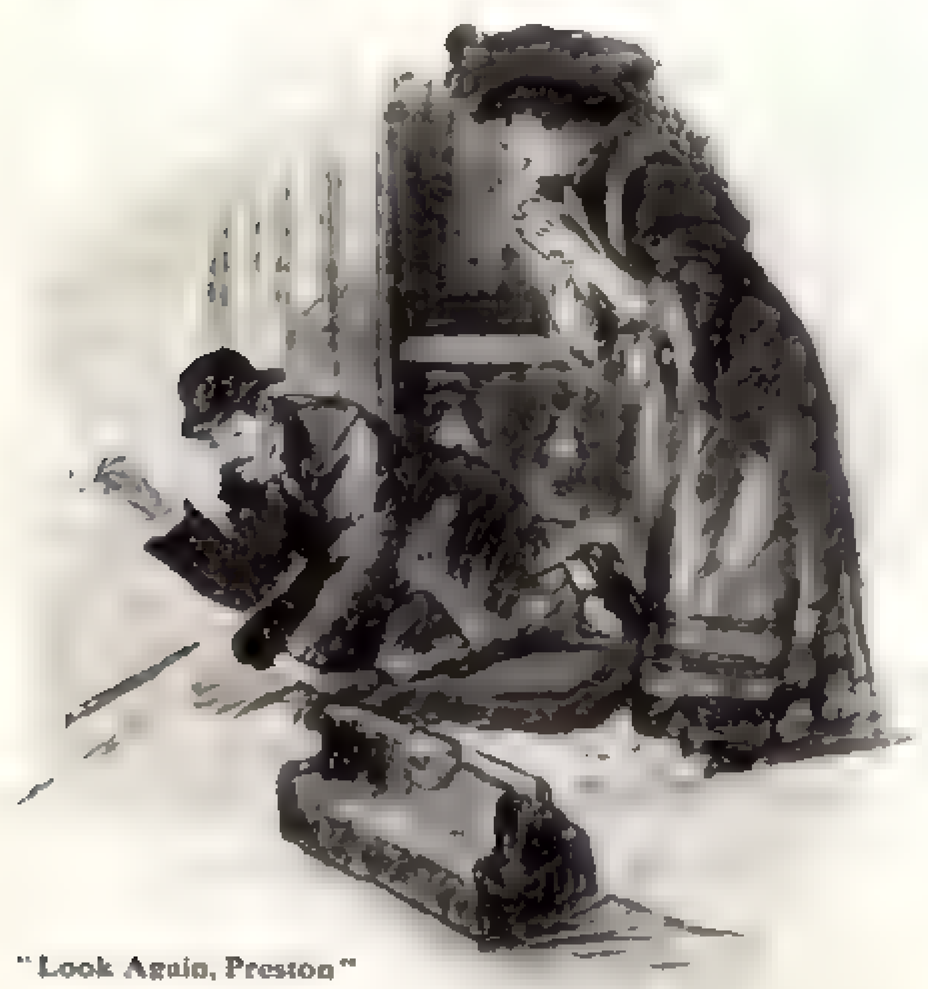
Governor Smith has already announced that he will do everything in his power to enforce it. He has further said that he will veto any measure seeking to amend the law by weakening it. A fair trial is to be made. Every weapon of the State shall stand behind it and national legislation invoked to make it more effective.

Suddenly, somebody discovered that the bill was broad enough to include the minister who handed a cup of wine in the sacraments, and a howl went up on that account from the most unexpected objectors. But it does not seem to be worrying the church people very much, and the oversight can be remedied. Others will

(Concluded on Page 44)

NOT AT HOME—By E. J. RATH

Mr. and Mrs. Lamont Improve the Shining Hour



"Look Again, Preston"

WELL, if he left it here, it's gone; that's all," said Mr. Lamont, after he had scratched a match and made a second search.

"Of all stupid things!" said his wife. "Look again, Preston."

"I have looked about four thousand times, my dear."

"Twice, Preston. Please stop exaggerating so. It has become unconscious with you."

"Anyhow, it's not here," grumbled Mr. Lamont. "That's a moral."

"But Molly distinctly said that John put it under the mat on the front porch."

"And as that's the first place a burglar looks, why, of course, it's gone," remarked Mr. Lamont with an air of finality. "I'll try a window."

But the windows that opened on the porch were tightly locked.

"I declare," said Mrs. Lamont. "I suppose we'll have to sit here until Molly and John get home. Heaven knows when that will be. She said her mother was quite ill."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Chester's suburban cottage looked most inhospitable. It was as dark as a pocket and apparently as impenetrable as a bank vault. The Chesters were in the city, compelled by mischance to forego the welcoming of their guests, which was a pity, because Mrs. Lamont wanted to see the house so much. Molly, who was a bride of four months, had waited until the house was settled before she invited the Lamonts to spend Saturday night and Sunday. And that very afternoon she had telephoned that she and Johnny were called into the city by her mother's illness.

"Come, just the same," said Molly. "Johnny will leave the key under the mat on the front porch. Help yourselves to anything you find and we'll try to get back on the midnight train. Just remember that the house is yours."

But now that there was no key the house seemed to be nobody's.

"They must have a back entrance," suggested Mrs. Lamont, fanning herself, for it was a warm summer evening.

"Sure," said Mr. Lamont, piloting the way around the house.

There was a little porch leading to the kitchen door. Up this he stumbled in the darkness, only to find that the door was securely locked. But there was a window that could be reached by straddling the porch railing, and this he did.

"I think they forgot to fasten this," he observed, and a second later the sash slid upward with a clatter.

There was a premonitory growl and then a hoarse bark from within.

"That's the dog Molly told me about," said Mrs. Lamont. "Be careful, Preston."

Mr. Lamont strained his eyes and tried to fathom the blackness of the kitchen, but in vain. The dog, now silent, apparently awaited his next move.

"Hello, there, Sport!" ventured Mr. Lamont cautiously.

The response from the kitchen indicated no change in the dog's point of view.

"Didn't Molly say his name was Bruno?" suggested Mrs. Lamont.

"Hi, Bruno! Hi, Bruno!" called her husband, poking his head in a little way.

"Gr-r-r-row!"

Mr. Lamont's head jerked backward with great rapidity.

"Sure about his name being Bruno, are you?" he inquired.

"Well, I won't be absolutely sure, Preston. But it was some regular dog name; I'm sure of that."

"And inasmuch as there are about fourteen million dog names, we stand a marvelous chance," commented Mr. Lamont. "Hey, there, Rover. Hey, Toby! Here boy, that's a good dog. Here, Rex, Jerry, Prince, Towser, Togo!"

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r!" said the voice from within.

"Not any of those, I guess," sighed Mr. Lamont.

"He doesn't bark like a very big dog," said his wife. "I should think ——"

"That I might take a chance?" demanded Mr. Lamont. "Let me remark, Helen, that hydrophobia is as common to those miniature Mexican rats as it is to great Danes, or any of the other whale classes. It doesn't depend on the size of the hole they can make in you."

He lighted a match, thrust it through the window and dropped it suddenly. The sound of a soft impact against the wall within reached Mrs. Lamont's ears.

"Be careful, Preston dear. Is he really big?"

"Only about eight feet high," remarked her husband cheerily.

"Preston! Please talk sensibly."

"Well, six feet; but not an inch less."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Lamont. "Whatever shall we do?"

For a full minute her husband seemed to be absorbed in thought.

"Now, if I only had ——" he began thoughtfully. "By jinks, the very thing!"

He descended from his perch on the railing, and walked across the back lawn. A wash was fluttering ghostily in the soft evening breeze. In a moment he returned, twisting something into a loose rope.

"What have you taken off that line, Preston?" demanded his wife.

"Oh, just an old rag of some sort. Pillow-case, I guess."

"But how are you going to get him inside a pillow-case?"

"I'm not. Wait," said Mr. Lamont, mounting the railing again.

Gripping his implement firmly, he allowed one end of it to dangle inside the window.

"Now, if he's any sort of a dog ——"

There was a scramble, a snarl and the rope went taut. Mr. Lamont braced himself and gave it a few cautious, exploratory jerks. Then he began to pull steadily.

"Preston!" cried his wife. "Don't dare drag that dog out here. He'll devour us."

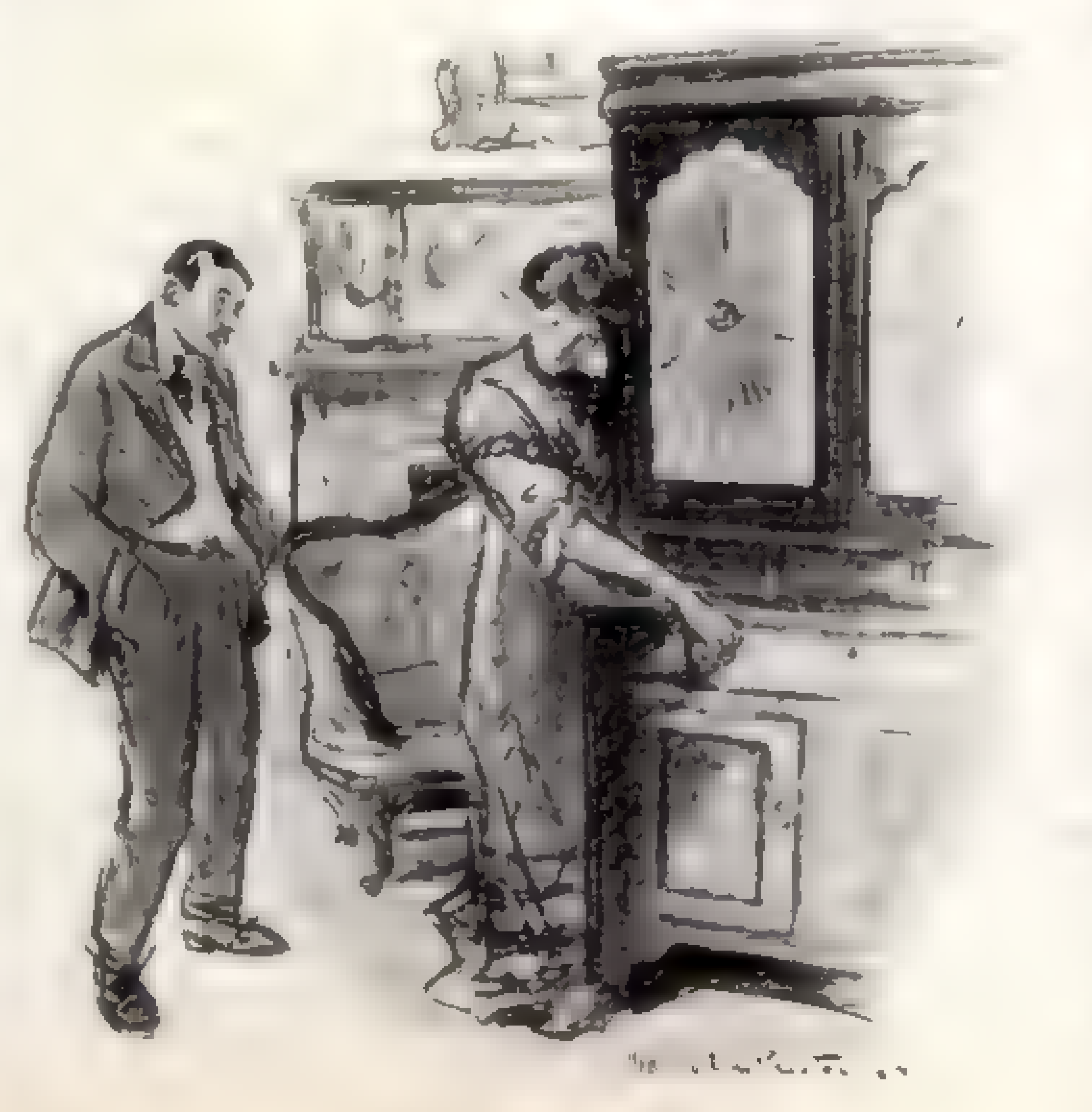
"Ss-s-s-sh!" warned Mr. Lamont, hauling in his prize slowly. "Get ready to do as I tell you."

A second later, faintly discernible in the darkness, there appeared over the edge of the sill a pair of sharp-pointed ears, followed by two wicked-looking little eyes, and then a set of glistening teeth, tightly imbedded in the lure which had been offered. Gently and slowly Mr. Lamont worked the dog's head across the sill, heroically unmindful of the snarling, for he knew that by this time the beast's feet must be clear of the floor, so that he could not jump.

"Hold this a second," said he, passing the rope to his wife. "Don't give him an inch of slack."

Mrs. Lamont took the garment gingerly and said: "Oh, hurry!"

His hands free, her husband reached up quickly and the window sash descended with a muffled bump across the dog's neck. There was a strangling growl, but the jaws held fast to the rag.



"But it's Molly's Room!"

"There!" beamed Mr. Lamont, surveying his captive with utter satisfaction. "Wasn't that cute?"

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Lamont, gazing into the beady eyes of the bull terrier. "Do you suppose it hurts him?"

"I'm just worrying to death about that, my dear."

"But what good does this do? You can't get in that window now?"

"There are millions of other windows," said Mr. Lamont serenely. "Just keep your eye on the unhappy captive for a minute."

He disappeared around the side of the house and presently Mrs. Lamont heard the sliding of a window and a scramble of feet against woodwork. The dog heard it, too, for he struggled wildly and emitted muffled grunts, but only with difficulty, for the sash pressed firmly. Then a lighted match, in the hands of Mr. Lamont, made its appearance in the kitchen, and a second later the gas flared up. Mrs. Lamont stepped in off the porch with a sigh of relief when the door was unlocked. Her husband closed it after her and then turned to the window, from which was suspended the faintly struggling body of the dog.

"Do you suppose he would make friends?" she asked.

Mr. Lamont bestowed a pitying glance upon his wife.

"After *that!*" he exclaimed, pointing.

"But you mustn't leave him there, Preston."

"I won't, my dear. Give me your assistance for a moment."

He stepped to the window, and grasped the dog about the body; there was a wild contortion, but Mr. Lamont dug his fingers into the loose skin and held his victim firmly.

"Lift the sash about six inches, Helen," he said.

Timidly Mrs. Lamont reached up and did so. There was a flash of white, a snarl, and the bull terrier shot out into the night. Mr. Lamont closed the window and grinned.

"Guess I'll take out a patent on that. Call it Lamont's Lightning Terrier ——"

"Preston!"

"Well?"

Mrs. Lamont had her nose flattened against a window-pane, watching the white terrier annihilating the thing which had brought about his downfall as guardian of the house.

"Do you know what that was?" she asked in an awed whisper. "It was a lace petticoat!"

"How did I know?" said Mr. Lamont feebly.

"I just know it was the one Molly was married in. Oh, Preston! She will never forgive us. Can't you get it?"

"Are you serious, my dear? Do you want to see me macerated?"

"You might be able to coax it away from him."

"Yes—I *might*. I *might* go out and sing a dainty little aria to him. But, unless you want your husband returned in about eighteen thousand pieces, please don't ask me."

Mrs. Lamont sighed.

"Such a way to begin a visit! I'm afraid Molly will never forgive us. But, I suppose, we might as well look at the house now. This seems to be the dining-room."

Mr. Lamont followed her across a threshold, into a room where there were a china closet, a sideboard, a serving-table and kindred furniture.

"It's a pretty dining-room," said Mrs. Lamont, her eyes roving. "Although, if I were Molly, I'd have that wall done in something besides red. I wonder why everybody has red in the dining-room."

"They say it keeps the food warm," said Mr. Lamont, who was rummaging in the sideboard in a hunt for cigars.

"Silly! I am speaking seriously, Preston. Those curtains are pretty, but they ought to hang undraped. I think her mother gave her those. But if that's the mahogany sideboard her uncle gave her, I really can't say I like it. Does it look like solid mahogany to you, Preston? And – h'mm—why, Preston, I don't see it."

"See what?"

"Our bowl."

"Did you lend her a bowl?"

"No, no; don't you remember the bowl we gave her as a wedding present—the cut-glass one? That one on the sideboard isn't ours. It's not nearly so good a piece of glass—and not so large. I suppose Molly did get a lot of duplicates, but it seems a shame to have exchanged ours and kept one like that."

"Maybe she just put ours away, my dear."

"Oh, no, Preston. You know very well that when people come to the house it is always customary to put their present in a prominent place."

Mr. Lamont had lighted the gas in the living-room and was surveying that apartment.

"Now this is what I call all right," he observed.

"It certainly is a pretty room," said his wife. "That must be the clock Molly told us about. It's a dear, isn't it?"

"It's wrong," said Mr. Lamont bluntly, looking at his watch.

"I mean it's artistic," explained Mrs. Lamont, scrutinizing the room carefully. After a pause she said slowly: "Preston, I like this room, and I like Molly's furniture, and the curtains and everything. But, do you know, it gives one a sense of undeveloped possibilities? Somehow, I can't help thinking that Molly has missed its opportunities. Do you see what I mean? For instance, that clock, while awfully pretty, doesn't belong there. It should be in the hall. The bookcases belong on the other side of the room. The couch and the piano should exchange places, and the table and the big easy-chairs belong over by the fireplace. I think the arrangement of the pictures could be very much improved. Oh, Preston, I'd just love to get at this place. It has such a future, you could almost say."

"In your hands it would have a complete career, my dear," said Mr. Lamont. "But it isn't our room. When we get home you can shunt the furniture around forty times a day, if you like."

"Light the hall gas, Preston."

Mrs. Lamont surveyed the hall, resting her chin in her hand reflectively.

"That rug ought to be in front of the fireplace in the living-room," she observed. "And, that hatrack — well, it ought to go in the cellar. Nobody is using them nowadays."

"Come away," said Mr. Lamont, pulling his wife. "Let's go upstairs."

Together they explored the second floor, and at length Mrs. Lamont sat down in the guest-room and fanned herself.

"It's just as I expected," she said. "Molly has a lot of lovely things: things that I'd just love to have myself. But everywhere you get the sensation of missed opportunities. I'm so sorry I wasn't able to get down here for a day before Molly settled, and help her. She wanted me to; she always said she wanted my advice about arranging the house. Still, it isn't too late, of course."

Mr. Lamont looked alarmed.

"Let's get something to eat, if there is anything," he said hastily. "I'm hungry enough to eat my shoes."

"Molly said to help ourselves to anything there was in the house," remarked Mrs. Lamont, as they went down to the kitchen. "Is that that dog barking again, Preston?"

Mr. Lamont looked out of the back window, through which the terrier had made exit. A ghostly figure was zigzagging about the lawn at a furious pace. The grass was sown with little patches that looked like snow.

"That's him, all right," said Mr. Lamont grimly. "He's taking in the wash, I think."

"Mercy on us!" and Mrs. Lamont flew to the window. "Oh, Preston! He's torn everything off the line, and then into shreds."

"Well, he probably laid his troubles to the laundry, my dear. In a way he's right."

"Oh, stop him!"

Mr. Lamont threw up the sash and whistled. The spook on the lawn halted in its flight and the dog looked up. Then, with a growl, he made a dash for the kitchen porch. Mr. Lamont slammed down the sash hastily. The dog barked for a moment and then returned to the wash with augmented fury. The watcher at the window discreetly pulled down the shade.

"I can't stop him," he said. "I won't go out there until that dog is in the hands of his friends—not if they never come back, and we grow old and gray, and starve to death."

"He's ruined every stitch on the line," moaned Mrs. Lamont. "I am mortified beyond expression."

"In that case, don't say a word about it," observed her husband. "And please don't forget I'm hungry."

With a sigh Mrs. Lamont began to search the icebox.

"Ham, tomatoes, lettuce," she said mechanically. "Here, take these, Preston. Here's the butter. Do you want eggs? Here's some cold tongue."

"Just get up something that's quick. That's all I want. It's too hot to cook."

While Mrs. Lamont prepared a salad, Mr. Lamont made an investigation of his own and found a bottle of champagne on the ice.

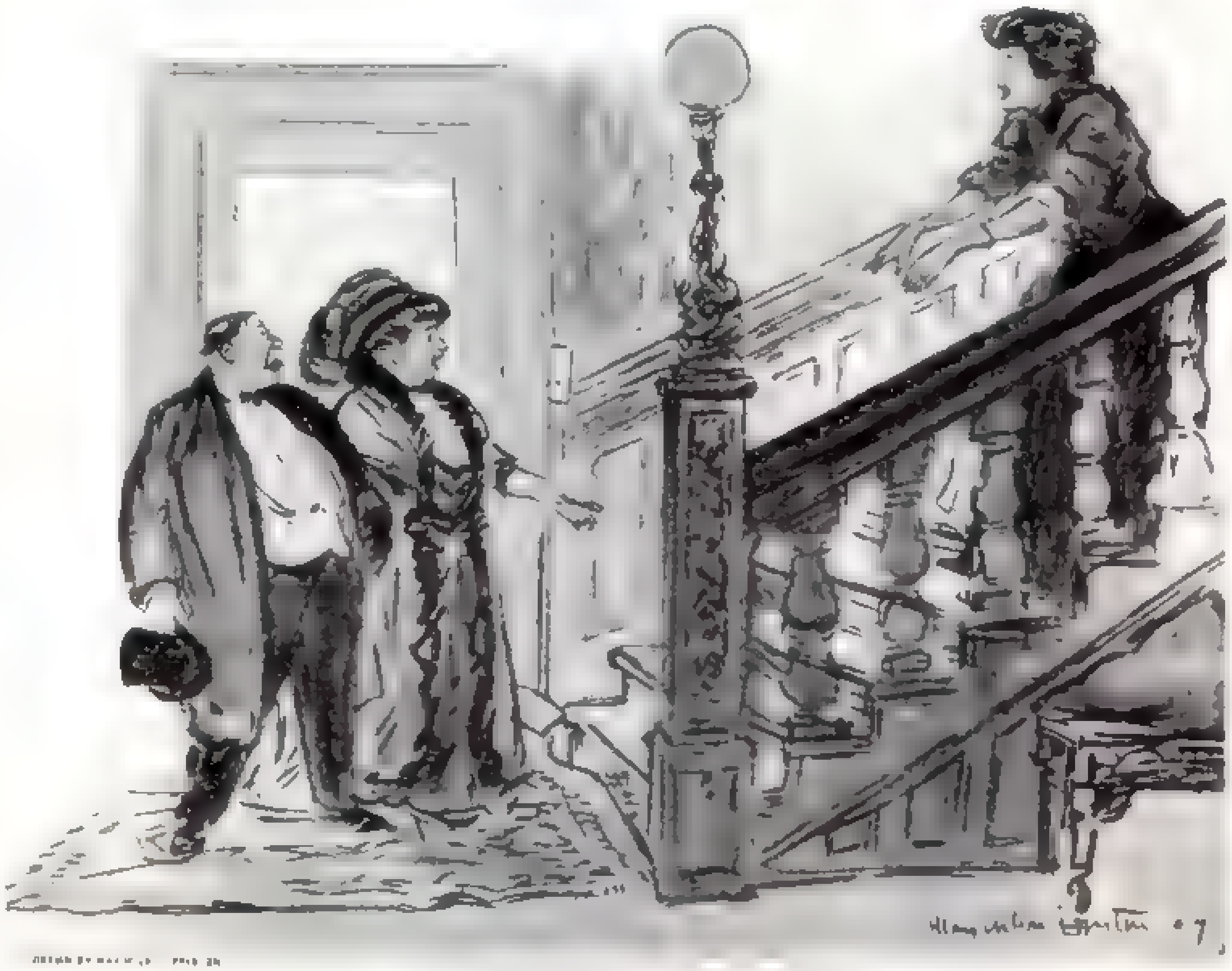
"You--you wouldn't take that, would you, Preston?"

"Sure; why not? I think it was nice of Johnny to think of us. Champagne and perfectos! I'm glad I came."

Mr. Lamont took his supper in leisurely fashion, but his wife fidgeted and her eyes roamed about the rooms. Presently she arose and left him dreaming over a cigar.

"Preston!" she called in a little while.

He sat up with a start, conscious that for some moments past there had been a series of scrapings and rumblings and "Oh, dears" in the front room. He knocked his ashes into his plate and arose grudgingly, to behold his wife, pink-faced and breathless, in the midst of a great work of improvement.



"And My Husband is in the Bathtub"

The living-room table had slipped its moorings and let go anchor in another port. The chairs had sailed to the four winds. One bookcase had almost circumnavigated the room, while another and larger one had come to a stop right in the middle of a voyage.

"Help me move this, Preston," said his wife calmly.

"Helen! What are you doing?"

"I'm arranging this room the way it ought to be. Just take hold."

"But it's Molly's room!"

"Preston, I've always told you how she wanted my advice. And, anyhow, after what's happened about that dog I feel as if I ought to make it up in some way."

Mr. Lamont stared at his wife, bereft of words.

"Don't stand there looking that way, Preston. Please take hold of that end."

With a deep-drawn breath, Mr. Lamont took hold without a murmur. He knew the ways of Mrs. Lamont. The heavy bookcase resumed its voyage and arrived safely in a new haven. After that the piano made a journey.

"Isn't this something of a liberty, my dear?" mildly suggested Mr. Lamont.

"A liberty! Rather, I should say it was a favor, Preston Lamont. But, inasmuch as we owe Molly some return, I consider it a positive duty. Now hunt for the stepladder, dear. I suppose they have one."

Mr. Lamont made no inquiries, but went upon his quest, which took him into the cellar, from which he emerged presently with the engine of unrest. Dumbly he watched Mrs. Lamont rearrange the art features of the living-room. It seemed that none of the pictures had been hung where they belonged.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Lamont at last, taking a final view from the top of the ladder. "Isn't that better?"

"You think Molly'll like it, do you?"

"Certainly she will. Molly appreciates art well enough, but the trouble is that she lacks originality and initiative."

"I see," said Mr. Lamont reflectively, as he relighted his cigar. "Are we through now?"

"Dear me, no. The clock has to go into the hall. Can you do it alone?"

Mr. Lamont could, but he would not admit it, because he felt the responsibility might then be his. But he helped, and the clock was moved.

"The hall is too crowded, now," said his wife, after a survey. "The hatrack must go in the cellar."

"Jehoshaphat! Why ——"

"It isn't a bit heavy, Preston. I can lift it myself."

The hatrack retired to the cellar.

"Now I'm going to move the rugs. I can do this alone, dear, if you're tired."

"I am a little tired," admitted Mr. Lamont. "If you don't mind I'll take a bath."

For half an hour Mr. Lamont had been enjoying the dissipation of sitting in a tubful of water, smoking one of Johnny's cigars, looking at the pictures in a magazine and listening to Mrs. Lamont improving the upstairs arrangement of the Chester cottage. Then there came a lull in the sounds of industry and Mrs. Lamont rapped lightly on the bathroom door.

"Preston," she called.

"Well?"

"I've been doing wonders up here, but I'm a little fagged. I think I'll call up Molly's mother's house and see if they've started home yet."

"All right, dear," replied Mr. Lamont with a splash.

He heard her call; then one end of a conversation reached him.

"Yes—hello. Is that Mrs. Carstairs? Is Mrs. Chester there? Oh, is that you, Molly? This is Helen.—Yes, we found it.—Yes.—Yes.—I rang up to find out how your mother is.—Oh, I'm so glad. Yes.—When do you start?—Right away? Oh, good. Your house is a dear, Molly.—Yes, I noticed that; isn't it lovely? Say, Molly, I've got a surprise for you.—No, no; I won't tell.—No, I positively won't.—Oh, not a bit; no, no.—We had such a funny time with your dog.—What?—Yes, he is a dear thing.—Yes, we're going to sit up.—Oh, Molly, Preston is having a lovely time. Guess where he is?—No.—No.—He's in the bathtub.—Uh, huh; having a glorious time.—Where am I 'phoning from? Why, from your house, of course.—WHAT!—You *haven't?*—Why, Molly, but I'm using it!—Oh, Molly, you're joking!—Oh, MOLLY!—For Heaven's sake, where *are* we? Oh, goodness! Oh, hurry, Molly! QUICK!"

The receiver went up with a bang, and Mrs. Lamont beat furiously upon the bathroom door.

"Preston! Quick! We're in the wrong house!"

"How's that?" came the answer indifferently.

"Get out and dress as quickly as ever you can. Oh, we've done something terrible."

"Isn't it Molly's house?"

"No, no. We've made an awful mistake!"

"Never mind, dear. The people who own it will never know it's theirs," said Mr. Lamont consolingly, as he splashed his way out of the tub.

"Hurry and dress, Preston. Oh, mercy! There's somebody at the front door now."

"Better go down and tell 'em it's their house," suggested Mr. Lamont from behind the door. "It'll take me ten minutes."

Downstairs Mrs. Lamont heard the turn of a key in the lock. She wavered for an instant, her hand at her throat. Then she compressed her lips, drew herself up erectly and marched downstairs. Half-way down the flight she paused and with a sickening sensation watched the front door open. A lady and gentleman stepped into the hallway and looked about them in bewilderment.

"Oh, Henry! Burglars!" gasped the lady.

"No, madam," said a firm voice from the stairway.

The lady in the lower hall shrieked, and she and the gentleman gazed speechlessly upward. For a few seconds the silence was unbroken. Then the man spoke.

"May I ask ——"

Mrs. Lamont interrupted him with a wave of her hand. She knew that she must speak, for she recognized the premonitory symptoms of oozing courage.

"I am Mrs. Preston Lamont," she began, in a dignified tone. Then her voice quivered. "And—and—my husband is in the bathtub."

(Concluded on Page 40)

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW

A Story of Bank-Loot and Wedding-Presents

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

NO ONE ever saw Henry Manson excited, and he was as coldly impassive now, facing a desperate situation, as another might have been in a transaction of trifling importance.

"I sent for you," he said in his deliberate way, "to tell you that you must arrange to take up some of your paper. We are carrying a great deal too much of it."

Thomas H. Watkins, promoter, was not at all disturbed. He was even tempted to smile, but that would have been unwise. The fiction that Manson was infallible was not to be treated lightly by any one who had business dealings with him. What Manson himself thought about his infallibility no one ever knew, but his manner was that of a man who had supreme confidence in himself. He did not impress one as being egotistical, but merely confident, conservative and unemotional.

There were those who said that Manson's coldness, his imperturbability, his lack of any outward manifestation of human feeling, made him an ideal bank president, and it was a matter of common report that men who had gone on their knees to him in time of stress, and been refused the loans they sought, were the most faithful patrons of his bank in the days of their prosperity. The very fact that he would not loan to them on insufficient security was the best possible evidence of the soundness of the bank's administration. His coldbloodedness, therefore, was really a valuable asset.

Nevertheless, Watkins had to repress a smile when this demand was made upon him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Manson," he said, "but I can't do it now."

"You *must* do it," insisted Manson. "We have already carried you longer than we should."

"Yes," admitted Watkins, "you have." There was a momentary gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he said this, but Manson did not seem to notice it.

"You can raise the money somehow," said Manson.

"How?" asked Watkins.

"That," said Manson, with an air of finality, "is not my problem, but yours. I don't care how you do it, but you must begin reducing your indebtedness to this bank. Some of your notes have already been renewed several times."

"Yes," admitted Watkins, "they have."

"And the total is more than we should carry for one man," added Manson.

"Yes," Watkins conceded, "it is." Again there was that momentary gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"When will you take up some of this paper?" demanded Manson.

"I don't know," answered Watkins. "I should think in ninety days ——"

"It must be done in ten," was the ultimatum of Manson.

People who had business with the bank regarded Manson's decision in such matters as final, not to be changed by argument or plea, but Watkins was not at all disturbed.

"I can't do it," he said bluntly.

"I shall insist upon it," Manson asserted.

"In that case," said Watkins airily, "the balloon goes up."

"Do you mean it will wreck you?"

"Absolutely. There won't be enough salvage to buy a bunch of toothpicks."

Manson was outwardly as coldly impassive as ever, but none knew better than he that the wreck of the Watkins enterprise at that time would almost certainly mean the wreck of the bank. It was the realization of this fact that had led him to send for Watkins and insist upon immediate steps for the reduction of this dangerous indebtedness, but the very danger of it weakened his position. He had permitted himself and his bank to become entangled with the fortunes of the promoter.

"What is the best that you can do?" he asked. "I don't want to break you unnecessarily."

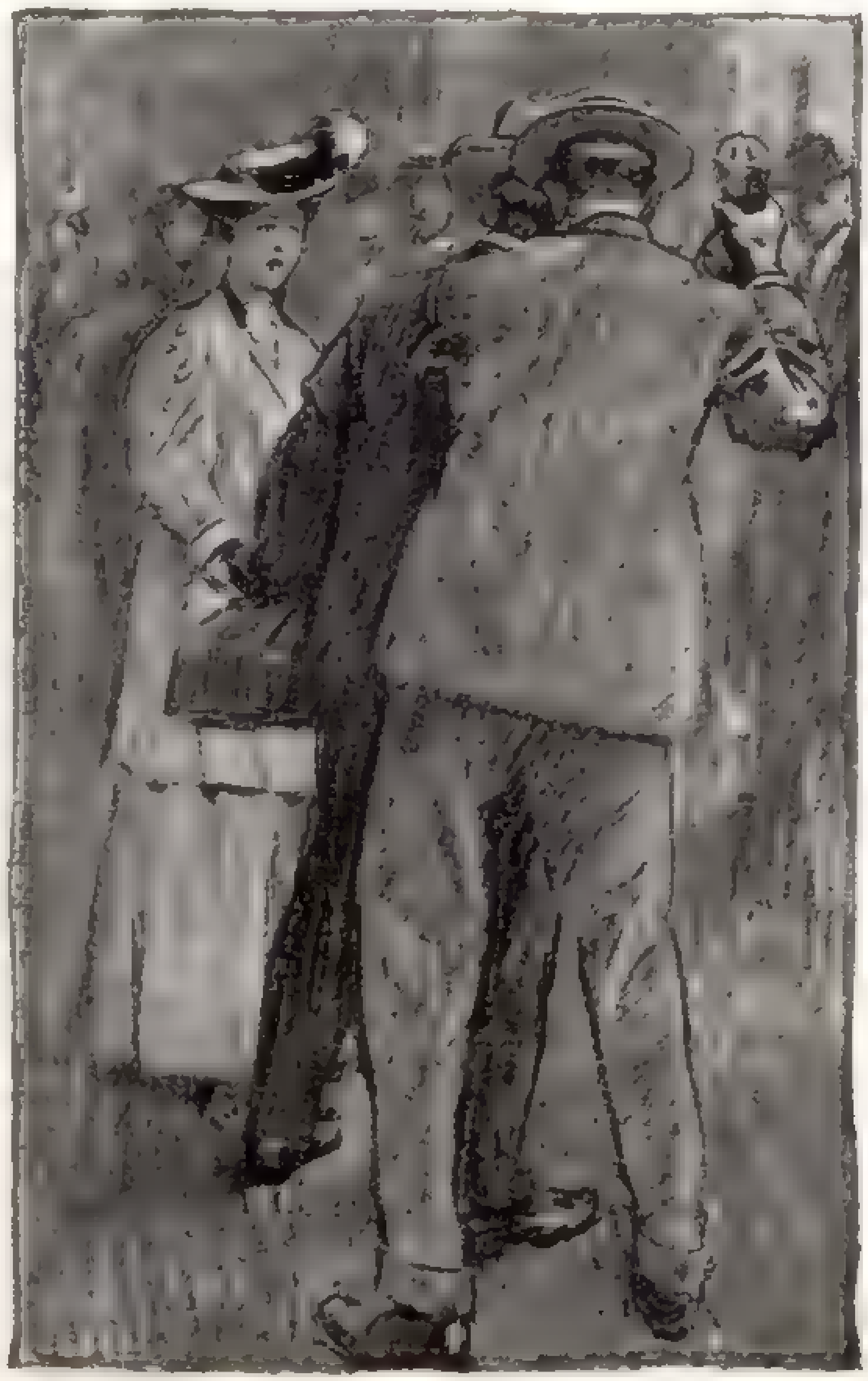
Watkins found this really amusing. The idea that Manson would be swayed by sympathy, compassion, consideration, or any other human emotion or feeling, in a matter affecting his bank, was supremely ridiculous to one who knew him, and this hint of concession, however coldly made, merely showed that Watkins controlled the situation. No wonder he found it amusing.

"Why," he said, "this thing is really as safe and sure as government bonds! There has been some difficulty in getting it fairly started, but the public will be clamoring for the stock within ninety days, and, in another month or so, we will be coining money."

"According to the original plan," said Manson slowly, "you should have had the thing fairly under way long before this."

"There have been delays," argued Watkins, "but they do not affect the ultimate success of the undertaking. I ought not to have to tell you how good it is. Didn't you take some of the bonds for the bank?"

Manson knew why he had made that investment, but the explanation would not have been accepted in financial circles as an exemplification of judicious banking. He had made it for the same reason that he had permitted Watkins to add to his original indebtedness—because he could not afford to let the promoter fail. But he spoke like a man who has no doubt of his own wisdom and rectitude.



Again He Turned, Raising His Free Hand to Strike Her

"Can you take care of fifty thousand in ninety days?"

"That's just about the right sum," replied Watkins: "fifty thousand in ninety days, and ten thousand a month thereafter until the whole thing is cleaned up."

"We will arrange it on that basis," said Manson.

"But I shall need twenty thousand more to get things running," added Watkins.

Even that did not startle Manson out of his customary air of cold deliberation. He merely said that another loan was quite impossible.

"We have a draft for that amount to meet before tomorrow afternoon," explained Watkins, "and I don't know where we can get it, if not from you. I was coming to see you about it when you sent for me."

"Entirely out of the question," declared Manson. "This indebtedness must be reduced, not increased. We have let you have too much already, as I said before."

"Yes," admitted Watkins, "you have."

There was nothing of menace in the tone, and Manson remained as impassive as ever. It requires much self-control to remain impassive in the shadow of the penitentiary, too.

"You have let us have $305,000," Watkins added in a matter-of-fact way, as if it were a point of merely passing interest. It served to let Manson know, however, that he was not the only one who fully understood the situation.

The capital of the bank was $500,000, and the law decrees that not more than ten per cent. of the capital shall be risked with one borrower. Disclosure of existing conditions would result in closing the bank, and the closing of the bank would reveal the methods adopted to conceal these loans. Therein lay the personal danger. That he had been led into this tangle by a desire to save the original loan would not be accepted as a valid excuse for misrepresentations to the bank examiner.

"Of course," persisted Watkins, "the protesting of a draft for $20,000 would finish us."

And the bank. Behind the mask of imperturbability, Manson considered all the chances. Even outside assistance, which might save the bank, would not necessarily save him from the consequences of what he had done to conceal the facts.

"I shall let you have it," he announced, "but this is the last advance I shall feel justified in making, and repayment on the basis agreed upon must begin in ninety days."

"No trouble about that," said Watkins lightly. "We'll be using a shovel to handle the money by that time. This takes us over the last bump."

Manson had been beaten in his own bank and at his own game. Men who knew him would have declared this to be utterly impossible, or, being possible, to be an evidence of failing mental power. It was a good thing for the bank that they did not know how Watkins, promoter, had dominated the president and compelled him to reverse a just and wise decision.

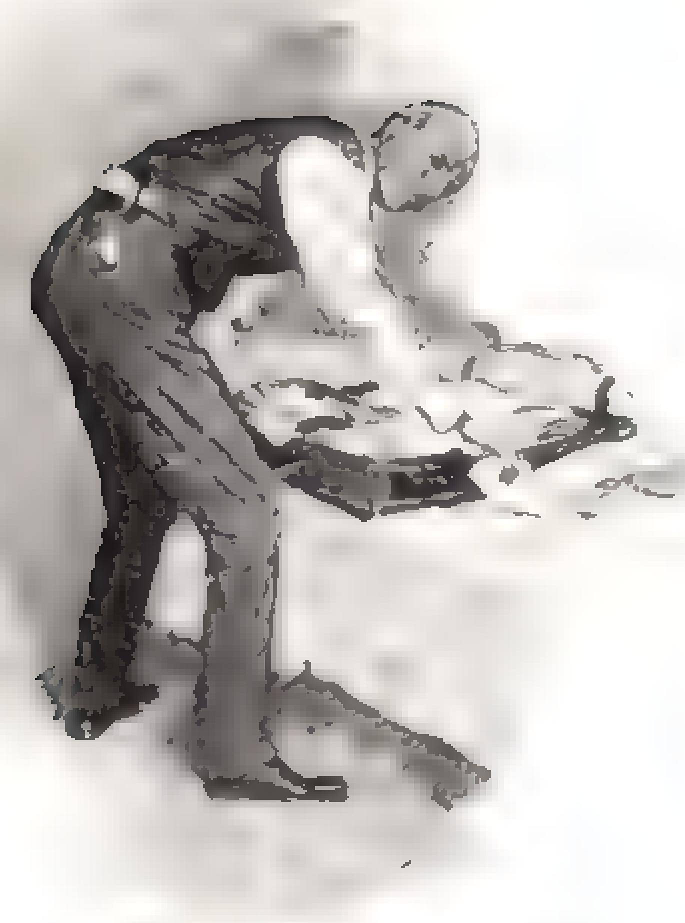
But Watkins did not derive the satisfaction from his victory that might have been expected. Watkins was an able man in his line, which was luring the dollars from the pockets of optimistic investors. He had promoted many undertakings, some of which had been successful and some —well, not so successful. His latest was the Watkins Amusement Company, and it differed from the others in that he was practically alone in it. Usually he took hold of some other man's idea and put it through for him; this time he was promoting a scheme of his own, and he had long ago discovered that the load was a heavy one for a single individual to carry.

To be sure, he had organized a company and elected directors, but they were mostly dummies: so far as finances, work and plans were concerned, he was the whole thing. It had looked very good to him at the beginning, too. He would have a great amusement pavilion that would provide various popular sports and pastimes the year round. There would be a roller-skating rink and tennis and indoor ball and everything else of that nature that could be played in such an inclosure. There would also be a restaurant and booths, and a ballroom that would serve as a theatre for amateur productions. He had convinced Manson—it almost seemed through some hypnotic influence —that the scheme was practicable and sure to be profitable, but his optimism had failed him with others. It is strange, but true, that a calculating, unemotional financier will sometimes rush in where the public will refuse to follow.

The public—at least the investing public—had refused to follow in this instance. A little of the stock was sold, but not enough to amount to much in an enterprise of such magnitude, and an issue of bonds had had little better success in charming the cash from the pockets of investors. Somehow there did not seem to be enough that was tangible behind the bonds. Blue-prints and prospectuses are not always considered first-class securities for cash.

Even when a long lease of the necessary ground and a lot of brick and stone and structural iron were added to the assets of the company, there was no wholesale opening of pocketbooks. Wherefore, work progressed slowly, but always with the expectation that a display of confidence and determination would bring out the necessary cash.

Just when Watkins decided that the scheme was destined to be a failure is immaterial; it is enough to know that he did not see any reason why he should go down with



There Discovered by His Wife Feverishly Packing a Suit-Case

the wreck, and did not take Manson into his confidence. Instead, he began to "salt away" whatever of the funds of the company he could lay his hands upon without arousing suspicion, and the company was so much of a one-man affair that he was easily able to do a great deal in this line. For much of the stock and bonds that he sold—some of it at a tremendous discount—he made no accounting, and this pretty well covered the comparatively little cash that he had to use to make a show of work and progress. So there was a tidy fund convenient to his hand, most of it previously borrowed from the bank, when he secured the last $20,000.

"And I guess that's the finish," he reflected. "I might force a little more, but I might fizzle the whole thing, too. I'd better be satisfied now."

Watkins was in no great hurry, however. He had ninety days in which to act, so he could afford to take the time necessary to consider all phases of the situation. It may be said for him that, if he could have seen a reasonable chance for success, he would have gone ahead thankfully with the original plan, but it had been clear to him for some time that it would require a great deal more money than could be secured. It may be said for him, also, that he was sorry for Manson, but his principle of life was to look out for himself first.

"A few thousands more or less won't help or hurt Manson," he reasoned. "He's in up to his neck, and, if I am going to do it at all, my play is to take all I can get."

Still, with his plan practically completed, he hesitated at the final and irrevocable step.

Manson, meanwhile, gave no outward indication of anxiety or mental disturbance of any kind. He was as deliberate, as exacting, as unemotional as ever. If he realized fully the seriousness of his own predicament, as he unquestionably did, it made him no more generous in his treatment of others in trouble: he remained the apparent exemplification of the infallible man of business. Indeed, if anything, he was a little more exacting and cautious than before, uninfluenced by either friendship or animosity in the conservation of the interests intrusted to his care. One always felt that it was the bank speaking, not Manson personally, when he gave a decision in a business matter, and a bank is not expected to have a heart.

But some features of Manson's course at this time were not wholly in keeping with his confident bearing. For one thing, he privately engaged an expert to investigate and report on the actual work done by the Watkins Amusement Company and the approximate cost of it. Whatever the resulting discoveries, he could no more afford to throw the company into bankruptcy then than he could before, but it would be some satisfaction to know the truth. Then he went to his safe-deposit box and spent a long time going over the papers that represented his private fortune, which was decidedly modest and, for the most part, not of a nature to be readily converted into cash. Next he informed his wife that he would like to have her come to the bank to sign some papers.

"I am putting a mortgage on the house," he explained.

"Is that really necessary?" she asked anxiously.

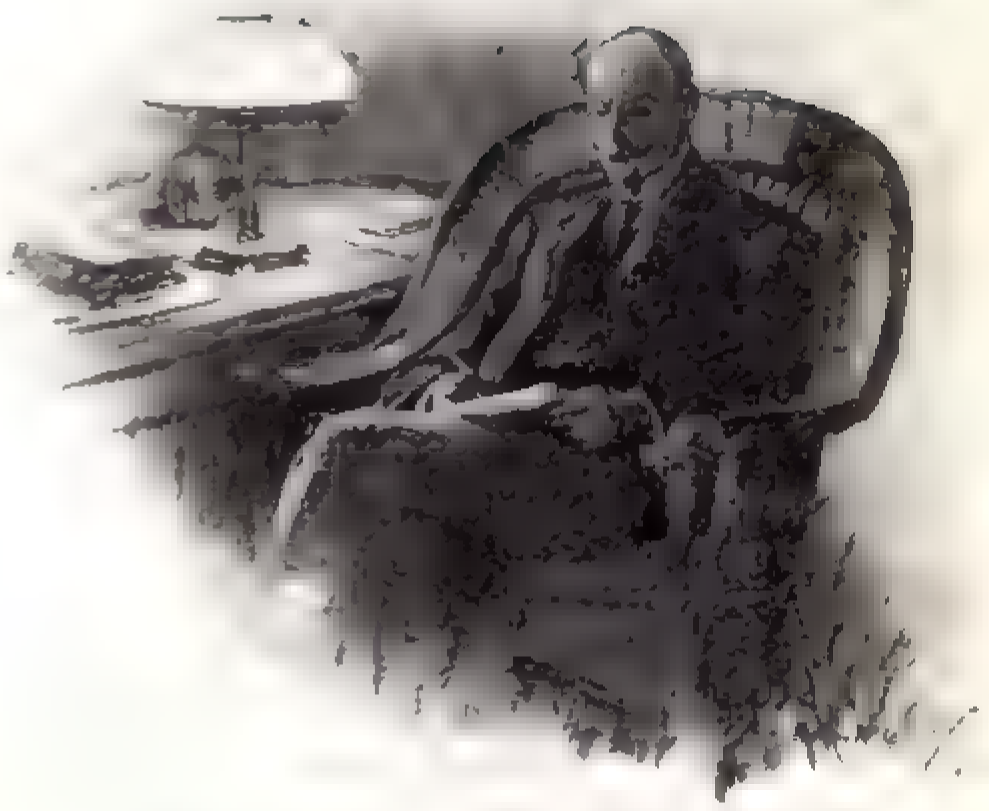
"If it were not," he answered, "I should not do it."

"Is the bank in any trouble?" inquired his daughter, Madeline.

"I have use for the money," he replied, and the subject was thereupon dropped.

In the privacy of his library Manson did a good deal of figuring. Usually he left mathematical problems to those employed for that purpose, and busied himself only with results, but of late he had busied himself much with pencil and paper. And these problems could not be made to work out satisfactorily.

The bank was now involved in the Watkins Amusement Company to the extent of $375,000, of which sum $50,000 had been invested in bonds and $325,000 loaned on notes secured by stock and bonds that were dependent for their value on the success of the company. This was the situation, although it did not so appear on the bank's lists of loans and investments. It is not an easy matter to cover up an excessive and otherwise improper loan, but there are men in the penitentiaries who will tell you that it can be done—for a time. The investment in bonds was lawful, although it might indicate that the president of the bank needed a guardian, and a loan of $50,000 would result in nothing more serious than a loss of confidence in his judgment; but this left $275,000 that had been loaned in violation of the law and covered by a false list—$275,000 that he had risked in the hope of saving the money previously risked, and the loan of which had to be concealed.



And These Problems Could Not be Made to Work Out Satisfactorily

Subtracting $75,000, the total that his quick assets placed within reach, there was still a discrepancy of $200,000 that would be uncovered by the failure of Watkins and his company, no matter how that failure was brought about.

Manson had raised this $75,000 for the purpose of taking over personally that much of the Watkins paper, but, having raised it, he postponed action. It would not save him, and it would be of comparatively little consequence to the bank. The whole $275,000 ought to be covered, leaving the bank to carry only the $100,000 that was within the legal restrictions, in order to make the situation safe. So Manson waited, even as Watkins waited, and his business associates saw nothing in his demeanor to occasion comment.

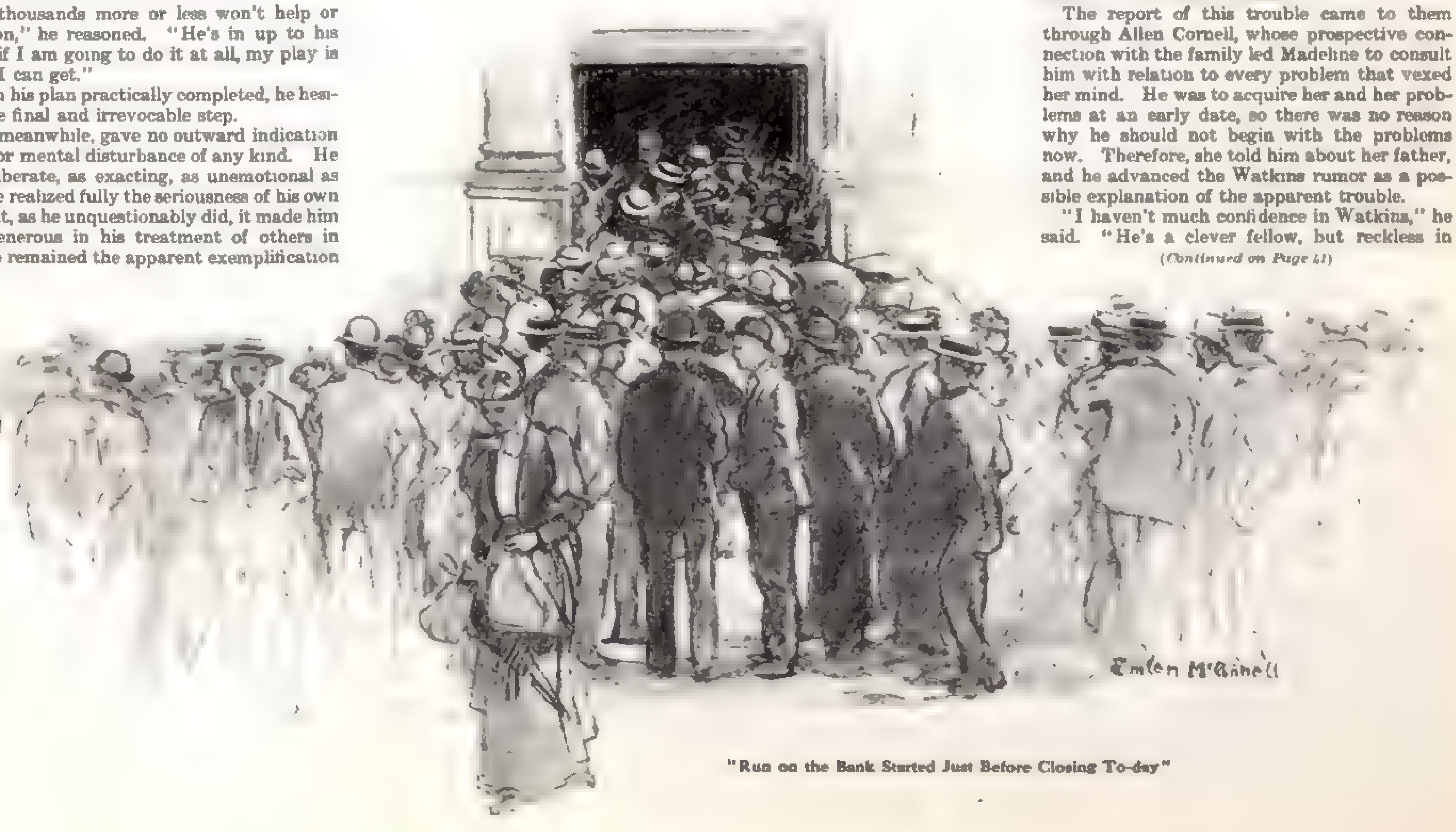
But a man cannot fool his family as easily as he can his business associates: the mask will slip at times. Further, in this case there was the mortgage of the home as a basis for speculation and anxiety. Manson always had been careful to keep the title to the home clear. With this to worry them and make them watchful, Mrs. Manson and Madeline got an occasional peep behind the mask, and what they saw frightened them. Manson was not a man to be questioned in his own family; so they said nothing, but they were greatly troubled.

Then came a rumor of the shaky condition of the Watkins Amusement Company, and Watkins, at an earlier period, had been often closeted with Manson in the latter's library. It was no secret in the family, although not a matter for discussion, that Manson was interested in the Watkins scheme.

The report of this trouble came to them through Allen Cornell, whose prospective connection with the family led Madeline to consult him with relation to every problem that vexed her mind. He was to acquire her and her problems at an early date, so there was no reason why he should not begin with the problems now. Therefore, she told him about her father, and he advanced the Watkins rumor as a possible explanation of the apparent trouble.

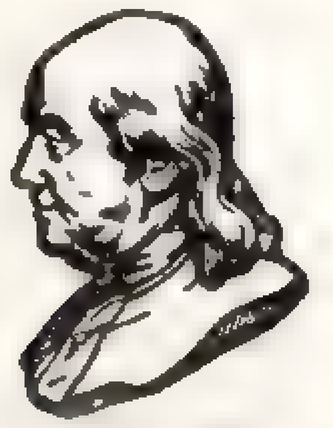
"I haven't much confidence in Watkins," he said. "He's a clever fellow, but reckless in

(Continued on Page 41)



"Run on the Bank Started Just Before Closing To-day"

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST


REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1907

¶ Perhaps the Railroads will be able to borrow the money needed for improvements when it is no longer tied up in gambles in their stocks.

A Weak Spot Somewhere

WE HAVE been dealing with an extraordinary phenomenon. Following the lead of New York, Clearing-House banks in Chicago, St. Louis and many smaller reserve cities unitedly suspended payment. To understand the situation, euphemistic statements regarding the virtues of Clearing-House certificates and the public need of preventing drains of currency must be brushed aside. The reserve banks simply suspended payment in currency.

Country banks almost without exception depend upon reserve institutions with which they carry balances for a supply of currency. The reserve banks shut off the supply. This, in some instances, reduced the country banker to a position where he escaped insolvency only by the forbearance of his depositors. But for the forbearance of their depositors the reserve banks must either have closed their doors or resumed specie payment.

The country accepted the situation very good-naturedly, and we do not mean to criticise the Chicago and St. Louis bankers who made the New York condition a national condition. They acted according to their judgment of what the situation demanded. We may assume also that the episode will not long impair that confidence in the banks which is so important to commerce; that merchant, farmer and artisan will return their money to circulation by depositing it in the banks as freely as heretofore, and not become so many tiny stagnant pools, draining the general stream of whatever cash falls into their hands.

But in the best possible light this widespread suspension of currency payment is surely a portentous fact; one heretofore unknown to this generation in any important commercial country. Our banking system, for a time, simply broke down. There must be a weak spot in it.

The Vulnerable Heel

IF WE had had elastic currency—if, either in a Government bank or in individual banks, had been lodged the power to issue uncovered circulating notes in an emergency—there would probably have been no suspension of payment. But as between sudden issues of emergency currency and the Clearing-House certificate plan, there is simply the choice of two evils.

The bank trouble, it should be remembered, originated in New York. It was exclusively a Wall Street product. If a strictly local Wall Street condition had not frightened depositors there would have been no bank trouble elsewhere.

The weakest spot is where the break appeared. Too generous extension of credit is an occasional fault of bankers elsewhere. About the Stock Exchange it is a chronic fault. Sales of stock on the New York Exchange the last three years have averaged (par values) twenty-two billion dollars a year. This is over ten times the gross earnings of all the railroads in the country. It is four times the annual value of all farm products. It is fifty per cent. more than the annual output of all our manufacturing industries of every sort. This vast speculative business is financed by the banks on a credit basis more liberal than is known in legitimate lines. Stocks bought on the Exchange are paid for in cash. As a rule, the banks provide eighty per cent. of the cash. The gambler puts up ten per cent., his broker another ten per cent., and the banks lend the rest.

Suppose a merchant or manufacturer proposed to supply only one-fifth of the capital employed in his business and to borrow from the banks, on short-time notes, the other four-fifths. He would be told that it was impossible. Yet the banks do that habitually for the stock gambler.

At the beginning of this year New York banks and trust companies had eleven hundred million dollars loaned on collateral—mostly Stock Exchange loans—and the trust companies had three hundred millions more invested in stocks. Of paper secured by one or more individual or firm names—loans to merchants—the New York banks and trust companies had only three hundred and forty millions.

This great canker of stock gambling, financed by the banks on slim margin, is the weak spot in our banking system.

The Perfect Race

CONJECTURE as to the origin of the strange race which a learned scientist has discovered in the remotest parts of Alaska need go no further. Kuskwagamutes is the name given by the Eskimos to these admirable people, and they differ from all tribes of aborigines heretofore known to man, north or south, east or west, in the notable particular that they are morally perfect. Vice and crime are absolutely unknown to them. This, obviously, is a most remarkable departure. To cold-eyed observation the theory that vice is a product of advanced civilization appears to rest upon the idealistic feigning of the poet, rather than upon a basis of scientific fact. The first explorers have left records of some highly scandalous conduct on the part of the noble redman immured from civilized corruption in the virgin heart of the continent. But the happy Kuskwagamutes know less vice than the civilized man. In fact they know none whatever. Our terms for lying, cheating, stealing, slander, envy, sloth, drunkenness and so on could not be translated into their tongue, because the things which those terms express are beyond their experience. Each Kuskwagamute chooses one mate and cleaves to her solely till death does them part. Any deviation in any sort from this rule would appear to the Kuskwagamute as incomprehensible as a reversal of a law of Nature. There should, of course, be no room for discussion as to their origin. They are evidently Anglo-Saxons—the only people in the world who present their dominant characteristic.

Uncle Joe to the Rescue

WHEN Uncle Joseph Cannon arrived upon the scene the Republican party of Illinois was in imminent danger of annihilation. Just a little more and the party of Lincoln and Grant would, in the State of its immortal Presidents, have been extinguished. Comparatively few people knew about it, and still fewer cared, but the fact is indubitable.

A Republican Legislature, corrupted by an ambition to do something popular, was about to pass a direct primary bill, under which candidates would be nominated by popular vote, and there would be no more conventions. Without conventions, gentlemen whose stock-in-trade consists in their ability to deliver delegates might just as well go to Sahara and set up in the sand business.

"I don't care a whoop about the Illinois delegation to the National Convention," said Mr. Cannon to the Republican members, with impassioned candor, "but I do care about the party in this State being wiped out."

And the juncture was doubly and trebly critical because the same infamous bill would also have wiped out the Democratic party in Illinois, and the Prohibition and the Socialist. There would, in fact, have been nothing left but a lot of Republican and Democratic voters, with some scattering. Of course, mere voters are not the party. The party is the mysterious power that fixes slates, dickers in delegates and, peradventure, makes treaties with the enemy. This must be so, because quite often in Illinois, after the party has achieved some particularly astute fixing and dickering, the mere voters have voted for somebody else. Uncle Joseph's sagacious intervention appears to have saved the party. How many votes the saved party will get remains to be seen.

The Public Pays—As Usual

CAPITAL invested in industry is entitled to a fair return. Comparatively little capital ever was invested in the telegraph industry. The Western Union's imposing accumulation of assets was derived mostly from the profits of the business itself. Telegraph tolls were advanced some time before the strike began. If the demands of the men upon the company were unreasonable in some respects they were certainly not more so than the demands of the company upon the public. In putting up with a crippled and exceedingly inefficient telegraph service for many weeks the public had a right to hope, at least, that some slight benefit of a general nature would result from its loss and inconvenience. This somewhat compensatory effect would have been achieved if several thousand operators had received moderately larger incomes, thereby improving their living conditions and increasing their buying power. The public, however, gets no such crumb. Losing the strike, telegraph employees will probably learn that to the victor belong the spoils. The social-efficiency curve of several thousand citizens will decline instead of rising. The company, which has already prospered much, will now prosper a little more.

The Hero

CELEBRATIONS of the "six-hundredth anniversary of Swiss liberty" naturally evoke some more futile discussion as to how much William Tell is a myth. Whether or not there was six hundred years ago a Tell who shot an apple from his son's head and resisted the Emperor's claim to personal sovereignty over the mountain cantons, there is such a person now. He lives to the modern world mostly on Schiller's pages. So living, he is a hero, and presents as odd a problem in casuistry as is to be found anywhere.

He assassinated the Governor, after due deliberation, from ambush, and his motive was partly the merely individual one that he feared harm to his wife and child; yet he earnestly denounced the assassin of the Emperor who acted a good deal in the same manner. Mere reasoning power finds his morals, in the higher reaches, somewhat confused; but that does not injure his popularity. Some other Swiss seem, from the obscure record, to have been more active and, for the time being, more effective patriots than himself, yet they are not especially dear to the general heart. They shot no apples from their sons' heads.

The hero's business is to be heroic. An admiring compatriot and contemporary records the opinion that Garibaldi had the brains of an ox. Nevertheless, very properly, the tallest statues are to him.

Breakfast Food and Literature

SUPPOSE you should see several solid pages devoted to advertising some fifty kinds of breakfast food, and the advertisements were all just like this:

CRISPLETS

15 Cents Per Package

The color is a deep, rich brown.—*The Critic.*
Fresh, invigorating, wholesome.—*New York Sun.*
Well cooked, appetizing.—*Chicago Tribune.*
One of the best breakfast foods of the season.
—*The Nation.*

KRINKLES

15 Cents Per Package

The color is a deep, rich brown.—*New York Sun.*
Not only well cooked, but appetizing.—*The Nation.*
Wholesome, invigorating and fresh.—*Chicago Tribune.*
One of the best breakfast foods we have eaten this year.
—*The Critic.*

CRANKLETS

15 Cents Per Package

Wholesome, appetizing.—*New York Sun.*
Well cooked, invigorating.—*The Critic.*
We cannot too much admire the rich, brown color.
—*Chicago Tribune.*
Few of this year's breakfast foods please us better.
—*The Nation.*

Which breakfast food would you buy? Take up the first recognized medium for literary advertising that comes to hand, and compare the announcements of the season's novels. You will find all of them recommended to you, in substantially the same terms, by lines clipped from reviews in leading papers. One would gather the impression that the novels were all just alike—which, as to a few of them, is not true. Why don't the publishers try something in the "Before and After" line, or signed testimonials from popular actresses?

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Is Lawson also among the profits?

¶ Hot air and cold feet are frequent companions.

¶ In the long run we pay most for what we try to get for nothing.

¶ At none of the recent bench shows has the Yellow Dog been awarded a blue ribbon.

¶ The cheerful man who tells you not to worry generally has a large bank account—and holds on to it.

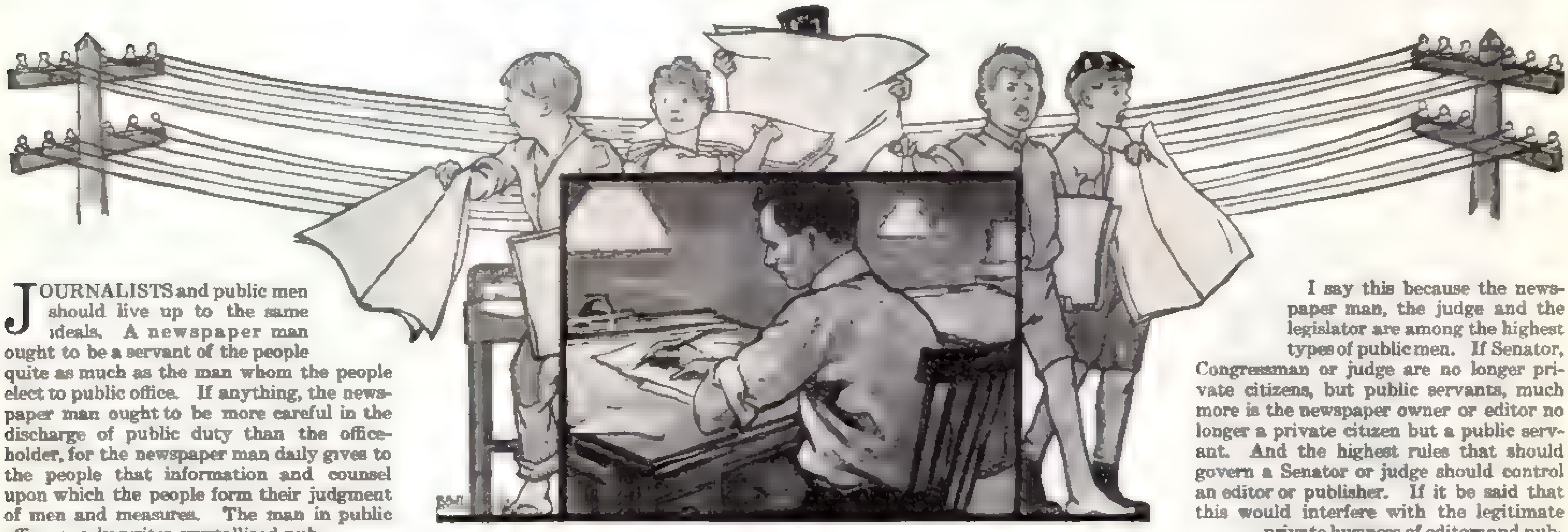
¶ The love of money is the root of all evil; and most men are ready to eat dirt while digging for the root.

¶ Does the condition of the market indicate that our finances are going to the dogs, or only to the Teddy-bears?

¶ After a high finance exposé the reporters usually find that the directors are out of town and the stockholders out of pocket.

The Journalist as a Public Man

How Self-Interest Injures the People's Interests



By Albert J. Beveridge

JOURNALISTS and public men should live up to the same ideals. A newspaper man ought to be a servant of the people quite as much as the man whom the people elect to public office. If anything, the newspaper man ought to be more careful in the discharge of public duty than the officeholder, for the newspaper man daily gives to the people that information and counsel upon which the people form their judgment of men and measures. The man in public office merely writes crystallized public opinion into laws or executes those laws after they have been enacted. But the newspaper man is the worker at the very source of that public opinion which, when organized, enacts or repeals all laws. Everybody agrees that a public man ought not to be financially interested in any business affected by his public acts, just as a juror should not have a financial interest in any case which he, with his fellow-jurymen, must render a verdict upon; just as a judge should have no business interest in a cause which he hears and determines. For example, no Senator or Representative ought to have an interest, directly or indirectly, in any railroad system carrying interstate commerce, because, in spite of himself, his judgment would be influenced by his investment.

It is folly to say that he could think or vote impartially —he would be more than human if he could. He would not be voting corruptly, mind you—his vote would be just as pure as yours, so far as his intent is concerned. It is impossible for him not to take into account the effect of his vote upon his holdings—that is all. But the people made this man Senator or Congressman to represent the people and nobody else. The public man should have no business but the people's business—no business, at least, that will be directly affected by his vote. The judge on the bench has no business but the people's business—why should the legislator in Congress have any business but the people's business?

But, if this is true of judges and legislators, why is it not also true of editors? The first duty of the newspaper is not to its owner, but to the public. Indeed, the sole duty of the newspaper should be to the public. The profits of its proprietor should come exclusively from his newspaper as such, not from some other and different business which might be boomed or depressed by his paper's attitude on some public question. His profits should be measured by his paper's fidelity to the interests of the people uninfluenced by his own. But if the proprietor of a newspaper has business interests which will be affected by legislation, that paper will champion or oppose laws, not from the viewpoint of the people's welfare, but from the viewpoint of the owner's investment.

Journalism and Outside Interests

SUPPOSE, for example, the proprietor of a newspaper is a heavy owner of stock in an industry which could be helped by legislation; suppose such legislation would double the value of his stock. It is only human nature for that man to order his newspaper to champion legislation which will double the value of his stock and resist legislation that would lessen the value of his stock. Indeed, the owner might do this and believe himself perfectly honest—be perfectly honest. For what is more natural than to think that our own personal interests are the interests of the people? It is not that the newspaper owner is dishonest, but that, in these circumstances, his paper no longer acts for the public, but for himself. And so the news-columns of his paper carry all the facts favorable or unfavorable to proposed legislation, and the editorial page is filled with arguments determined by the proprietor's interests instead of the people's interests.

This is precisely the point that is made against public men who buy stocks the price of which may be influenced by laws for or against which they are to vote.

And this point is justly made against public men. No public man has the moral right to vote for or against any law which will increase or decrease the value of any stocks which he may hold, any more than a judge on the bench has a moral right to render a decision which will increase or decrease the value of any stocks which he may hold.

For exactly the same reason the newspaper man ought to be free from any financial interests which will influence the policy and utterances of his paper. The reason is much stronger in the case of the newspaper man than in the case of the judge on the bench, or the legislator in Congress; for the legislator only writes into the law public opinion, the judge on the bench only interprets that law, but the newspaper man creates that public opinion itself.

A Man's Heart is Where His Treasure Is

IF THERE should be a law preventing public men from being interested financially in any enterprise directly and immediately affected by legislation; if there should be a law preventing any judge from being financially interested in any business which habitually is before the courts, just as there is a law now forbidding a Federal judge from practicing law, so, for exactly the same reason, there ought to be a law preventing the owner or editor of any extensively circulated newspaper from being financially interested in enterprises which are certain to be directly affected by legislation.

For example, it would be improper for a Federal judge, or a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to be a stockholder in an interstate railroad. It ought to be improper for a Senator or Representative to be a stockholder in an interstate railroad. And, by the same token, it ought to be improper for the proprietor of a newspaper to own stock in an interstate railroad or any railroad.

Or take, for example, some other business than the railroad business. No Senator or Representative ought to own a share of stock in the Standard Oil Company, on the one hand, or in distillery companies, on the other hand. And for the same reason the publisher or editor of a newspaper ought not to own such stock. No man should be influenced against free denaturized alcohol because he secretly feels that it will cut down the dividends of any Standard Oil stock which he may hold; and no man should be influenced in favor of free denaturized alcohol because he secretly feels that it will increase the dividends on any distillery stock which he may own.

In short, every legislator should vote upon every measure exclusively from the viewpoint of the people's interests, unaffected by his own; and just so every newspaper should champion or attack legislation influenced only by the people's interests and absolutely uninfluenced by his own interests. But, because he is a human being, he will be influenced in the policy of his paper by his private interests which are affected by legislation.

I say this because the newspaper man, the judge and the legislator are among the highest types of public men. If Senator, Congressman or judge are no longer private citizens, but public servants, much more is the newspaper owner or editor no longer a private citizen but a public servant. And the highest rules that should govern a Senator or judge should control an editor or publisher. If it be said that this would interfere with the legitimate private business of editors and publishers, the answer is that, having selected journalism, they chose a business which morally admits of no rival—namely, the business of the people.

If it be said that this does not permit editors and legislators to make enough money, the answer is, as to the legislator, that his salary should be increased; and, as to the journalist, that no paper ought to be published which is supported by money it makes for its owner through its attitude on laws that benefit his other business investments. And the further answer to this plea that such an ideal as I am advocating here will not permit the editor or publisher to make enough money, is that the vice of this age is the passion for gain; and that the owner of a newspaper, which creates public opinion or shapes the thought of the times, ought to be the first to be absolutely free from the ruling evil which it should be the duty of that newspaper to help correct.

Alarm after alarm has been sounded for the safety of free institutions; but let no man fear for liberty as long as there is free speech and a free press.

Free speech and a free press are the profound and unfailing sources from which flow all the streams of civil and religious liberty that bless the American people.

Corrupt politicians can be dealt with, if the press is free.

The piracies of greed can be punished, if the press is free.

The violence of criminal agitators and the reckless force of those whom they arouse will be harmless, if the press is free.

The wild theories which flow from disaster and with which self-seeking demagogues try to delude the people fall harmless on instructed ears, if the press is free.

The incompetent or unfaithful servant of the people cannot continue in office, if the press is free.

Sound legislation in the interests of the people is certain to be enacted in the end, if the press is free.

That cancerous dishonesty known as "graft" will be healed, if the press is fearless and free.

A free press is more necessary to our liberties than the Constitution.

Malign Influences on Our Press

IT IS the daily mental and moral food of the people. For the newspaper tells the people those statements of facts called news, preaches to the people those daily sermons called editorials from which the people derive their civic faith. The public man who is purchased is not dangerous; the newspaper that is purchased is like a stream of poison flowing unseen into the bottom of the well from which the people draw the water that they drink.

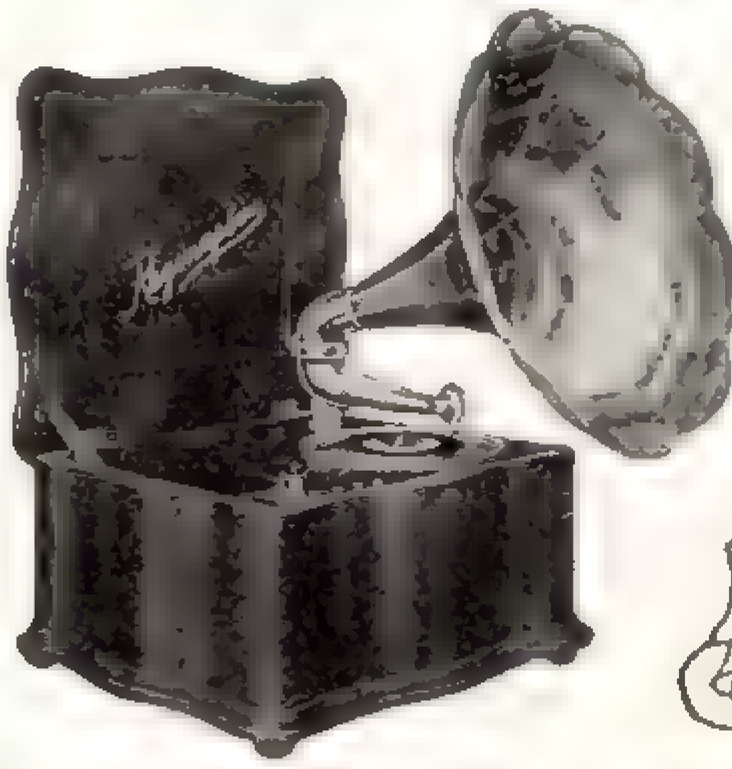
The American press is as yet largely free, unpurchased by interests which desire for business reasons to influence public opinion so that certain laws may be defeated or enacted; and unpurchased, too, by men of great wealth who wish to influence public opinion to aid their personal ambitions. But the American press is not wholly free from either of these malign influences.

Enough newspapers of great circulation and reputation have passed into the hands of interests which, through them, hope to affect public opinion, and, through public

(Continued on Page 28)

Where music dwells the heart becomes attuned to all that is best in nature and in life

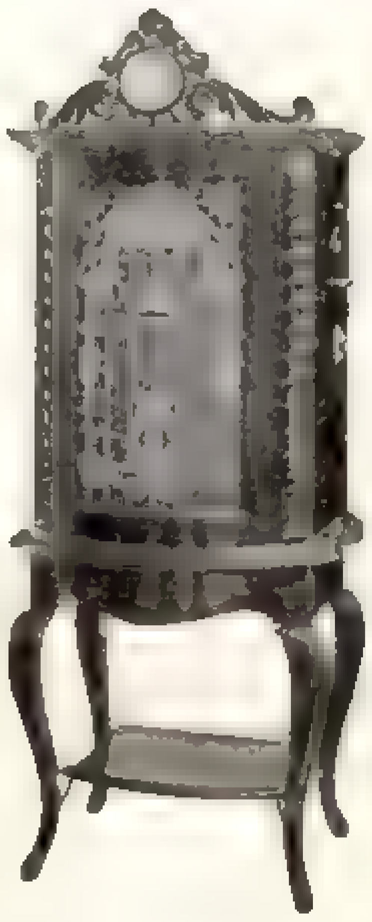
The REGINA M



REGINAPHONE

REGINA MUSIC BOX

CHIME CLOCK *in* MAHOGANY



REGINA CORONA

REGINAPIANO OPEN *for* USE *with* PLAYER

Make the Coming Christ

FOR twenty-five years the name "Regina" has stood for the best in music box construction. Its success has brought out many imitations, but they have served only to emphasize the superiority of the Regina, which is today the only music box manufactured in the United States.

From the Regina Music Box has been developed a complete line of high-class music makers, which, as the public has long since learned, is worthy of the name "Regina."

All Reginas are Twentieth Century music makers in that they are all automatic, furnishing music in great variety, without requiring technical knowledge, skill, or hours of training on the part of the performer.

Included in the Regina line—the most complete ever put out under one trade mark, are

REGINA MUSIC BOXES—playing all the world's best music by means of steel tune discs from eight inches to twenty-seven inches in diameter.

REGINAPHONES—playing Regina tune discs and talking machine records with equal facility. **Two** instruments in **one**.

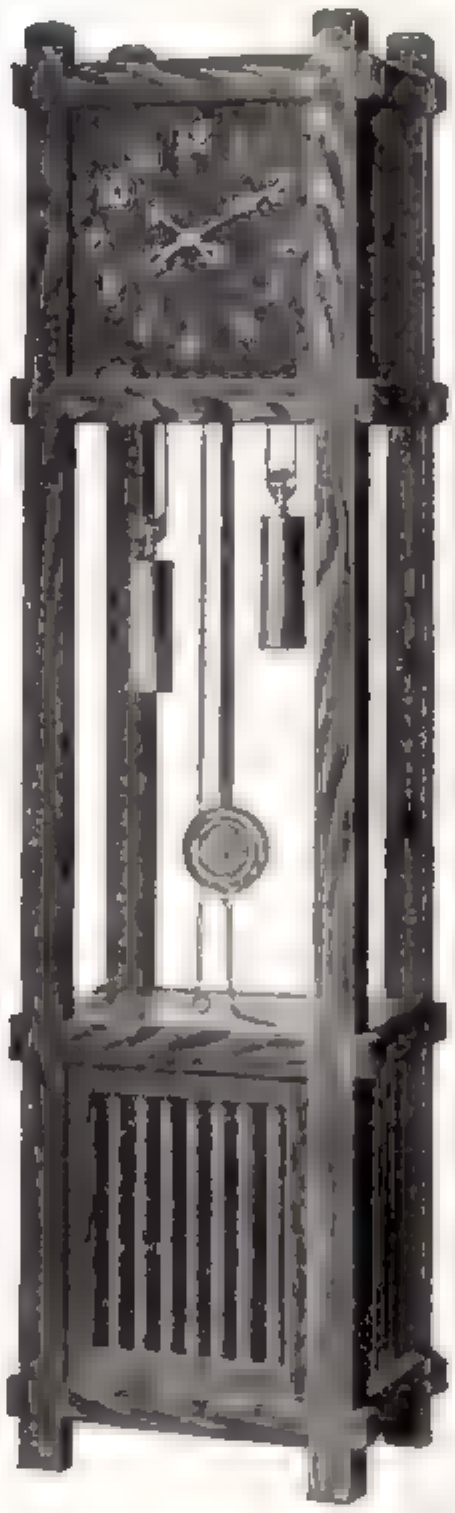
USIC MAKERS

Reginas have been awarded Gold Medals wherever exhibited

REGINAPHONE

REGINA MUSIC BOX

REGINA ORCHESTRAL CORONA



CHIME CLOCK *in* OAK

tmas a Regina Christmas

REGINAPIANOS — noted for their sweet tone quality — playing standard sixty-five note perforated music rolls, with player mechanism concealed from view inside the case. A perfect piano and a perfect player in one.

REGINA CHIME CLOCKS — Excellent time-keepers which announce the passing hours by music from clear-toned bells in faithful imitation of church chimes.

THE name "Regina" is never put on an instrument until it is musically and mechanically as perfect as human skill and ingenuity can make it. Any instrument shown here would make a Christmas gift which the whole family would appreciate for all time to come, but it is not necessary to have Christmas as an excuse for buying a Regina as the investment is a good one at any time.

The best music dealers everywhere carry Regina instruments and most of them sell on easy payments when desired. Prices range from $8 to $1,000.

If there is no Regina store near you, write to us for catalogues stating which style interests you. Full information and the name and address of our nearest agency will be sent you promptly.

Address Department "C."

THE REGINA CO.
Rahway, N. J.
Broadway and 17th St., New York
No. 3 West 42d Street, New York
259 Wabash Ave., Chicago

REGINAPIANO OPEN *for* MANUAL USE

Bonds for Investment

BECAUSE of reasons generally understood by investors there has been a large decline in the price of high grade bonds, thus affording at the present time excellent opportunities to those who desire to invest large or small sums in securities whose safety is assured and which yield an unusually attractive return upon the investment.

We own a carefully selected list of more than [illegible] issues of municipal, railroad and corporation bonds and can furnish investors with securities of practically any desired maturity at prices to yield from

4% to 6%

Write for Circular offerings and booklet "Investment Banking."

N. W. HARRIS & CO
BANKERS
35 Federal St 56 William St
[illegible] New York

TAX BONDS

Investments whose payment is secured by taxation.

Banks, Insurance Companies and individuals in 24 States buy of us. Interest is their aim — not speculation.

Taxes are paid, hence Tax Bonds are safe. Market conditions do not affect municipally issued indebtedness. Corporate management or business prosperity are not elements to be considered. We buy carefully selected securities in the

Great Central West

School Bonds netting 5 to 6%, and other equally desirable municipally issued bonds in amounts of $100, $250, $500 and $1,000. We recommend our

$500 Monona Co., Ia., 6% (Drain) Bonds

Send for information. Our Booklet D tells the story of Tax Bonds.

Buy now — it is the opportune time. Send your name for our mailing list.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
8 Wardell Building, Macon, Mo.

National Banks Are Sound

Comptroller's Report, Aug. 22d, 1907, shows one-fifth of all the capital of the National Banks to be invested in **Centrally Located Business Properties.**

WHY? Because these Centrally Located Business Properties generally double in value every twenty years and pay from 5% to 7% net annually on this growing value.

We divide productive Centrally Located Store and Office Properties into "Units" available as investments.

These properties cannot be mortgaged.

Title to "Units" guaranteed by Deed.

You can borrow money on your "Units."

If you have money to invest send for circulars 10 and 11 explaining Unit Ownership.

The Trustee Securities Company
No. 1 Wall Street, New York
The Trustee Company of Seattle
The Trustee Company of Los Angeles
The Trustee Company of Spokane

Industrials Investigated

You Should Secure A confidential, conservative report on your prospective or present investments in the Pacific Northwest. Our technical and commercial experts investigate Industrials, Manufacturing, Mining, Irrigation, Transportation, Lumber, Fisheries, Electrical and like propositions and report in full detail. The Mercantile Agencies, The Seattle National Bank and Scandinavian-American Bank vouch for our reliability and integrity. **Consultation Department,**

PACIFIC ENGINEERING COMPANY
Seattle, Washington

Fractional Lots—Stocks

High-grade dividend paying stocks and selected income bearing bonds in lots of one share upwards. Write for circular A 19, describing securities listed upon the New York Stock Exchange yielding from 5 to over 10% per annum at present quotations.

MAILED UPON REQUEST WITHOUT CHARGE TO YOU.
DAILY MARKET LETTER

J. F. Pierson, Jr., & Co.
(Members New York Stock Exchange)
66 Broadway New York

Financing An Enterprise

A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presenting, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by best business men. 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.

The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N.Y.

Your Savings

ABOUT BANKS AND BANKING—THE CAUSES OF THE PANIC

DURING the late crisis several banks and one large trust company closed their doors. As a result there was not only alarm among the depositors of these various institutions, but among the depositors of a good many other banks and trust companies who were not familiar with the details of the banking business. In many quarters much surprise was displayed when some of the banks posted notices reading like this:

> **This bank is solvent; but is closed temporarily because it is unable to secure cash for the depositors.**

The question therefore arose: "How can a bank be solvent and yet be unable to pay its depositors on demand?"

An effort will be made to answer this question, because it involves a knowledge of the first principles of banking, and this knowledge should be part of the education of every investor.

What Banks Are

In the first place, what is a bank? Not everybody stops to realize how universal and how necessary a bank is. Banks stand for stability, for credit and for business. Although paper money was used in China as long ago as one thousand years before Christ, and bills of exchange were employed in ancient Rome, it was not until the twelfth century, and in Venice, that the first bank was started. Modern banking began with the establishment of the Bank of England, in 1649.

Banking simply means dealing in money or papers that represent money. Through the medium of banking, men and firms thousands of miles apart may do business without the actual exchange of actual cash. There are four kinds of banks:

Commercial banks, which include both National and State banks.

Savings-banks, which are, in the main, philanthropic trusts for the thrifty.

Loan and trust companies, which combine the functions of a bank with those of trustee and executor.

Private banks, which resemble a private business in their conduct.

The commercial banks are the most numerous. A National bank is one which contains the word National in its name and which is governed by what is known as the National Banking Act. As such, it is under the supervision of the United States Government, which may send an Examiner in at any time to examine its accounts. A National bank, by depositing Government bonds with the Secretary of the Treasury, may issue its own notes—that is, bills bearing the name of the bank.

Commercial banks, other than National, are called State banks because they are under the supervision of the authorities of the State in which they happen to be located. Every State has its own banking laws. Some are more stringent than others. Each State, too, has a Banking Commissioner, who has the right to know the condition of the banks, and who may take charge of them if he thinks such a step is necessary. Commercial banks have capital stock like any corporation.

There are two kinds of savings-banks: mutual and stock savings-banks. A mutual savings-bank is one that is conducted solely for the benefit of the depositors. There is no capital stock to be bought and sold or to increase or decrease in value.

A stock savings-bank, on the other hand, is like any commercial bank in that it is conducted primarily to make money for the stockholders as well as for the depositors. Many of them do a general banking business. In most States the investments of savings-banks are regulated by law.

Trust companies receive deposits and lend money like banks. But they do more things than the banks, because the banking laws authorize them to act as trustees and executors, to underwrite bond issues and to perform certain legal services.

A private bank is conducted by a private individual or firm. It receives and lends money; acts as agent for local or foreign corporations; deals in foreign exchange, and underwrites issues of securities.

No 2060
Guaranteed
First Mortgage
Certificate
issued by
New York
Investors Corporation
500
Tax Exempt in
State of New York
Principal Due
February 1, 1917
Redeemable
February 1, 1912
4½
Payable
February 1st and August 1st
in the City of
New York.

Are all your investments worth what they were a year ago?

GUARANTEED MORTGAGES ARE—AND ALWAYS WILL BE

Their security is New York City real estate — the most valuable in the world — and besides, payment is guaranteed. Send for descriptive booklet entitled

GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE CERTIFICATES

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO
Capital and Surplus, $12,000,000
176 BROADWAY 175 REMSEN ST.
NEW YORK CITY BROOKLYN

GOLD BONDS 5% MONTHLY INSTALMENTS

The 20-year first mortgage gold bonds we handle make safe and very profitable investments. Both principal and interest are guaranteed by wealthy municipal governments, school boards and electric companies. We give everyone an opportunity to own these bonds, by selling them in monthly instalments. Write for our monthly selling plan and list of gilt-edge Securities, paying 4 per cent. to 7 per cent. interest.

WILLS & CO.
Members Standard Stock Exchange
Toronto, Canada

Best of Investments—and It Pays 6%

IF you would rather have a normal interest return upon your capital instead of dividing it with a middleman, or want your money invested in a security whose value does not fluctuate and is not subject to manipulation or depreciation, it will be worth your while to consider the advantages afforded by A-R-E Six's.

They combine stability, security, earning power and cash availability. They are strictly non-speculative; as good as gold, principal and interest, from date of issue to date of maturity, secured by nearly ten millions of Assets and twenty years of successful experience. They are issued in either of two forms:

6% **Coupon Bonds**—For Income Earning, issued at par in multiples of $100

6% **Accumulative Bonds**—For Income Saving, purchasable on installments during 10, 15 or 20 years

Write today for literature giving full particulars.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888
Assets $9,446,095.59
511 Night and Day Bank Bldg.
44th Street and Fifth Ave.
New York

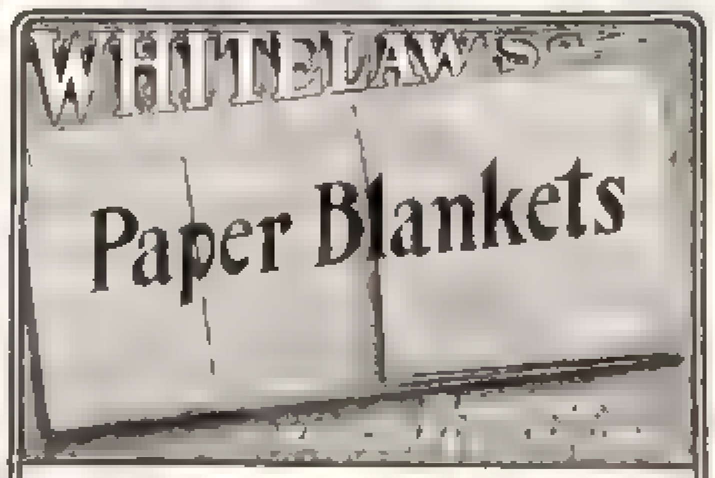
REDUCED RATES on shipments of Household Goods to and from all Pacific Coast and Colorado Points, through cars. Bekins Warehouses at all principal points. Maps Free.
Bekins Household Shipping Co.
540 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

THE ACME QUALITY KIND
PAINTS ENAMELS STAINS VARNISHES

Identifies Perfect Paint

This "Acme Quality" mark everywhere identifies the Perfect Paints for Every Purpose. Be sure it is on the label of paints, enamels, stains, varnishes—*everything that goes on with a brush*—and your paint supplies will be the very best. "The Selection and Use of Paints and Finishes" explains and illustrates how to correctly finish anything. A remarkable book, *valuable to you,* free on request.

Dept. Q
Acme White Lead and Color Works
Detroit, Mich.



BED-clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and these quilts should never be put upon the bed; the weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes [illegible] Paper Blankets are warmer than woolen, and weigh only ten ounces each. Made of strong sterilized paper, kid finish, will not slip. Cost less than washing blankets. They are an application of **A Well-known Scientific Principle.** Worn between sheet and top cover. Price $3.00 a dozen, F O B. Cincinnati, or we will send two full size for sample, post paid, for $1.00.

Also make the famous **Paper Diapers that Appeal to the mother of the Babe,** to be worn inside the regular diaper and destroyed when soiled. 75 cents per 100 F O B. Cincinnati, or will mail [illegible] post paid for $[illegible]

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 4, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PORTSMOUTH The Gate to PROSPERITY

The marvelous growth of existing industries at Portsmouth, Virginia, is a [illegible]

[illegible] you with further information.

I. T. VAN PATTEN, Sec'y, Portsmouth, Virginia

PATENTS WATSON E. COLEMAN
Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C.
Advice and book free.
Terms moderate. Highest references. Best services.

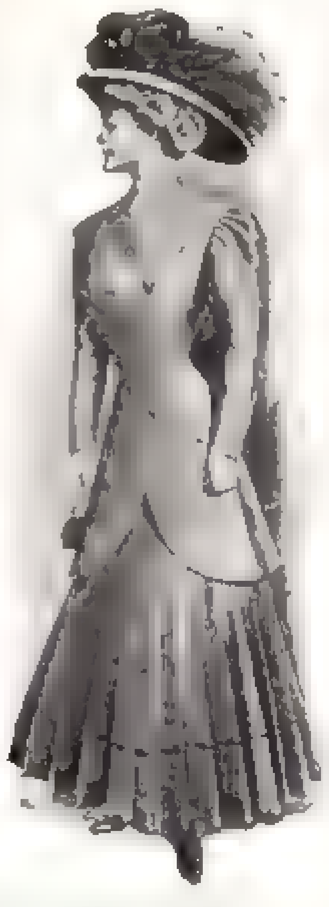
Man-Tailored Suits For Women

We employ none but expert men cutters and tailors to construct our garments so that the best lines of the figure are properly brought out.

The superior workmanship in our Made-To-Order Suits, Skirts and Rain-Coats is a distinguishing feature.

The economy and convenience afforded by our System of Fitting by Mail are explained in our Catalogue — Better investigate.

OUR GUARANTEE If you are not entirely satisfied with completed garment send it back to us at our expense, and we will promptly refund the full amount paid us.



Winter Suits

(Made-to-Order)

$6 to $25

CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE

Our Catalogue illustrates and describes the following garments, which we make to order

Visiting Dresses	$6 00 to $20 00
Tailor-Made Suits	$7 50 to $35 00
Separate Skirts	$3 50 to $15 00
Rain-Coats	$8 75 to $18.00

Also a full line of the following ready-made goods

Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks	$5 45 to $34 75
Children's Cloaks	$4.75 to $ 9 95
Children's Dresses	$1 98 to $ 5 48
Ladies' Shirt-Waists	$ .98 to $ 6 98
Fur Neck Pieces and Muffs	$2 25 to $13 50
Sweaters	$ .65 to $ 3 48
Merino and Flannel Underwear	$ .24 to $ 2 48
Corsets	$1 00 to $ 3.00
Kimonos	$ .45 to $ 2 15
Handkerchiefs	$ .05 to $ .25

We prepay postage or express charges on anything you order from us to any part of the United States

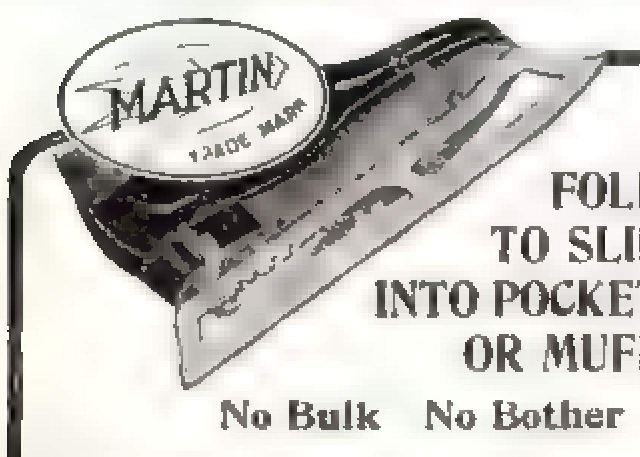
Write to-day for our new Winter Catalogue sent FREE on request. If you desire Samples of Materials which are used in our Suits, Skirts and Rain-Coats, be sure to mention the colors you prefer.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

214 West 24th St., New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

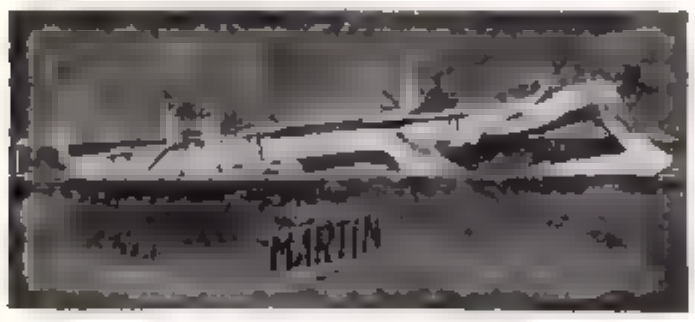
Mail Orders Only No Agents or Branches



FOLD
TO SLIP
INTO POCKET
OR MUFF

No Bulk No Bother

Folding Pocket Skates



Martin Skates have all the virtues of the old style skates, *plus compactness;* they fold flat to carry in the wallet. Cost no more. Will cling to new or worn-down heels; are strong and smart in appearance.

A pair in a wallet, an ideal Christmas gift. Ask your dealer or write us for free booklet G.

MARTIN SKATE CO., Boston, Mass.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For

Chapped Hands, Chafing and all skin troubles. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than [illegible] but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

These banks could not do business without deposits, and since deposits form such a necessary part of the business and mean, at the same time, so much to the people who own them, both State and National Governments have sought to put some safeguards about their use. In the case of National banks it is required that they keep twenty-five per cent. of their deposits on hand in actual legal tender and specie (paper money and coin). This is called the legal reserve. The usual reserve required by States is fifteen per cent., it being the argument that a reserve of this amount is ample for all normal demands. The laws restricting the reserve of trust companies is not so stringent. Hence the state of affairs which made the recent complication in New York possible.

A bank is a business institution for the purpose of making money. It is like a drug-store or a grocery. Instead of selling medicine or canned goods, it uses money as its commodity. Most of the money that it uses is deposited by its depositors. It is a simple proposition when stripped down to its main facts: if the bank pays you three or four per cent. interest on your money, it must employ that same money so that it will earn more than is paid for the use of it. The bank must pay the expenses of running the business, which includes cost of building in which it is located, the salaries of its employees; and there must be some profit for the people who have bought its capital stock. Hence the problem of the bankers is to employ the bank's funds so that they will earn the largest possible amount of money. Thus it happens that the deposits, instead of reposing peacefully in the vaults of the bank, are out in the busy world doing things. They may be helping other banks, building railroads, developing cities and communities, erecting buildings, promoting business or aiding commerce and credit in some constructive way.

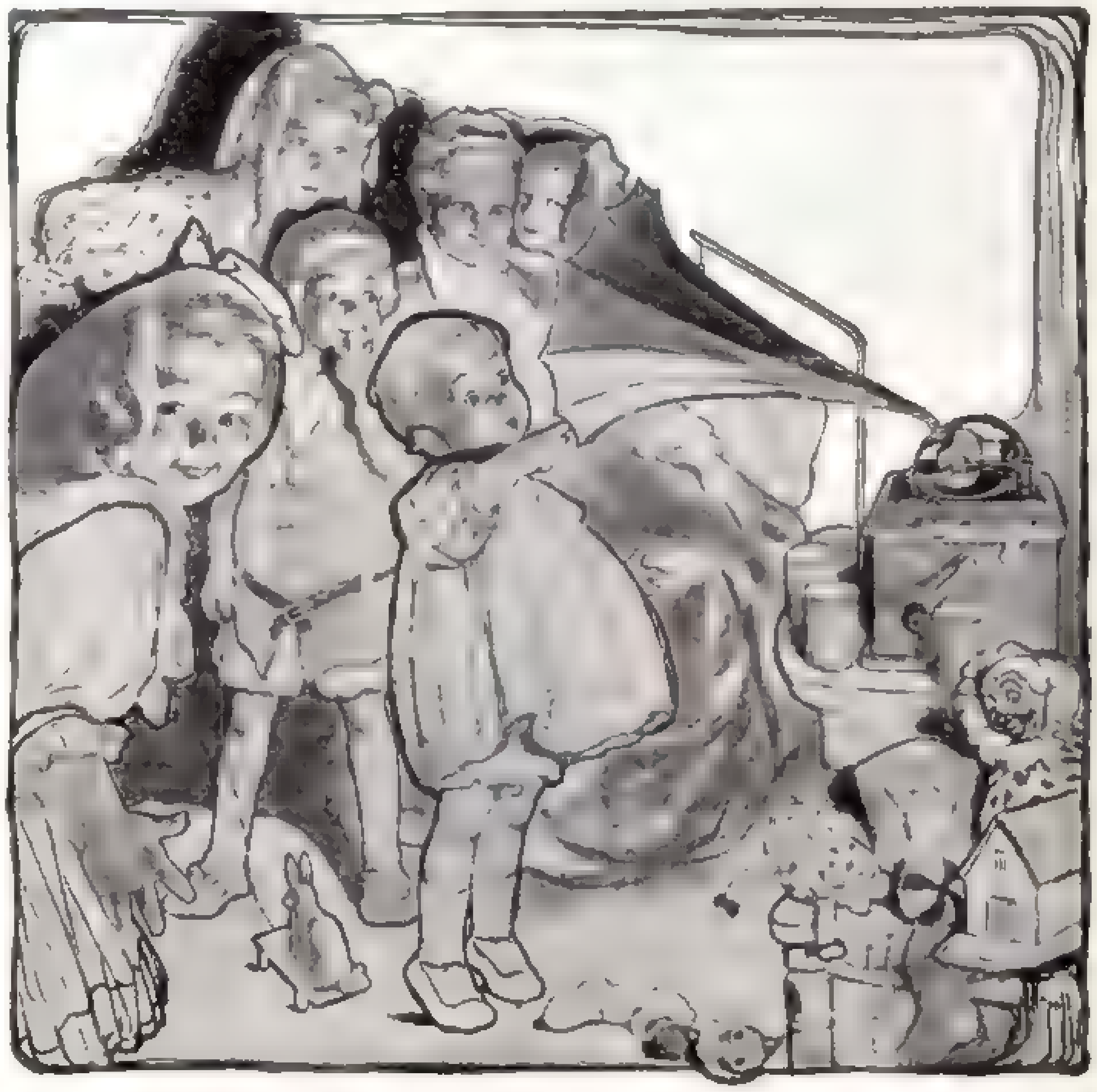
Depositors' Money Tied Up

You can now understand why a bank should be willing to keep only as much actual reserve on hand as the law requires, for the cash on hand in the vaults is not working and is not earning. This naturally leads to the situation which grew out of the recent Wall Street panic, when a perfectly solvent bank or trust company was unable to meet the demands of the depositors. This is why: the bank or trust company, in its desire to have its money earn as much more money as possible, invested, for example, that money in high-class securities, or loaned its money on collateral consisting of gilt-edge stocks and bonds. It did not reckon on a big, almost unanimous, demand on the part of the depositors for the immediate return of their deposits. It happened that for some time the stock market had been getting worse and worse and prices were constantly going down. Even the highest-class securities were affected. Money then became scarce. People wanted to get hold of their money. All of a sudden it developed that a great many people wanted to get deposits out, and actual cash was scarce. For the banks to sell their large blocks of high-class securities at the prevailing market prices would mean to sacrifice them. Yet at any normal time these securities would yield much more money than the institutions needed.

Thus it happens that while a bank or trust company may own ample securities and have ample resources it cannot get hold of the actual cash without a great sacrifice, and it closes its doors until market conditions are normal and the people return to a natural state of confidence.

One result of the New York panic has been the organization of a movement to safeguard the deposits in the trust companies. Since the trust companies had a freer hand than the banks in the conduct of their business, they took bigger risks and sometimes jeoparded the money of the people. One plan is to make them members of the Clearing House Association. Thus they would get the same unity of action in time of trouble that is enjoyed by the banks, which stand together, each one helping the other. A run on one of them means a run on all the banks of the Association. During the recent crisis the banks came to the aid of the trust companies, because a big failure among the trust companies, after the closing of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, would have precipitated a disaster.

The Edison Phonograph as a Christmas Present



NO single thing furnishes so much entertainment, amusement and enjoyment to a family, especially where there are children and young folks, as an Edison Phonograph. It supplies all kinds of amusement at little expense; it gives you a means of entertaining your friends and neighbors, and it keeps you up-to-date with every kind of good music. No other gift will give so much delight for so long a time as an Edison Phonograph.

Have you seen and heard the new model with the big horn? If not go to the nearest dealer and see it, hear it and buy it. If you cannot do that, write to us for a complete descriptive catalogue.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

The December Records

YOU won't get all the entertainment out of your EDISON PHONOGRAPH unless you buy the NEW RECORDS. New records mean new entertainment. You will never get over the first fresh enjoyment of your Phonograph if you keep it supplied with the new Records as they come out. Here, for instance, is the December list. Read it over and see what a lot of good ones there are.

9698	Waltz from Romeo and Juliet (Gounod)	Edison Concert Band
9699	I'll Be Waiting, Dearie, When You Come Back Home (Havez)	Reed Miller
9700	In Monkey Land (Morse)	Collins and Harlan
9701	The Merry Widow Waltz (Lehar)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9702	Some Day When Dreams Come True (Stants)	Irving Gillette
9703	Ring Out the Bells for Christmas (Williams-Ecke)	Edison Concert Band
9704	Flanagan's Trouble With His Tailor (Original)	Steve Porter
9705	Honey Boy Medley (Original)—Xylophone	Albert Benzler
9706	Wouldn't You Like to Have Me for a Sweetheart? (Robyn)	Ada Jones
9707	Three Rubes Seeing New York (Original)	Edison Vaudeville Co.
9708	I Get Dippy When I Do That Two-Step Dance (Fitzgibbon)	Arthur Collins
9709	Pretty Black-Eyed Susan (Seltzer)	Edison Military Band
9710	Won't You Waltz "Home, Sweet Home," With Me for Old Times' Sake? (Ingraham)	Byron G. Harlan
9711	Rescue the Perishing (Doane)	Anthony and Harrison
9712	Marianina (Brockman)	Jas. Brockman
9713	Florida Rag (Lowry)—Banjo	Vess L. Ossman
9714	Make a Lot of Noise (Conn)	Billy Murray
9715	Old Dog Sport (Original)	Len Spencer and Gilbert Girard
9716	Two Blue Eyes (Morse)	Reinald Werrenrath
9717	Love's Confession (Klemmer)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9718	When the Sheep are in the Fold, Jennie Dear (Helf)	Manuel Romain
9719	So, What's the Use? (Montague)	Bob Roberts
9720	Broncho Bob and His Little Cheyenne (Original)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9721	Old Faithful March (Holzmann)	Edison Military Band

Go to your dealer or write today and get these booklets: COMPLETE CATALOGUE, SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE and the PHONOGRAM. They tell about all the Records, old and new, and give descriptions of the music.

Edison Records are also made in Bohemian, Chinese, Cuban, French, German, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Polish, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. **Ask your dealer or write us for a catalogue.**

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N.J.

THE JOURNALIST AS A PUBLIC MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

opinion, hope to affect legislation; enough important journals have passed into the hands of wealthy and ambitious men who hope, through them, to use public opinion for the purpose of personal career—enough important journals have passed into such hands to make this considerable and growing evil worthy the attention of the great body of the press and the thoughtful consideration of all the people.

This ownership of newspapers by interests or by the ambitious rich is a subtle, deadly and well-nigh irresistible force.

Such a paper will print all the news fully and attractively, excepting only that which adversely affects the owner, whether the owner be "interests" or an individual.

Such a paper will make much out of a little fact and display a big fact that helps its owner.

Such a paper will print prominently the smallest item that injures a cause or a man not helpful to the owner.

If such a paper be owned by a business interest, every page will be edited from the viewpoint of the business welfare of the "interest" that owns the paper; and men and measures will be praised or attacked, not according to their usefulness to the people, but their usefulness to that "interest," or the reverse.

If the newspaper be owned by a rich man ambitious for public life, every page will be edited from the viewpoint of the man who owns the paper; and men and measures will be praised or attacked, not according to their usefulness to the people, but to their usefulness to that man, or the reverse. And, if enough of such papers be so owned, the people will be wholly helpless.

For every man is busy with his own affairs. He depends upon his newspaper for information, almost for instruction. A statement of fact in print has for the average man the force of unquestioned truth. A well-written and moderate editorial has for the average mind something like the authority of Scripture. We forget that it is written by a human being who, however able, is still a human being, and that back of that human being, directing his pen as he writes, is the power that owns the paper and pays the salary and gives the orders.

There is no remedy, there can be no remedy, in law for this fundamental evil, which, if sufficiently wide, would destroy republican form of government by controlling the people's intelligence. There is no remedy, there can be no remedy, in public opinion if this evil becomes sufficiently extended; for the control of public opinion is the very purpose of the evil—is indeed the evil itself. And so, if the ownership of the public press by business interests or by public men should increase so widely as to constitute a general danger, the refuge of the people, and in the end of free institutions, must be found in that portion of the press in our great cities that remains free and unpurchased, and in the great army of country newspapers and of newspapers published in our smaller cities.

These country newspapers and papers published in smaller cities are seldom purchased by either business interests or ambitious and wealthy men. It is some of the larger and more widely-circulated journals that are owned by these "interests" or by ambitious rich men who hope to influence the country newspapers and the press of the smaller cities through their news and editorial columns, and through courtesies and facilities they furnish the country press.

And so it is to editors of that most powerful force in American journalism—the country newspapers, the newspapers of our minor cities, and to the great free journals in our great cities—that the duty and opportunity of the hour come. It is for these editors and newspapers who are now, and will probably always remain, uninfluenced and unowned, to correct the evil stealthily and incessantly done by journals such as I have described. It is for the unpurchased press to print that item of news which, for their owners' purposes, the bought and owned journals suppress.

It is for the free press to reduce to its real size the other item of news which, for the same purposes, the manacled press exaggerates.

It is for the free press to correct misrepresentation, deny falsehood and answer slander.

Style 403. Latest Model.
Its size, rare musical qualities and tasteful case design make it ideal for home use.

We can furnish you with an

Ivers & Pond PIANO

even tho' you live in the most remote city or village in the United States, with as little inconvenience as if your home was in Boston or New York. We are one of the largest makers of artistic pianos in the world.

Send for our catalogue and attractive proposition to buyers. Where no dealer sells our pianos, we will quote prices and explain our plan of Easy Payments. A postal card may save you $100. Write us if interested.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
103 Boylston St., Boston

Until you have tasted
BISHOP'S CALIFORNIA GLACÉ PRUNES
You have yet to taste The Unequalled Confection of the World

Glacé Prunes are not "similar" to anything ever before made in the world.

Glacé Prunes are the California fresh prune, crystallized to preserve their original fresh flavor, then stuffed with California English Walnuts.

You can have absolutely no conception of the fascinating deliciousness of this dainty confection until you have eaten **Bishop's Glacé Prunes.**

We want YOU to try them—to have your friends enjoy them, and to have us send them to many of your friends for Christmas.

Packed in half, one, two and five pound boxes. Price 35c, 70c, $1.30 and $3.00 each. We will express or mail them direct—and pay all charges—to any address you may send us—if you cannot buy them from your dealer.

Mail us your order, enclosing Money Order, in plenty of time for package to reach its destination by Christmas. Orders should reach us at least one week before Christmas.

BISHOP & COMPANY
Los Angeles, Cal.
New York Office, 145 Chambers Street.

Uniform Temperature

It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus; or whether it is new or old. All you need is the

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

Automatically controls the drafts. A change of one degree at the thermostat is sufficient to operate the dampers. As simple and no more expensive than a good clock. Has proven its merit for [illegible] years.

Sent on 60 Days' Free Trial

If not satisfactory in every way, return at our expense. Write today. Booklet free. Sold by the heating trade everywhere. Time set attachment if desired.

WM. R. SWEATT, President
42 Phoenix Minneapolis, Minn.

63 Hanover St. Boston, Mass.
606 Court St. Syracuse, N.Y.

Adjust here

It's Automatic

Dennison GIFTS

Dennison Quality is exemplified in Dennison's Christmas Creations. The illustration above shows one way Dennison helps to make a gift more charming—the quality and beauty of Dennison Decorations enhancing its value and sentiment.

Consult the list—although it contains but a small part of the Dennison variety it gives you an idea of

Dennison's Christmas Creations

Everything that is needful for making the Christmas package attractive—everything requisite for sending the Greeting of Good Cheer—everything essential for tree and table decoration, and a host of practical and useful gifts. Your local dealer has them all.

Dennison's Christmas Book

contains further suggestions for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Address Dept. "17" at our nearest store for complimentary copy.

Dennison Manufacturing Company
The Tag Makers,

BOSTON
26 Franklin St.

NEW YORK
15 John St.

PHILADELPHIA
1007 Chestnut St.

CHICAGO
128 Franklin St.

ST. LOUIS
413 N. 4th St.

Address Tags,
Cards of Greeting,
Coin Cards,
Holly Seals,
Santa Claus Seals,
Gummed Ribbon,
Holly Wrapping Paper,
Christmas Bells,
Garlands,
Streamers,
Crepe Paper Decorations,
Doll Outfits,
Passe-Partout Outfits,
Handy Boxes,
Sealing Wax Sets,
Jewelry Cabinets,
Jewelry Cleaning Outfits,
Coin Boxes,
Holly Boxes in Nests,
Holly Napkins,
Lunch Sets and Doilies,
Etc., Etc.

Then at This!

The Reason Why

Look at This!

This cut shows a magnified section of the edge of an ordinary safety razor severing a hair. Notice the angle of the blade and the straight, hoe-like stroke that bends the hair in a long "splitting" cut, leaving the sharp pointed stubs to make the face rough and cause ingrowing hairs.

This shows the edge of the Ward Safety in the correct position **perfectly flat on the face.** The blade is brought down with the **Natural Sliding Stroke,** severing the beard at right angles and perfectly even with the surface of the skin, clean and smooth. Result—no irritation.

Ward Safety Razor
Natural Sliding Stroke

The Perfection of Simplicity *Only Two Parts—Handle and Blade*

SNAP! and the blade is instantly and rigidly adjusted.

THE NATURAL SLIDING STROKE—impossible with other safety razors, gives smooth satisfying shaves

The Ward In a handsome velvet lined case, has a **triple silver plated** handle and 12 incomparably keen, double edged blades **$4**

Dulled Blades are thrown away—new ones only 60c. a doz. Ask your dealer or write direct to us, concerning 30 days' Free Trial.

THE WARD SAFETY RAZOR CO., 728 Star Building, 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Beautiful Jewelry at Wonderful Prices

Do you realize that with a magnificently printed jewelry and silverware catalogue like ours before you, where everything is pictured just as it is, you have what is exactly as good as a complete jewelry store in your own home, to select beautiful Christmas presents from at your leisure, with ten times the selection, and at prices much lower than you can get in any local store?

Drop us a postal card and we will send the catalogue absolutely free. Remember, we prepay express charges on all our goods, even to foreign countries.

The Warren Mansfield Co., 265 S. Middle St., Portland, Me.

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. **Sent Free.**

Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. L, Chicago.

THE WARREN MANSFIELD COMPANY
GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS

Articles are twice the length and width of illustrations.

14 Sterling Scarf Pin [illegible] 35c. 21 Brooch, Hat Pin or [illegible] Sterling [illegible] Swastika 50c [illegible] Pin 50c [illegible] Barrette 85c. 29 Gold [illegible] Baby Pin 20c. [illegible] Baby Pin 25c. [illegible] Amethyst 65c 35 Sterling Waist Pin [illegible] Holly 40c. 44 Hatpin Holder Sterling $1.00 45 Tape Measure [illegible] Sterling $1.00 62 Solid Gold Signet Ring $4.50 [illegible] $1.20 [illegible] 14kt Scarf Pin Pearl [illegible] $3.00. 81 [illegible] 60c 83 [illegible] Sterling 75c 85 Solid Gold Brooch Pearls $3.75 [illegible] Brooch [illegible] $1.50 [illegible] Pin 75c [illegible] Pair $2.25 [illegible] Jade Stone, 75c. [illegible] Gold Filled Scarf Pin [illegible] 75c 106 Sterling Stiletto, "Sword Fish," $1.00. 114 [illegible] Brooch, Pearl, "Holly," $2.00. 115 Sterling Baby [illegible] "Teddy Bear," $1.00. 120 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearl Center, $2.00. 121 Shell Back Comb, Gold Filled, $1.50.

Send by mail for one or more articles. They will surely please you. We prepay all postage or express charges and guarantee safe delivery. **Send postal to-day for our beautiful catalog No. 20,** containing illustrations of thousands of articles in gold and silver, fine leather goods, etc., and all the latest ideas.

It is free

The Warren Mansfield Company
Est. in 1867 **265 Middle St., Portland, Me.**

Way's Muffler for Men, Women and Children

On or off in a jiffy. Doesn't go on over the head, merely snaps together at back of neck but covers lungs and hugs throat completely. Over 3,000,000 sold last winter. Put it in pocket or purse as you enter hot room. Snap on in a jiffy as you go out in cold again. Knit of finest cashmere wool in many unfadable colors. Made with or without ear or ear and face coverings. Lasts a lifetime. Looks becoming. You cannot realize its warming comfort in frigid weather till you wear it. Besides health is priceless and should be protected. The lungs and throat are the vital points of danger. Every man, woman or child who goes out of doors in cold weather needs

WAY'S MUFFLER

needs it absolutely, no matter whether the time of exposure to cold be [illegible] or a day. [illegible] everywhere by haberdashers, dry goods stores, clothiers, [illegible] If your favorite store doesn't keep WAY'S MUFFLER write us the name of that store at once and we will see that you get one immediately. Our new book "Cold Air [illegible]" gives [illegible] interesting [illegible] a simple method of preventing [illegible] colds, and all throat and lung diseases. Mention this magazine on a post card and we'll send you a free copy by return [illegible] now. You'll be glad you did.

THE WAY MUFFLER CO., Dept. S, 23d & Arch Sts., Phila., Pa.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS.

Views, Comic, Leather, Birthday, Holiday, Specialties, Etc. Post cards at lowest prices. Big variety of fine albums. Complete [illegible] full value in handsome samples 10 cents.

National Post Card Co., 227 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is for the free press to expose the sophistries of plausible editorial.

It is for the free press with unstained hand to write, in clean, unpurchased columns, the truth about men and measures, about policies and individuals.

And thus it is for free editors, more than all other men in the Republic, to be the servants of the people and saviors of the nation.

The optimism of a good many thoughtful men has been disturbed by the growing ownership of our newspapers by wealthy interests and wealthy men, who bought those newspapers, not to conduct a newspaper for the good of the people, but to influence public opinion for their own purposes.

"I was the last free editor in my State," said a certain man prominent in American public life about a month ago.

"When I came to Washington my paper went into the hands of a very rich man, who could afford to exploit it to satisfy his ambitions. Every other paper in the State is owned by some interest or other."

"It is the same in my State," said one of the most prominent men of the South who was standing near. "There is hardly a newspaper in my State that has not been bought up. I was very much afraid at first, but I must say that, to my entire surprise, these papers did not seem to be affecting public opinion as much as I thought they would, and I am becoming more hopeful again every day."

In the remark of the latter man—one of the most sagacious of our Southern public men—is found one of the grounds for good hope and belief that this undoubted evil will not, after all, be so potent as it at first appears.

For, somehow or other, the insincere press is not able entirely to fool the people. Somehow or other, through other newspapers that come to that locality from neighboring cities, and which are free from the influences that own the local papers; through the magazines and periodicals; through public speech on stump and platform; and, most of all, through that mysterious intelligence of the masses which finally divines the truth no matter how thick the dust-clouds that are raised to obscure it—through all of these channels of the veracities, the public after a while learns substantially the truth about men and measures and everything else.

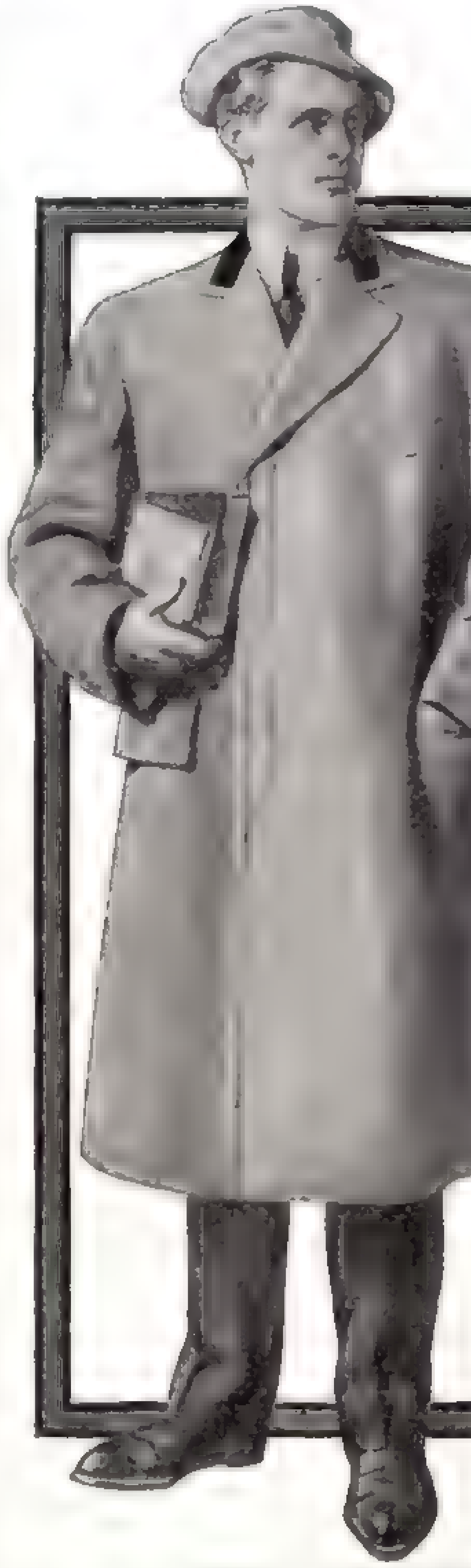
Maybe this is due to what Thomas B. Reed once called mouth-to-mouth public opinion. "The only public opinion worth while," said he, "the only public opinion that is vital and that influences anybody, is mouth-to-mouth public opinion, the opinion that travels from lip to lip. That," said this great public philosopher, "is the only public opinion that really influences great masses of human beings."

It may be that it is this which prevents even the apparently irresistible power of the newspaper from achieving its end when it is unjust and untruthful, and when, being these things, it is bravely and openly attacked.

Then, again, the power of such a purchased and prejudiced press carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction. If a newspaper is owned by some wealthy man who uses it for his own ambitious purposes, it is only a matter of a few years until he achieves what he wants, or else is defeated in his efforts, or finally, reaching the end of life, dies and passes away. In any event the unjust power of his newspaper ceases to be when the owner himself ceases to be. So, at the most, the unrighteous influence of such a press is one that cannot endure very long.

Or, if the newspaper is owned by any financial or commercial "interest" for its purpose, it will no longer maintain the paper when the purpose for which it bought it is accomplished. It is certain, too, that such "interests" in time will change hands, or financially fail, or be absorbed into larger interests, or experience those changes that come in all human affairs. And so it is that what appears at first quite hopeless of remedy seems on second thought to be quite certain of remedy.

Let the people, therefore, not despair that the free press, which is the guardian of free institutions, will pass away. But, above all things, let the people, day by day, carefully examine what they see in their newspapers and reject that which is prejudiced or which is printed for any other purpose than the accurate information and honest guidance of the reader.



This label on every garment of

Collegian

Adler's Collegian Clothes

are undoubtedly the most perfect fitting clothes you can buy. Such garments as these will improve your appearance no matter how good or how bad a figure you may have. They are the clothes for men who are not content with the "ordinary." If you'll let some clothier of your city show you your size in a suit or an overcoat at $15.00 to $35.00 you'll see "style" as you never saw it before.

Our latest book of correct clothes is now ready. Mailed free on application.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Company
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee

Do You Know the Joys of Holeproof?

Do you know the joy of putting your feet into **Holeproof Stockings** that won't go bad for six months?

Do you know the joy of giving "good riddance" to the miserable, detested weekly darning that **Holeproof Hosiery** has made an end of?

Do you know the joy of buying stockings as you do other things, with the knowledge that they will last? In short

Are Your Sox Insured?

READ THIS GUARANTEE
We guarantee any purchaser of **Holeproof Stockings** that they will need no darning for six months. If they should we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer.

Holeproof Hosiery For Men and Women
WEARS SIX MONTHS WITHOUT HOLES

Holeproof is the original guaranteed long wear hosiery. It is knit of long fibered Egyptian cotton, by a process which renders [illegible] tough and [illegible] yet elastic, and it is soft and easy on the feet.

Holeproof Sox are reinforced at points of hardest wear and retain their original good shape. They cost no more than ordinary sox and look as handsome as any you ever saw. It is stocking luxury to wear **Holeproof**, and if you once test it for yourself you will never wear any other.

Men's Holeproof Sox are made in fast colors — Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Medium or light weight. Sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size — assorted colors if desired. Six months' guarantee with each pair. We also make stockings for women under the same guarantee. Sizes, 8 to 11. Reinforced garter tops. Colors—Black and Tan.

Send $2.00 To-day for Trial Box. **We Prepay Shipping Charges**

CAUTION! If your dealer carries **Holeproof**, buy of him, but be sure you get the genuine. In ordering state size, color preferred, and whether all one color or assorted. Remit by money order, draft or any convenient way.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 40 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Play the Game
POLITIX
That's never Tame

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME
POLITIX, 52 cards, each representing a state. 4 suits, instead of hearts, diamonds, etc. 4 political parties, denoted by the regular party emblems. Keeps you busy, interested [illegible] Every game played is a presidential election. The combinations are [illegible] No home should be without this great game. [illegible]
MILLER & GOULD, 604 C. PULLMAN BLDG., CHICAGO

Transient Clothes

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

A MAN buys a STEIN-BLOCH suit. He finds that it fits and wears and gives him style to such an extent that next season he returns and buys another suit.

In short, STEIN-BLOCH clothes keep their friends because they prove their worth and secure the confidence of their wearers.

On the other hand, a man throwing discretion to the winds, purchases a suit of clothes at random, wears it and finds that it plays him false.

He drops that make—takes to another—with the same result. Such promissory clothes thus bought are transient. STEIN-BLOCH'S are permanent.

This is the era of ready-to-wear clothing of the right sort—but one must use his judgment in selecting if he is to obtain the unquestioned advantage of buying a finished, fashionable, high-grade product. STEIN-BLOCH'S may be seen at the leading clothier's.

This is the clothes-mark to look for

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1888.

SINCE 1854

Offices and Shops Rochester, N. Y.
New York 130-132 Fifth Ave.

Write for "Smartness," illustrating from photographs Stein-Bloch Fall and Winter Styles.

THE COME-ON

(Continued from Page 5)

"Oh, yes," said Mendenhall unsuspiciously, thinking of the check sent to the Farmers' and Citizens' Bank. The president, thinking of the other, was fully reassured, and was about to pass on. Here the matter might have dropped, and would in most cases. But Mendenhall, a methodical and careful man, wished to vindicate his business prudence by exclaiming that he had taken no risk in indorsing for a stranger, since he retained possession of the goods.

The rest is too painful.

"I do not rhyme for that dull wight" who does not foresee that the Chicago and Denver checks were returned in due course, legibly inscribed with the saddest words of tongue or pen, "No funds." Or that Mr. Britt fully justified his self-given reputation for absence of mind by neglecting to call for his furniture.

Meanwhile, Mr. Britt unostentatiously absented his body as well, taking the trolley for an inland village. At the time of Mendenhall's interview with the president he was speeding southward across country in a livery rig, catching the Lackawanna local for Binghamton about the time the wires were working and he was being searched for on all Lehigh Valley trains.

"Hello, Kirkland!" he said to the night clerk at the Arlington. "Back again, like a bad sixpence! Have my trunk sent up, will you? No—no supper!"

"Letter for you, Mr. Mitchell. Just came," said the clerk respectfully. "So we were expecting you. Haven't seen you for a long time."

Britt-Mitchell thrust the letter into his pocket unopened. "It'll keep till morning. I'm for bed. Good-night, Frank."

He turned in, weary with his exertions, to be sure, but with the pleasing consciousness that

. . . some one done
Has earned a night's repose.

Elmsdale never learned these particulars, however. His genial and expansive smile and the unobtrusive manner of his fading away are there vaguely associated with Cheshire Puss, of joyful memory, whose disappearance, like his, began with the end of the tale.

III

IT WAS quite late when Britt-Mitchell arose like a giant refreshed. First ringing for breakfast, he bathed and shaved and arrayed himself carefully in glad habiliments of quiet taste and cut, in which he bore slight resemblance to the rough-and-ready Britt, of Elmsdale.

Sitting indolently sideways to the table, his feet on a chair, he discussed an excellent breakfast leisurely, as one at peace with the world. His paper was propped before him; he chuckled as he read. Breakfast finished, he pulled his coffee over, lit a cigar and puffed luxuriously. Not till then did he open the letter taken from the discarded coat of yesterday. It read:

> Well, old man, I am sending you an easy one. Crack him hard for me. He's the rankest sucker yet. I was going to work the Scholar's Gambit on him, but he'll get his hooks on a whole bunch of money when he gets downtown, so I turn him over to you. Forty thou. to be paid him by Atwood, Strange & Atwood. You know of them—mining engineers and experts, 25 Broad. Let him get the boodle and hand him a sour one.
>
> Name, Steve Thompson, en route to New York. Section 5, Sleeper Tonawanda, Phœbe Snow. Smooth shaved, brown, hand-me-down suit, cowboy hat. From Butte, Montana. Has sold his mine, the Copper-bottom (on right of trail northeast of Anaconda). Former partner, Frank Short, killed by powder explosion at Bozeman, two years ago. Appendix subjoined with partial list of his friends, details about his mine, his ten years of unsuccessful prospecting, etc. Am not so explicit as usual, because he is such a big-mouthed damfool he'll tell you all he knows before you get to Hoboken. Also I am in some haste. I am to take him to Niagara with me to give you time to get this and join him at Binghamton, if you are there as planned. If not, I have wired Jim to meet train at Hoboken and keep in touch with him till you come, scraping acquaintance if necessary. Then he can disappear and leave you to put the kibosh on him. Jim is all right, but he lacks your magnetism and your light, firm touch. You can beat us all putting up a blue front. RUBE.

Mr. Mitchell rose to instant action. In a very few minutes his trunk was packed, his bill paid. He then hied him in haste to the Carnegie Library, where, till traintime, he fairly saturated himself with information concerning Butte and vicinity.

When the train pulled out from Binghamton, Mitchell sat across the aisle from Thompson, deep in his paper. A visorless black cap adorned his head, beneath which flowed his reverend white hair; rimless eyeglasses imparted to his unimpeachable respectability an eminently aristocratic air. These glasses he wiped carefully from time to time with a white silk handkerchief, which he laid across his ample knees, resuming his reading, oblivious to all else.

The paper was laid aside and the big man became immersed in a magazine. The handkerchief slipped from his knees into the aisle. Thompson politely restored it.

"Thank you, young man, thank you," said Britt. Then a puzzled look came over his brow. Polishing the glasses he took another sharp look. He leaned across the aisle.

"I *beg* your pardon," he said, with stately courtesy. "But I am sure I have met you somewhere. No, don't tell me. Pardon an old man's harmless vanity, but it is my weakness to make my memory do its work unaided, when possible. I have a famous memory generally, and yours is not a face to be easily forgotten. Let me see: not in New York, I think—Philadelphia—Washington? No—you would be from the West by your hat. Um-m-Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis?—*Butte!*" he said, with a resounding thwack on his knee. "Butte! 'Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile'!"

"Right you are," said the Westerner, well pleased. "I seem to remember you, too."

"I have it!" said Mitchell. "Don't remember your name—but you're the very man Judge Harney pointed out to me as the unluckiest prospector in Montana. Said you could locate a claim bounded on all sides by paying property and gopher through to China without ever striking ore."

"May I come over there and talk?" said Steve. "Mighty glad to see some one from my town. You didn't live there, though, or I should have met you."

"Certainly," said Mitchell, making room. "Glad to have you. Live there? Oh, no, I only made a couple of trips. Some friends of mine were in with Miles Finlen—you know him, I reckon?—on the Bird's-eye proposition, and I took a flyer with them," he explained. "I lost out. Dropped several dollars." His face lit up with comfortable good-humor. "It was a good mine, but it got tied up in the courts. Let me see—what did Harney call you—Townsend, Johnson?"

"Thompson," said Steve, smiling. "Steve Thompson."

"So it was—so it was. Well, I was getting close. Glad to meet you, Mr. Thompson. That is my name." He handed over a bit of pasteboard, inscribed:

MR. J. F. MITCHELL

"On Vesey Street now, just south of Barclay Street Ferry. I'll jot down the number—you want to come round and look me up. Sorry I can't ask you to use my house for headquarters. Wife's away to Bar Harbor for the summer, and I'm camping out in a hotel. Tell you what, though—you put up at my caravansary—the Cornucopia—good house, treat you well. I'll be busy a day or so catching up after my trip up-State, but after that I'll show you around. But, perhaps, you've been here before?"

"Not I," said Steve. "My first trip. Haven't been out of Montana since I was a kid. I'm sure glad to meet a friend so soon."

"Lots of Montana people here," said Mitchell cheerily. "We'll look 'em up. Probably, find some of your old chums.

MABIE, TODD & CO'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

The Very Pen You've Been Looking For

If you heard of a fountain pen that was better than any you had ever held in your hand, wouldn't you like to try it?

And if in actual use it really proved better in every way than any pen you had ever used, wouldn't you buy it?

Of course you would. We urge you to try

MABIE, TODD & CO'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

because we know it will prove its superiority over every other fountain pen made.

The only trouble with most fountain pens is in getting the ink to flow regularly and evenly. They often need "coaxing" because they are only "half-fed"—ink is fed to their writing point *only from underneath* the nib. In the "Swan" Fountain Pen ink is fed to the writing point from ***both above and below the nib***—that's why it always writes when you want it to write, never blots, spurts nor skips, but always glides smoothly over the paper—the ink instantly responding to the lightest touch, and regulated so there's never too much, never too little.

We'd like to prove to you that the "Swan" is the best fountain pen for you. Try a "Swan" and you will be fully satisfied it is the best fountain pen you ever held in your hand—a sure, [illegible] writer—a pen that is always ready and [illegible].

Send today for our attractive booklet illustrating the many different styles of "Swan" Fountain Pens and explaining the details of "Swan" construction. Then choose the pen you like and get it at a nearby dealer's or from us direct. If for any reason the pen you buy is not entirely satisfactory you can return it and get your money back. Write for the booklet to-day. Address nearest office.

Dept. A

MABIE, TODD & CO.

120 Fulton St., New York
149 Dearborn St., Chicago
London Brussels
Paris Manchester

(Established 1843)

MABIE TODD & CO'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

People here from everywhere. Oh, say—Judge Harney got into a bad mix-up, didn't he? That young Charley Clark is a devil. I've met him up here." With this he launched into a discussion of Butte, with inquiries as to various figures of local prominence, from which Steve was fain to escape by turning the talk on his final good luck, the sale of his mine and his rosy prospects. For Mitchell had "crammed up" on Butte industriously. Steve lacked his facilities, his sole source of information being certain long-past campfire tales of Neighbor Jones.

"Made it at last, did you? Glad to hear it. Can't keep a good man down, as the whale said to Jonah. 'But with all thy getting, get understanding,' he quoted with unctuous benevolence. "The city is full of traps for the unwary. You can't be too careful, young man. Don't be drawn into gambling, or drinking, or fast company, or you'll be robbed before you know it. Watch out for pickpockets, and, above all, be chary of making acquaintance with strangers. They're sly down here, my boy—devilish sly. Have you any friends in town? If you have, get them to go around with you till you learn the ropes."

"Don't know a soul but you," said Steve truthfully. "But I have a letter here to the people who are putting the sale through." He drew it forth.

"Atwood, Strange & Atwood," Mitchell read. "A good, reliable firm. I don't know them, but I know of 'em. They will advise you just as I do."

"But," objected Steve, "I want to see a good time. That's what I come for. For instance, I want to see the races. And naturally, I want to put up a few dollars to make it interesting."

"Bad business—bad business," admonished the elder man wisely. "I don't object to a quiet game of cards myself, among friends, and for modest stakes. But I can't afford to do anything to hurt my business reputation. Let a man of small means, like myself, play the ponies, or affect shady company, and what happens? All the banks know it at once, and shut down on loans instanter. They keep tab on all business men religiously."

"What's your line?" said Steve, impressed.

"Mainly buying on commission for Mexican and South American trade—though I handle a good many orders for country dealers, too," replied Mitchell. "My specialty is agricultural implements, barbed wire, machinery and iron stuff generally, for the export trade. There's things about it would surprise you. Why, such things, farm machinery more especially, retail in Buenos Ayres at from 40 to 60 per cent. of what they do here, after paying freight charges and a snug commission to me."

"How can they do it?" asked Steve, interested.

Mitchell plunged into an explanation of the workings of the tariff and its effect on home prices. He had it at his fingers'-end. Under his skillful hands the dry subject became really interesting, embellished with a wealth of illustration and anecdote. He was still deep in his exposition when, beyond Scranton, a hand was laid on his arm. A dapper, little, dark man, with twinkling, black eyes and pointed black beard, stood in the aisle.

"Well, Mitchell!" he said, with an affectionate pat. "Still riding your hobby?"

The fat man jumped up, beaming. "Loring! by all that's holy! Let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Thompson—Mr. Loring. Mr. Loring is one of our rising young artists."

"The rising young artist," said Loring with a flash of white teeth, "is trying to get up a whist game. Will you gentlemen assist?" He turned aside in a paroxysm of coughing.

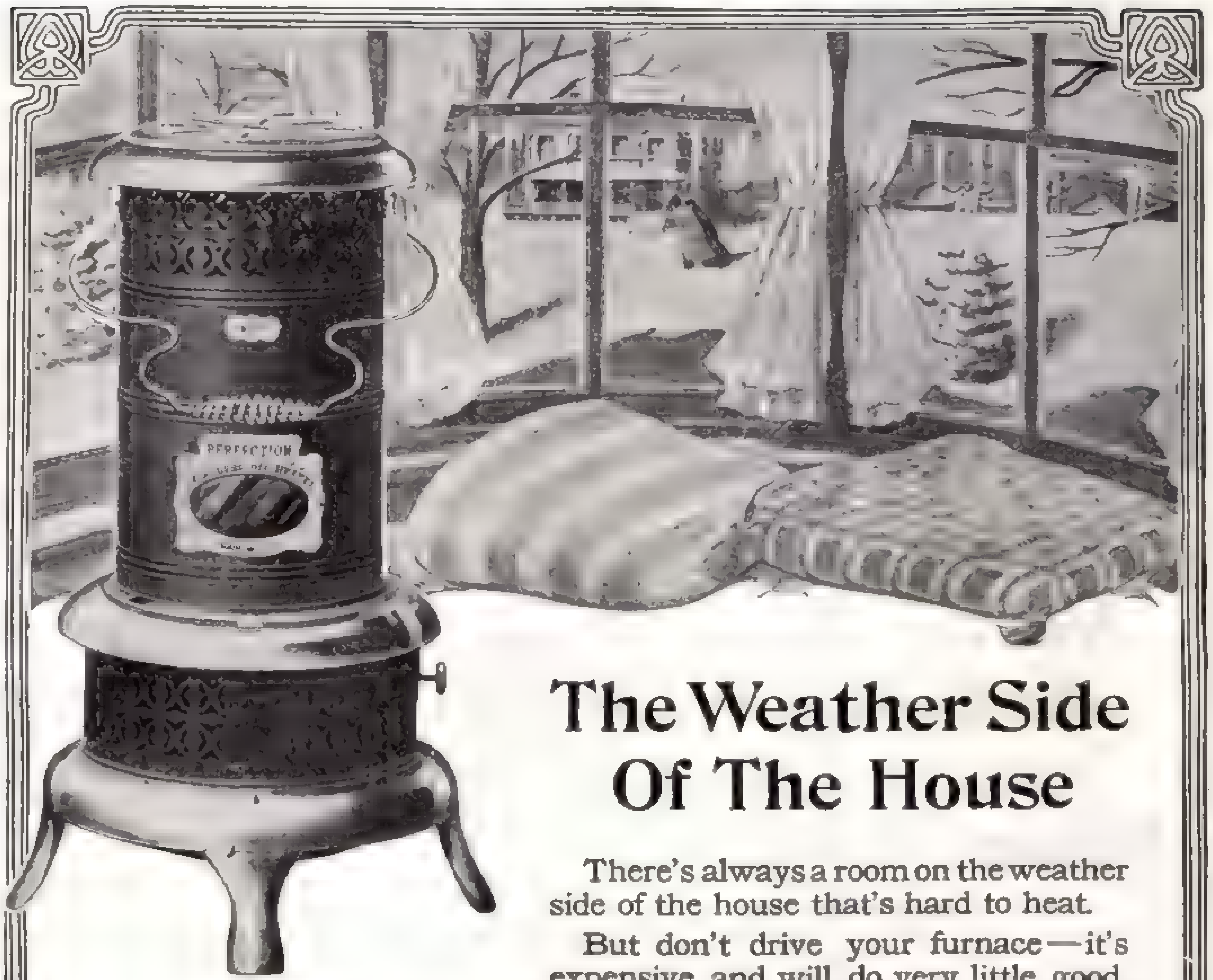
"Certainly, certainly—that is, if Mr. Thompson plays —— That's a bad cough you've got there, Loring."

"Yes—caught cold fishing," said the artist. "Will you join us, Mr. Thompson?"

"Glad to," said that worthy. "Only my game is bumble-puppy. You can hardly call it whist. Who's the fourth?"

"Yet to be found," laughed Loring. After a few rebuffs they picked up a drummer and adjourned to the smoker. The little dark man and Steve played against the other two, a suit-case on their knees serving as a table. They played a rubber. Steve verified his statements as to his style of play.

"Well, that's enough—nearly in," said Loring, as they drew near their destination.



The Weather Side Of The House

There's always a room on the weather side of the house that's hard to heat.

But don't drive your furnace—it's expensive and will do very little good.

The easy and cheap way to heat this cold room is with the Perfection Oil Heater. It makes no difference how many times the wind changes—you can carry the heater from room to room as often as you like and keep the weather side of the house warm and cozy. The

PERFECTION
Oil Heater
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

burns as evenly and cleanly as gas and of course is very much cheaper. It simply can't smoke or smell—it can't be turned too high or too low—the wick can't climb up when your back is turned like the old-fashioned kinds used to do.

As cozy as a grate fire and not half as much trouble. Burns 9 hours with one filling. Finished in Nickel or Japan. Every heater guaranteed.

The Rayo LAMP can be used in any room and is the safest and best lamp for all-round household use. It is equipped with the latest improved central draft burner—gives a bright light at small cost. Absolutely safe. All parts easily cleaned. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Suitable for library, dining-room, parlor or bed-room. Every lamp warranted. If you cannot get the Rayo Lamp and Perfection Heater from your dealer, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

He Never Had Your Chance

In this man's day there was little chance for the chap who started out in life as a workman with no special education. He was foredoomed to work for small wages until finally disqualified by old age.

With *you* it is different. If you are not getting ahead as you should in your chosen occupation, the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, with their modern system of training by mail, will qualify you in the higher branches of that occupation. The coupon below — the sending of which costs but a two-cent stamp — is the first step toward making

YOUR Success Certain

If you are just about to enter an occupation, I. C. S. training will ground you thoroughly in every principle of it. If you have been unfortunate in choosing a calling that is uncongenial, the I. C. S. will qualify you for one suited to your tastes and ability.

During September **202** students voluntarily reported increases in salary and position through the help of the I. C. S.

You do not leave home to grasp this opportunity. You do not leave your present employment, unless you leave it for something better. **You do not make any sacrifice whatever.** To learn how this can be done in **YOUR** case fill out the coupon and mail it to-day.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171 Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechanical Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architec'l Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer

Name ______

Street and No. ______

City ______ State ______

"Yes, indeed. I must go back to my car. We've had a pleasant game," said the fourth man, taking his leave.

"Have a smoke — you'll find these A 1," said the artist. "Say, Mitchell, I've learned a new trick to illustrate the old saying that the hand is quicker than the eye." Sticking a cigar in the corner of his mouth, he ran over the cards swiftly, took out the two red jacks, and held them up, one in each hand, backs toward himself, faces to Mitchell and Steve.

"Now," he said, "you can put these two jacks in the deck wherever you wish, shuffle them all you please, let me give them just one riffle, and you'll find them both together." He put his handkerchief to his lips and turned away to cough, laying the two jacks face downward on the table.

With a nudge to Steve, Mitchell threw the jack of hearts under Loring's seat, where it lay, face up, substituting therefor the five of clubs from the top of the deck.

Loring held the cards up again. "There are the two jacks, gentlemen; the two inseparable jacks. Put them in for yourselves, and watch me — *close!*"

Steve took the five of clubs and put it in the middle. Mitchell put in the jack of diamonds. Both shuffled. Loring cut the pack into two equal parts, using only the extreme tip ends of his fingers, and shoved them together in the same fashion. Balancing the deck on the open palm of his left hand, he turned the cards carefully, keeping up a running fire of comment.

"Now watch me! This trick won't work with any other cards but the jacks. The reason is easy to see. Where you find one knave there's always another close by. 'Birds of a feather flock together,' you know. Ah! here we are!" He turned over the knave of diamonds, and laid the deck down. "Now," he said to Mitchell, "what'll you bet the next card isn't the knave of hearts?" Here he was again attacked by that excruciating cough.

As he turned away Mitchell slyly turned up the corner of the next card, winking at Steve. It was the five of clubs. Evidently Loring had done the trick right, except for the substituted card.

"I'll bet you five hundred dollars!" said Mitchell jubilantly. He drew out a bill-book and shook a handful of notes at the artist. "A thousand, if you like!"

"Nobody wants to rob you, Mitchell," laughed Loring. "Put up your money. I don't need it. I'll do the trick, of course." Steve was laughing immoderately.

"Rob me! Go ahead! You're welcome!" said Mitchell, riotously radiant. He waved the bills before Loring's eyes. "Money talks! Yah! You haven't the nerve to bet on it," he taunted, his knee touching Steve's under the table.

Loring's black eyes snapped maliciously. "Oh, well, you insist on it," he said. "I've warned you now, remember! No rebate on this. How much?" He pulled out a fat rubber-banded roll and began stripping bills from the outside.

"A thousand — all you want!" shouted Mitchell, in high glee. "Getting on, Thompson?"

Steve, still laughing, shook his head. "I'll be stakeholder," he said in a choking voice.

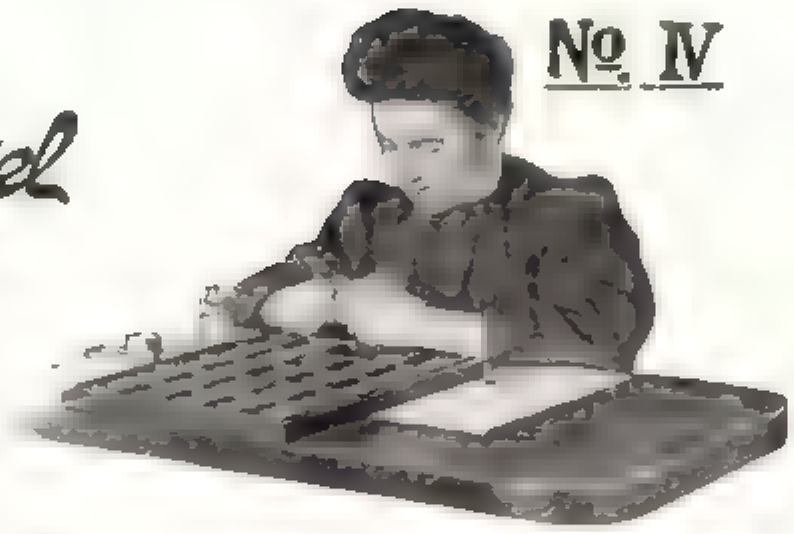
The black-eyed man shot a malevolent glance at him as they put up the money in his hands. For he had a supernumerary jack of hearts, neatly palmed, to turn up if Steve "bit." This quickly disappeared, however, or rather did not appear at all. With an expectant smile the artist turned up from the top of the deck the five of clubs. He looked at it in stupefied amazement, which, if not real, was well invented.

Mitchell roared and pounded the suitcase. "Oh, *Loring!*" he gasped, drying his eyes. "You *will* teach an old dog new tricks, will you? My stars, but you're easy!" He took the cash from the grinning stakeholder, counted out Loring's half and pushed it over to that much discomfited gentleman. "I don't want to rob you!" he quoted mockingly. "But if I had time I'd have kept you on the anxious seat a while. There's your jack of hearts, under your feet!"

"Why, you fat, old swindler! You whiteheaded outrage — you — you Foxy Grandpa!" cried Loring in blushing chagrin — not wholly dissembled, either. "I ought to make you eat it. Come, have a drink." He led the way, the others following with gibe and jeer.

"Why didn't you bet with him, Thompson?" demanded Mitchell, still shaking

MAKING A New England



Inspecting Adjustment of Movement in Case

"YOU know we make our own cases to insure perfect fit — but we go a step farther.

"This inspector is but one of many who do nothing else, day in and day out, than inspect New England movements in the case and make sure they are adjusted exactly right.

"Must wind all right — must set all right — must fit into the case without shake or rattle — yet mustn't bind at any point.

"No New England watch can possibly get out with a case that isn't a perfect fit — we guarantee it."

We spend $30,000 a year on the inspection alone of New England watches.

This is but one more reason why we call the

New England

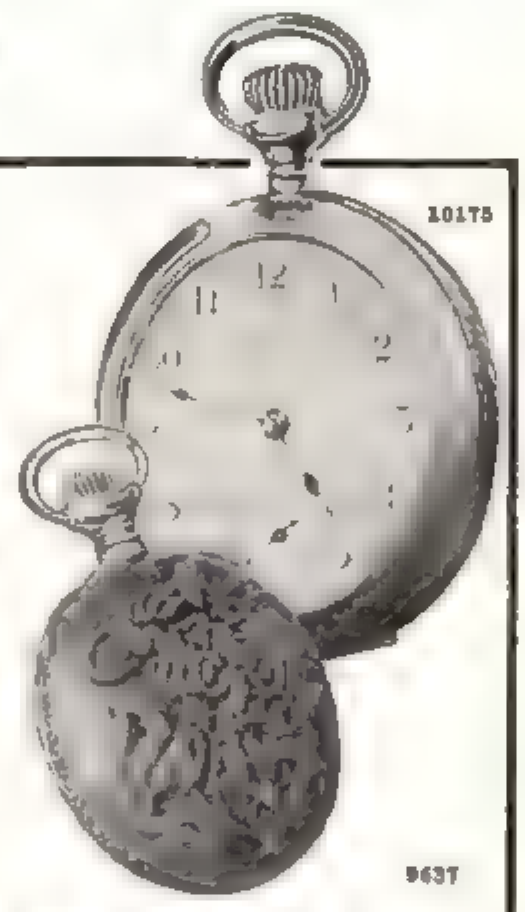
"The Watch for the Great American People."

$2 to $36

Every step taken in making a New England is a straight stride toward solid value — every process adds definite worth. The New England is the only medium priced watch with both case and movement made under one roof each to exactly fit the other. Look inside for the ironclad guarantee.

Ask your jeweler to show you New England watches. If he does not keep them, send us his name and address, and we will send you a free copy of the most beautiful book ever attempted by any watch manufacturer — our splendid new catalog of watches for men and women. We will see that you get through your dealer any watch that you want. Write us to-day and remember to give us your jeweler's name.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.
116 Dover Street Waterbury, Conn.



No. 9637 — Actual Size. Open Face [illegible] Kt. [illegible] Filled Case, [illegible] Year Guarantee, $[illegible]

No. 10175 — Actual Size. Full Bassine. Hinged Back [illegible] and Inside [illegible], [illegible] Filled Case, warranted [illegible] Years. Either Plain Back or Engine Turned. $11.25.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Do You Want the Best?

Garland Stoves and Ranges
Gas Ranges and Heaters

THE WORLD'S BEST

35 Years the Standard

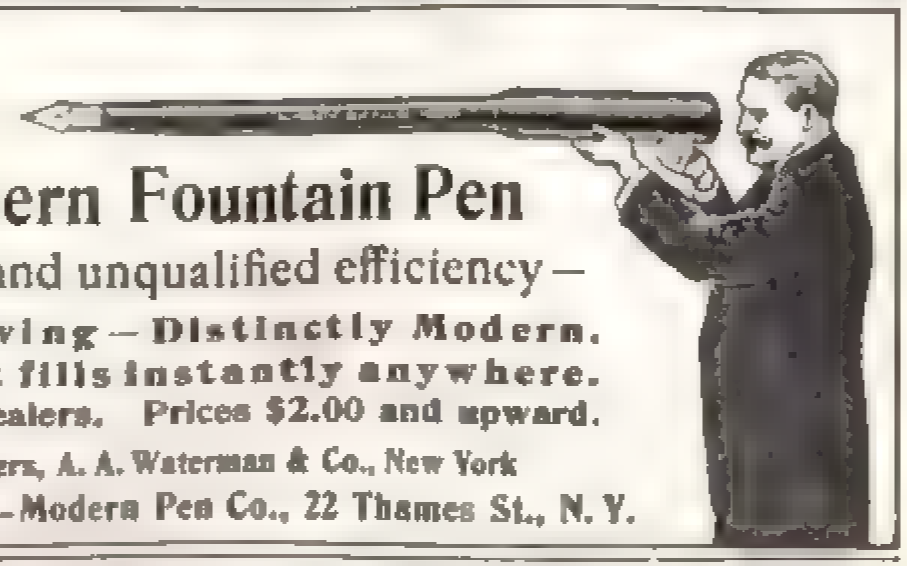
Sold by all First-class Dealers Everywhere

Ranges furnished with the Garland Oven Heat Indicator Booklets free by mail.

THE MICHIGAN STOVE COMPANY

Detroit, Mich. *Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World* Chicago, Ill.

The AIM of the Automatic Self-Filling Modern Fountain Pen achieved in complete and unqualified efficiency —



Cleanly — Labor saving — Distinctly Modern.
Turn the button — it fills instantly anywhere.
For sale by all Modern Dealers. Prices $2.00 and upward.

Made by the Modern Makers, A. A. Waterman & Co., New York

Selling Agents to the Trade — Modern Pen Co., 22 Thames St., N. Y.

Designs to suit every foot and fancy.

Perfect in detail
Beautiful in finish.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Send for our illustrated catalogue and state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

The Samuel Winslow Skate Mfg. Co.
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St., New York.
8 Long Lane, E. C., London.

Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

is for you, and all men and young men, who want *good* clothes that are made in custom tailor shops, of custom tailors' fabrics and in custom tailors' styles.

Ask the Wearer

Best Class stores everywhere sell

MICHAELS-STERN

SUITS and OVERCOATS at $12 to $35

"Styles from Life," covering men's correct dress for all occasions, and the "Etiquette of Cards and Invitations," sent FREE, if you will write for booklet "M."

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Look for this Label

[illegible] Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing and identifies it

WARNING!

Many Rain Coats are sold as "Cravenettes" which are not — therefore bear in mind when purchasing

It is NOT a Cravenette Rain Coat

unless this circular registered trade-mark is stamped on the cloth

[illegible] this silk label is at the collar or elsewhere

Look for both and insist upon seeing them

Cravenette Rain Coats

come in a large variety of cloths for wear by men, women, and children, and are for sale by the leading Clothing, Haberdashery, Dry Goods and Department Stores throughout the civilized world.

We will send booklet if you will write to Dept. 9.

B. Priestley & Co.

Manufacturers of "Cravenette" Cloths, Woolens, Mohairs, Dress Goods, etc.

100 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 15th St., NEW YORK

with Homeric laughter. "Say, I should have kept his money, by good rights. 'Twould have been the joke of the season!"

Steve raised his glass. "I would," he replied innocently, "but I knew you'd give it back, anyhow, so what's the use — among friends? If it had been a stranger, now, I'd 'a' hopped on the band-wagon too quick. I like a little easy money as well as anybody. Well, here's to our next meeting!"

"Hello!" said Mitchell. "Here's the tunnel and Hoboken. Let's go back to our belongings. Now, Thompson, business first and pleasure after, you know. You take the Barclay Street boat. If I don't get time to see you before noon to-morrow you run up to the office and see me. It's only a block from the Cornucopia. I've got to go the other way, and so does Loring — at least his studio's uptown. I say, Loring, tell Mr. Thompson what's doing at the theatres. That's in your line."

Loring named several plays, recommending one as particularly good. In the waiting-room they parted with warm handshakings and great good-will.

"Do you suppose he's wise?" said Loring on the ferry.

Mitchell guffawed. "That bumpkin? Not he. The poor, dumb idiot took it all as a practical joke among friends. Naturally, just as he said, he thought I'd give you your money back. Glad you had presence of mind enough to go on through with the five-spot. It's fine business to be able to think on your feet, especially for us moon-minions. Good thing it turned out the way it did. He's got perfect confidence in me now — he's seen me tried, and *knows* I'm straight. We'll get more out of him in the long run." He explained Steve's mining expectations at length.

"I don't like it much," said Loring. "It's a bad sign. My experience is that it's hard to overreach a man that isn't on the hog himself. When they're eager to annex something dishonestly you get 'em every time. Maybe you'll lose him. Why didn't you stay with him? He may not go to the Cornucopia at all."

"Oh, yes, he will!" said Mitchell confidently. "I am going to play him for all he's worth, and I want him to feel sure I'm O. K. It might make him suspicious if I kept at his coat-tails. Plenty of time. I won't even look him up to-morrow. Rig the old joint as my office, and wait there till he hunts me up. Let him make all the advances, d'ye see? Teach him bridge, on the square, at night. Let him win a little — just enough to keep him satisfied with himself — *you'll* see. Wait till he draws his wad, and we'll throw the gaff in him to the queen's taste. If he won't nibble at one hook, try another. But, I say, Billy, you'll have to furnish the scads for bait, in case he don't rise to something easy. I know you're flush from that Manning job."

Meantime, with unspoiled and sparkling eye, the inlander saw, broad-sweeping before him, mist-bordered, dream-vast, dim-seen beneath the lowering sky, the magic city whose pulsings send and call a nation's life-blood.

The salt tang of the sea was in his nostrils, and greetings, many-keyed, hoarse-whistled by plying craft, were in his ears; creamy-foamed wakes of turbulent keels, swift-sent or laboring, boiled their swirling splendor against the black water. Mysterious, couchant, straining, the bulwarked city rode the waves: a mighty ship, her funnels the great buildings beyond, where sullen streamers of smoke trailed motionless and darkling; the indescribable, irresolute hum of the city's blended voices for purring of monster engines, deep in her hold; bold and high, her restless prow swung seaward in majestic curve, impatient to beat to open main.

This simple young man actually found impressiveness, glamour, even beauty, in this eye-filling canvas; the crowding of crashing lights and interwoven shadows, massed, innumerable, bewildering, the turmoil of confused and broken line, sprawled with tremendous carelessness for a giant's delight.

Plainer proof of his utter unsophistication could not be. For it is traditional with all "correct" and well-informed folk that New York is hopelessly ugly. It gives one such a superior air to disprize with easy scorn this chiefest of the Gateways of the World.

Editor's Note — This story will be complete in two parts.

Plymouth Furs

As A token of a "Merry Christmas" nothing can be more apropos or more pleasing than a garment of Fur.

Their aristocratic richness and luxuriousness most finely interpret the sentiments of the season.

And unquestionably Fashion's finest garments are Plymouth Furs.

The beauty of every Plymouth Fur is *real* —

The brilliancy and lustre and depth of color-tone is *natural* —

For the most famous fur regions of the world are the source of Plymouth Furs —

And every pelt is trapped in the depth of winter when the fur is thickest and finest and sleekest and glossiest and of silkiest softness.

For more than twenty-five years the name of the Plymouth Fur Company has been unquestioned as a guarantee of genuineness —

And today Plymouth Furs are recognized as *Standard* for Fur-quality.

You'll find any one of our Style Books a reliable guide to the selection of the right Furs —

Our Book of General Fur-Styles, describing all of our different Garments — Men's, Women's, Children's — at from $25.00 to $5,000.00 —

Our Special Book of Fur-Styles for Women's Wear —

And our Special Book of Fur-Styles for Men's Wear.

Each is beautifully illustrated with Photogravures —

And whichever one you prefer will be sent you free, together with Price-List.

Address

Plymouth Fur Company
ESTABLISHED 1882
DEALERS IN HIGH GRADE FURS
Minneapolis, Dept. D Nicollet Ave. and Sixth St. Minn.

Including the Fur Sections of "The Plymouth," Minneapolis and St. Paul.

REFERENCES: Any bank in Minneapolis

[illegible]

[illegible]

Automobile Furs

In a special department we make most modish Automobile Garments in Fur for Men, Women and Children — priced from $15.00 to $5,000. These garments are exclusive in the extreme, rigidly adhering to the most recent European styles. These are described in detail in our regular Style Book — mailed (free) on request — address herewith.

WHAT GIFT WILL BE LONGER TREASURED THAN WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY?

USEFUL. A constant source of knowledge. It answers your questions on new words, spelling, pronunciation, etc., also questions about places, noted people, foreign words and many other subjects.

RELIABLE. Ed. in Chief W. T. Harris, for 17 years U. S. Comr. of Ed'n. Recently added 25,000 New Words. Revised Gazetteer and Biographical Dictionary. Constant emendations keep the volume abreast of the times. 2380 Pages. 5000 Illustrations.

AUTHORITATIVE. It is the standard of the Federal and State Courts, the Schools and the Press. THIS CANNOT BE TRULY SAID OF ANY OTHER DICTIONARY.

ATTRACTIVE AND LASTING. The various bindings are rich and durable and the paper and printing are superior.

It is the Best Christmas Gift.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. Largest of our abridgments. Regular and Thin Paper Editions. 1116 Pages. 1400 Illusts.

Write for Dictionary Wrinkles. Free. Dept. S.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.
GET THE BEST.

WE TEACH TELEGRAPHY QUICKLY and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for operators and furnish RAILROAD PASSES TO DESTINATION. Expenses very low and students can earn their board. 60-page book telling about it — Free. *Railroad wire in school.*
Valentine's School of Telegraphy
(Estab. 35 years) Janesville, Wis.

Operating under the strictest banking laws in the entire United States, we pay

4% 5% 6%

On [illegible] Time Deposits — On [illegible] Months Time Deposits — On Deposits of [illegible] More

Capital Stock $200,000.00. Funds are invested wholly in National and State Bank Stocks.

Correspondence Solicited.

The Bankers' Investment Co., Dallas, Texas

6%

No need to argue the wisdom of a Savings Account. Consider only the best interest and security to be had. We pay 6% compounded semi-annually and secure only by first mortgages on Real Estate. Our booklet "A" shows how we do it. Write for it today.

Equitable Banking and Loan Co., Macon, Ga.

6% BANKING BY MAIL

[illegible] Write for booklet "S."

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL $100,000.00 [illegible]

6%

Persons who receive money as payment on loans, maturing bonds, or dividends can wisely invest their funds in the Certificates of Deposit issued by this Company. Interest paid monthly, quarterly or semi-annually. Write for booklet "C."

SALT LAKE SECURITY & TRUST CO.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $300,000.00 SALT LAKE CITY

It's
Summer now
in
JAMAICA

With its delightful Climate, Golf, Shooting, Driving, Bathing and **2000 miles of macadamized roads for automobiling,** makes

JAMAICA

an ideal winter resort. Unsurpassed service by the magnificent Prinz Steamers (6000 tons) sailing weekly. These are the most modern vessels in the West Indies service with accommodations equal to best trans-atlantic liners. Superb vacation trips of Two, Three and Four Weeks' duration, from $75.00–$121.00 and upward, including all expenses.

Hotel accommodations in Jamaica now equal to best American resort hotels.

For Full Information and booklets, address

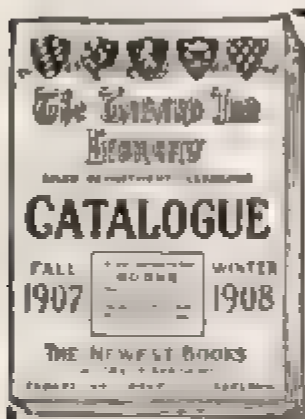
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
35-37 Broadway, New York.
1334 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
159 Randolph St., Chicago.
90 State St., Boston.
908 Market St., San Francisco.
901 Olive St., St. Louis.
AGENCIES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

John Wanamaker
FREE CATALOGUES

Mark with an X the ones you desire. Cut out this adv. to-day and mail with name and address

No. 163 General Fall and Winter Catalogue
No. 164 Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches and Silverware
Indicate what you are interested in
No. 165 Book Catalogue also Magazine Clubbing List
No. 166 Christmas Catalogue
No. 168 Inexpensive Jewelry Book of Holiday Gifts
No. 169 Furs, Gloves, Waists and Handkerchiefs

JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, Pa.



Big Bargains IN Books

Drop a Postal for our Fall and Winter Catalogue of newest publications and **Used** books now being withdrawn from The Booklovers Library. It contains a full list of special bargains in Fiction, Science, History, Religion, Biography, Travel, Literature, etc.

Sales Department, TABARD INN LIBRARY
1614 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Calendar Salesmen Wanted — We want five representatives in every State to handle our line of high grade advertising Calendars and Novelties, either men or women. Pleasant work — Good pay.
THE CURTISS-WAY CO., Box 106, Meriden, Conn.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Are Your Diamonds Real?

A GREAT many people have moments when they begin to doubt the value of their own diamonds – sometimes, when these stones come back from the jeweler, and, sometimes, when they are rescued from the pawnbroker. But there should be no very long period of uncertainty in regard to value, says one of the best experts in the country.

"Anybody should be able to detect an imitation stone," he states. "Drop a real diamond and an imitation into a glass of water, and the latter will be distinctly visible, while the former will blend with the water and almost vanish. Dry the two and drop a tiny drop of water on the flat side of each. Only on the real stone will the drop maintain its globular form.

"An ordinary magnifying-glass will tell you even more. The false stone will have facets that are even and regular. On the real stone they will vary, because the cutter of a good stone will always sacrifice symmetry to weight. Everybody ought to know the glass-cutting test and the unequal refraction of a false gem.

"Look through the suspected diamond at material with red and white markings on it, and through a real stone no difference of color will be appreciable.

"With so many tests so easily learned and performed, the man or woman who is deceived generally deserves to be."

A Fashion Note

A lady's dress-skirt ought to be
In length, to look real sweet
(So dress-reformers all agree),
A little above two feet.

The Rainy Season

We print in all our boldest type
The names of those whose millions go
To clothe the naked, heal the sick,
And ease the weight of human woe.

Alas, we pass unheeded by
Some men who should go down the ages
As benefactors, but who now
Are mute, inglorious Russell Sages!

And best of these philanthropists
Is he unknown to public praise:
The absent-minded man who leaves
Umbrellas marking all his ways.

Just a Flying Visit

IN THE grand old days of Gloucester, Massachusetts, when the whaling fleets put out in all their glory, and every man was a sailor and every woman a sailor's wife, those who went down to the sea in ships came, not unnaturally, to reckon time by voyages, and, as whaling voyages were as long as the average term in State prison, their units of measurement were considerably greater than those of their neighbors in the inland towns.

One of the best-known captains of those times was old Bill Abbey, whose cruises frequently took him away for five years, but who, nevertheless, found leisure, in the intervals of seagoing, to marry a wife to whom he was genuinely devoted and to rear a family of which he was inordinately proud.

On a certain evening, about the time for the sailing of the fleets, a friend, who had spent the whole day with the Captain, left him for a few moments at the door of an inn and, when he returned, found Abbey striding off toward the water-front.

"Where are you going, Bill?" asked the friend.

"I've ordered all hands aboard," replied Abbey. "We are going to sail."

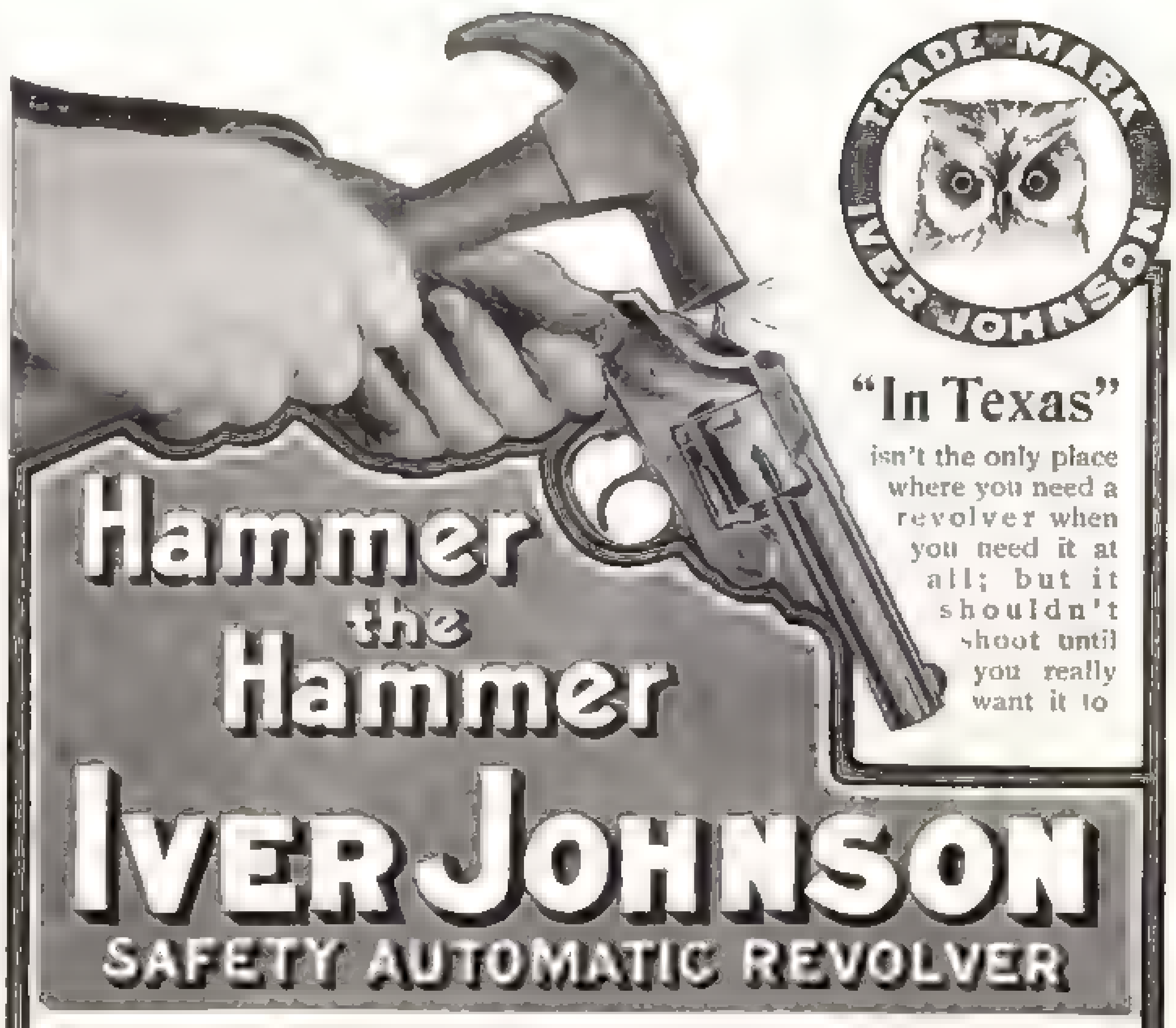
"Not to-night?"

"Yes. I can't stand the land a minute longer: it gets me that way sometimes. So I'm going to sail with this evening's tide."

"But," protested the friend, who knew that the Captain's home was a mile or two from the water, "haven't you said good-by to your family?"

The Captain looked puzzled.

"Why, no," he answered; "you see, I'll only be gone two years this time."



"In Texas" isn't the only place where you need a revolver when you need it at all; but it shouldn't shoot until you really want it to

The Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver can't shoot until you want it to. Then it shoots fast, sure and hard. No button to press. No lever to pull. You don't have to stop to *think* when you need *action*—whether for protection or when at target practice. The safety feature **is** the firing mechanism itself. All you do is: Pull the trigger; until you do that, **nothing** can discharge it. As straight-shooting and hard-hitting as it is safe.

OUR FREE BOOKLET, "SHOTS,"

explains the *safety* principle and tells more in detail why the Iver Johnson has outstripped competitors in public favor. Our handsome catalogue goes with it, showing details of construction

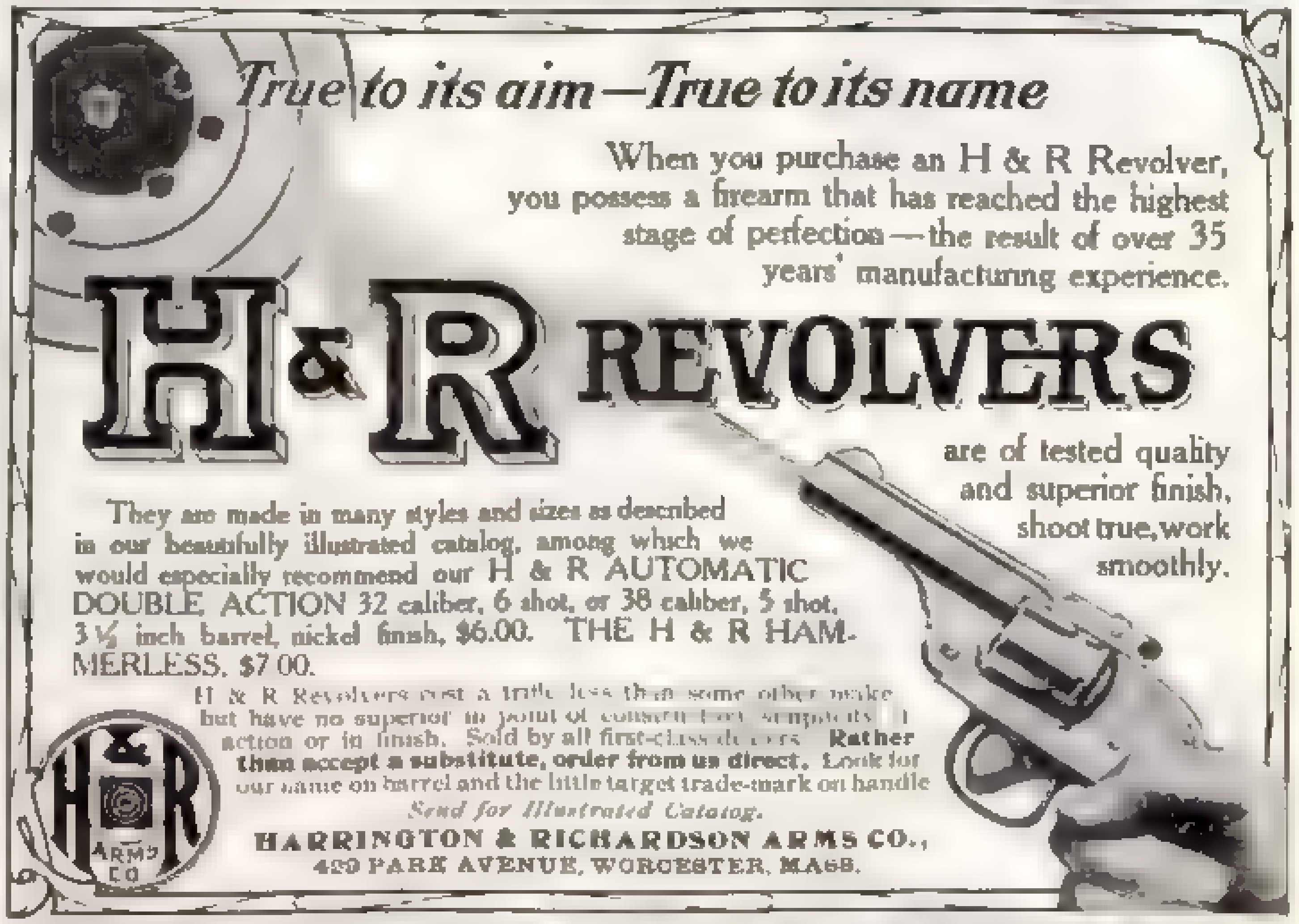
Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge . . . $6.00

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge $7.00

Hammer the Hammer
Accidental Discharge impossible

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS,
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street.
Pacific Coast: 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4
London, England: 13 Cullum Street, E. C.
Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles


True to its aim—True to its name

When you purchase an H & R Revolver, you possess a firearm that has reached the highest stage of perfection—the result of over 35 years' manufacturing experience.

are of tested quality and superior finish, shoot true, work smoothly.

They are made in many styles and sizes as described in our beautifully illustrated catalog, among which we would especially recommend our H & R AUTOMATIC DOUBLE ACTION 32 caliber, 6 shot, or 38 caliber, 5 shot, 3½ inch barrel, nickel finish, $6.00. THE H & R HAMMERLESS, $7.00.

H & R Revolvers cost a trifle less than some other make but have no superior in point of construction, simplicity in action or in finish. Sold by all first-class dealers. **Rather than accept a substitute, order from us direct.** Look for our name on barrel and the little target trade-mark on handle

Send for Illustrated Catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,
420 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

WHY THROW SAFETY BLADES AWAY?

OLD BLADES MADE NEW and ready for SMOOTH shaving INSTANTLY by the

Perfection Stropping Outfit

[illegible] Makes 000 [illegible] $1 Money Order. Stropper alone [illegible] Money Order
Rudolph Hardware Co., Dept. B, Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Add TONE to your Stationery in the Office, Bank, School or Home by using only Washburne's Patent Adjustable

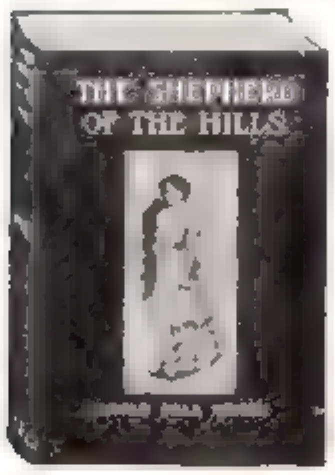
"O.K." Paper Fasteners

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as **Perfect Security**. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of brass, 3 sizes, put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each. All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Booklet free. No 18
The O. K. Mfg. Co., Dept. F, Syracuse, N. Y.

4th EDITION—100th THOUSAND
SELLING 2000 PER DAY

The Shepherd of the Hills

A Novel by Harold Bell Wright, author of
"That Printer of Udell's"
Now Selling in 65th Thousand



A spell-binding story of love, mystery, heroic daring and moral courage. It will stir the warm blood of any true-hearted man or woman who reads it. A fascinating, realistic story of the Ozark regions of Southern Missouri. Helpful, strengthening and uplifting.

A Wholesome Book.

Dr. Parker Stockdale says
"If you can read it without the tears your heart is hard, and if you do not laugh at times, humor plays a small part in the drama of your life."

352 pages. 8 Illustrations by Weddell.
12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

For Sale Wherever Books are Sold

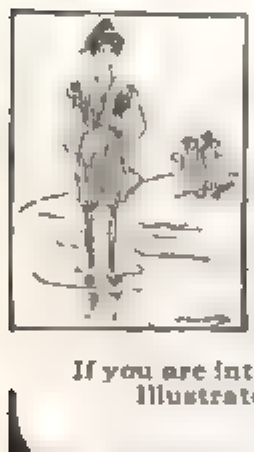
BOOK CATALOG FREE
A Guide for Book Buyers. 576 pages. Size, 8½ x 8½. Write us for it today.

Our mammoth catalog advertises over 25,000 books of all publishers. Every book carried in stock. Orders filled promptly. Great reductions. Big savings. Catalog sent postage prepaid, free on request. A quarter million buyers testify to the advantage we offer. Every purchaser a satisfied customer. We want your orders. Our prices are [illegible]. Unequaled service for handling Public, Private and School Library orders.

The Book Supply Company
Established 1895. Incorporated 1899. E. W. Reynolds, Secy. and Treas.
266-268 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Largest Sellers of Books by Mail in the World.
We will not honor requests for catalog from large cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, etc.

THE PAUL ELDER PUBLICATIONS

Include Books, Calendars and Broadsides for presentation of timely and lasting interest. Several holiday volumes are Poe's *Raven*, *Christmasse Tyde*, *Weather Opinions*, *In Lighter Vein*, *The Sea Fogs* by R. L. S., *The Spinners' Book of Fiction*



"Wade—and Found Wanting"
from the *Quite New*
Cynic's Calendar
of Revised Wisdom
for 1908
75 cents net. Postage, 4 cents
COPYRIGHT 190– BY P. E. & CO.

If you are interested send 5 cents for four Illustrated Catalogues that are worth while

PAUL ELDER & COMPANY
"A WESTERN PUBLISHER"
43-45 EAST NINETEENTH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

ORIENT CLARK'S TENTH ANNUAL CRUISE. February 6, '08, 70 days, by specially chartered S.S. "Arabic," 16,000 tons. 3 TOURS ROUND THE WORLD
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

JACK SPURLOCK— PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 9)

the money to-night. And now, suh, let us go to dinner, fo' all this business has made me confoundedly hungry."

That was a dinner—just six courses—but planned by the Major with the skill of a Savarin and ordered in the magnificent manner of a Louis. In fact, as we were dining at a famous French restaurant, he insisted on talking to the waiter in French, so far as a rather imperfect knowledge of the language would permit, concluding his order, I remember, with: "And—er—gassong, apportez notre cafay outside, avec cognac—le Napolayong brandy, comprenez?"

The dinner was a rather deliberate affair, as any dinner where the food is worthy of respect should be, and then followed a lazy hour while we puffed our meridianos selectos, and shuddered luxuriously over the hardships which we had just escaped. So pleasantly did the time pass that I forgot all about the Major's business, and I was a good deal surprised when he glanced up at the clock and exclaimed: "By Geo'ge, suh! It's almost midnight. Time fo' me to be attendin' to my little matter."

"I thought you'd passed that up," I replied, "at least for to-night. But if you think you can find your man still, I'll trot around to the hotel and turn in."

The Major stood up. "If you don't mind, Jack," he said, "I reckon I'll ask you to go with me. Not, of cou'se, to take an active part, but fo' the sake of yo' company."

"Sure thing," I assented, certain now that the Major's debtor was some fly-by-night sporting man, though I asked no questions. So the Major led the way to the street, bundled me into a cab, and, before jumping in himself, gave some address that I didn't quite catch. He kept me pretty busy talking during the twenty-minute drive, and, while I saw in a general way that we were going uptown, it was not until the cab stopped and I jumped out after the Major that I discovered that we were in front of Handy's gambling-house.

Idiot that I was, I had insisted on the Major's acting as our banker, and now the fatuous old fool was going to buck the tiger with what remained of my hundred. I strangled an impulse to yell, "Stop him, some one!" and hurried up the steps after him; but it was too late to turn him back without a scene, for the door had already opened to his sophisticated knock, and the attendant was relieving him of his coat.

"Come along, Jack," he called back over his shoulder as he started upstairs, and I stifled a naughty word and answered cheerfully, "Coming, sir." In fact, I came on the jump, hoping to find an opportunity of remonstrating with him quietly before he could begin play.

Near the door of the gambling salon, where I caught up with him, the proprietor, Handy, was standing in his accustomed place.

"Ah, Major," he said smoothly, as soon as he saw us; "we've missed you. Back for your revenge?"

"Exactly, suh," the Major replied. "But I should like to speak with you fo' a moment, Handy, somewhere out of this crowd. I shouldn't bother you when you're so busy if it weren't a matter of some impo'tance to me."

There was a curious change in Handy's manner—just a shade more of formal courtesy and a shade less of cordiality, as he answered: "Certainly, Major, though it is rather an awkward time for me to absent myself. But come this way."

He thought that he was in for a touch, as indeed I did, with my superior knowledge of our resources, but he was obviously resigned to make the best of it, or rather the least of it. Naturally I hung back, but the Major ran his arm through mine and said: "Come along, Jack. I want you with me." So together we followed Handy into a little office back of the gambling salon. The Major closed the door behind us.

"And now, Major, what can I do for you?" Handy began, busying himself with turning up the lights.

"I dropped in fo' a settlement on the last game," the Major replied blandly. "You remember when I played faro here a few weeks ago?"

"The camera is not a nature-faker"

Do not confuse these with cheap pictures. They sell at Art Stores for 50 cents each.

These Four Pictures (In Colors) FREE

TO every reader of this periodical who is interested in nature or animals or outdoor life we will send, without charge, these four beautiful pictures, which retail at 50 cents each. They are printed on heavy art paper, without lettering, and are unusually good examples of the art of color photography. Framed at moderate cost, they will make excellent decorations for your home, or they can be used just as they are. Exact size, 10½ x 7½ inches.

Why We Make This Offer

We send these pictures to advertise our **Standard Library of Natural History**, which has just been completed after years of labor and at enormous expense. It contains over 2,000 illustrations from actual photographs—secured in many cases by special expeditions to foreign lands. It is the only thoroughly readable and entertaining work of its kind in existence. The salient facts about animals are told in a graphic, untechnical fashion by eminent authorities. *Experts and the camera have made this book, and in it "nature-fakers" have had no part.*

No Obligation

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers.

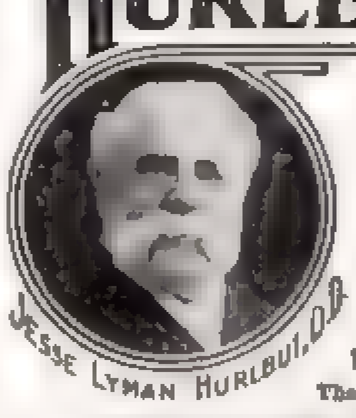
As an evidence of good faith enclose 10 cents (stamps or silver) for postage and wrapping. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is limited.

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue New York City

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, New York
[illegible]
NAME
ADDRESS
S. E. P.
11-21

"Supersedes all other books of the kind."

HURLBUT'S STORY of the BIBLE



From Genesis to Revelation
Told in Language that Interests Both Old and Young.

RECOMMENDED BY ALL DENOMINATIONS
For its Freshness and Accuracy
For its Simplicity of Language
For its Numerous and Appropriate Illustrations
As the Best Work on the Subject

Hon. David J. Brewer—Can heartily commend it to all. **Bishop Vincent**—An invaluable aid to parents. **Rev. Russell H. Conwell**—Written by a master hand, directed by a master mind. **Henry A. Butts**, *Pres. Drew Theological Seminary*—The absence of doctrinal discussion makes it acceptable to all. **Mr. Marion Lawrence**, *Gen. Secy. International S. S. Ass'n*—Best thing of the kind.

The greatest aid to Parents, Teachers and all who wish the Bible Story in a simplified narrative

Beautifully printed and bound. 762 pages, nearly 300 half tone illustrations, 8 in colors. Price Only $1.50.

For Sale By All Booksellers, or Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price.
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., Dept. A 1006 Arch Street, Philadelphia
PUBLISHERS OF THE "INTERNATIONAL" SERIES OF BIBLES.

AGENTS WANTED
In communities where we are not represented big money can be made in the sale of this great book. No experience necessary. Write for our liberal terms.

Our Bank Money Order Plan of BANKING BY MAIL is the simplest, safest and most convenient.

4% Interest is paid from the moment your money reaches us.

Your savings are constantly on deposit, earning good interest, yet you have the money in your possession, ready for instant use when needed. Ask for booklet [illegible] which fully explains the method of this wonderful plan. *Write to-day.*

The Depositors Savings & Trust Co.
Tom L. Johnson, President. Cleveland, Ohio

Dilworth Adder

Just the Size of Your Pocketbook
$1

A [illegible] **Pocket Adder** that saves tedious brain-tiresome work [illegible] advantage many times during the [illegible] **$1.00**. Made of very durable [illegible] [illegible]. Capacity, $9,999,999.99.
DILWORTH ADDER CO., 1310 Fulton Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Call of the Teeth Answered

Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic

Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c.
By mail or at dealers. Send for our free booklet "Tooth Truths." FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

"Defeated by trivialities," said a man of talent whose life had been a failure—and that mistake showed how he had made all the others.

Nothing is trivial that either defeats or conquers.

It is not trivial to use the right or wrong stationery any more than it is trivial to use the right or wrong words; to state your case clearly or to blunder.

The standard paper for business stationery

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is not generally used by men who make blunders; nor by men who forget that instant prejudice, or favorable impulse, is an important consideration.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire
Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Home Songs

Contains 140 of the choicest old familiar songs, the kind our mothers loved to sing. Songs that will never die.

Irish Songs

88 of the best known Irish folk songs selected with care from the many beautiful airs of this melody loving race.

College Songs

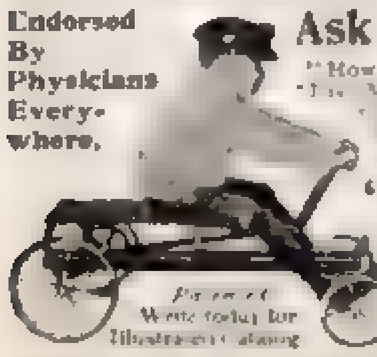
113 in all,—a collection consisting of the cream of the popular melodies of the different American Colleges.

50¢ Each, bound in heavy paper, cloth back.

HOLIDAY EDITION in white, red and gold, neatly bound, very handsome, $1.25 each.

We prepay delivery charges.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
Department L
150 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



Endorsed By Physicians Everywhere.

Ask the Boy or Girl

"How would you like to have an [illegible] Mark the enthusiasm [illegible] a health builder

"The Irish Mail"

means happy hours, bright [illegible] and well developed bodies. Be sure you get the genuine. "Irish Mail" in large letters on the seat

Patented. Write today for illustrated catalog

Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 547 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana.

"Perfectly, Major; but you staked only the chips in your pile and then quit. You owe us nothing."

"Of cou'se not," the Major chuckled. "But come, Handy, you surely haven't fo'gotten that you owe me a little matter of twenty thousand dollars," and he smiled, but not with his eyes.

Handy was on guard in an instant. "Really, Major," he said seriously, "if you have any business with me, state it. I'm too busy to joke with you just now."

"My business is to collect the ten-thousand-dollar stake that I bet here the other night and *the ten thousand dollars that I won on that turn.*" There was no smile on the Major's face when he said this, no chuckle in his voice.

Both Handy and I stepped back from him, Handy toward the bell, I toward the door. The old fellow must have turned madman or criminal, I thought, and the company of either was too promiscuous for the son of Jonas Spurlock. Of course I immediately checked the impulse to desert the Major, but I started to do something just as foolish—to remonstrate with him.

"You've surely made a mistake, Major," I began soothingly.

"Don't meddle, suh. Listen!" the Major interrupted.

Handy was reaching for the bell. "Will you get out or wait to be thrown out?" he snarled.

"Handy!" and the word was like a pistol shot. "Don't stir, you damned thief! I've got you covered!" As indeed the Major had, for he was gripping and pointing something in his coat pocket. "Step fo'ward. There—that will do. Now, hand over that money."

"Is this blackmail or burglary?" sneered Handy.

"It's likely to be suicide if you don't learn to choose yo' words mo' carefully when you talk to gentlemen. Now, listen here—I met Jo Mack this afternoon. You remember he dealt the last time I played out there, and I found that I had been buckin' a trained box. And I thought you the one really honest gambler left, Handy!" There was a note of sadness and reproach in the Major's voice as he finished.

"He lies. I had to discharge him for stealing, and now he's trying to get square. You've known me ——"

"On the contrary, suh, I am convinced that he was tellin' the truth, and that you are the thief."

"Of course, I'm quite powerless, Major," replied Handy, regaining his composure; "but I warn you that if you force me to give you money I will land you in the penitentiary."

"Didn't I see young Van Woort at the table as I came in?" demanded the Major irrelevantly.

"Per-haps. I—I think so," admitted Handy in a voice that wasn't quite so brave.

"Then, suh, you are not powerless, and I shall give you a chance to prove yo'self an honest man. Pay me my twenty thousand dollars or accompany me to the faro table—but tote fair, Handy; you know I never threaten—*while I examine the box which yo' dealer is usin'.*"

Handy's face, though he was trying hard to control it, was a full confession. But he still protested. "You know I couldn't do that, Major, not to save a hundred thousand dollars. It would give the house a black eye if it were known that there had been such a suspicion even. But wait until play is over ——"

"When everything will be nicely fixed fo' me. Tut! tut! Handy! I know yo' system. You don't deal crooked all the time—only on a night like this, when that young ass Van Woort is plungin', or like the other night, when that Pittsburg boor Manton was droppin' his roll, and when yo' brace-box came in dashed handy to skin this old sucker."

Handy gave it up with a shrug of his shoulders, and, unlocking his desk, took out a roll of bills. "Here's five thousand—all the cash I've got. We're short tonight, but I'll write you a check for the balance."

"And stop payment befo' breakfast. Come, Handy, quit yo' triflin'. You can't open yo' front do' fo' business without fifty to a hundred thousand in the house roll. You'll find the balance you need in that safe over yonder."

Handy, his last bluff called, opened the safe and produced the money. "You won't mention this little misunderstanding?" he asked as, at the Major's request, I counted the bills.

"I asked him if he wasn't ashamed to get up so late; and he said he was, but that he would rather be ashamed than get up."

Hair mattresses costing $50 or more are being discarded every day for the hygienic

THE Ostermoor isn't the kind of a bed that makes one glad to get up—as the hard, lumpy, bumpy hair mattress does. The soft, yielding resiliency of the Ostermoor gives sleep a new meaning and a new value; it means complete, delicious rest and relaxation—restoration of body, mind and nerves. No wonder that everyone wants their full nine hours on the

OSTERMOOR
Mattress $15.

The Ostermoor is built of layer upon layer of springy Ostermoor sheets. *Built*—not stuffed. It will never lose its shape or resiliency, never sag, never grow hard. An occasional sun-bath keeps it sweet and fresh—no remaking.

Send Postal for Our Free 144-Page Book and Samples of Ticking

30 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL. You may sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not *thoroughly* satisfied, have your money back without question. Full particulars in our beautifully illustrated 144 page book—sent free with samples of ticking on request.

We Sell by Mail or Through 2,500 Ostermoor Dealers

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask *us* who he is—will show you a mattress with the *"Ostermoor" name and trade mark sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY
101 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co. Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST
Express Charges Prepaid

4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	$15.00
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00
2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long
In two parts, 50 cents extra.

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company

Sectional Bookcases

are rapidly replacing the old fashioned solid [illegible] They grow with your library—fit any space [illegible] promote more comfort in [illegible] other piece of furniture. Furnished with or without doors.

Per Section $1.00 and Upwards

FREIGHT PAID

Rigid economy acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, and our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser. Shipped

ON APPROVAL

The artistic appearance, solidity of construction, and practical features of this case have appealed to thousands of prominent users who have universally pronounced it

The Best

Send for Our New Free Catalogue No. 25, which illustrates the different grades and finishes, from solid oak to solid mahogany, and offers many suggestions for building up the home or office library

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y. Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets
New York Office in Flatiron Bldg.

"No; I sha'n't mention it," the Major returned contemptuously; "though I suppose I ought to go out there and expose you right now. But when as old a bird as I am is fool enough to believe that there are square games runnin', what chance is there of keepin' those pin-feathered pin-heads from bein' plucked? Come, Jack," and we walked out with the money.

Our cab was waiting and we started back to the hotel, silent at first, for I was too stunned by the turn of affairs to think coherently, and the Major, far from showing elation, seemed plunged in gloomy reflections.

"And that, suh," he exclaimed finally, "is what faro has come to in this country! I shall never call another turn; never step foot in a gamblin'-house again. The profession has sunk even lower than my fears, suh, and I have not, as you know, been over-optimistic about its condition. It is apparent, suh, that it is no longer possible to be both a gentleman and a gambler. I shall, consequently, devote my energies to some other callin'; in fact, I think I shall sho'tly take a run through our beloved Southland, suh, with a view to buyin' a plantation and engagin' in agricultural pursuits."

"You won't need to take me along to milk the mooly cows," I suggested. "They will give down for you at the word of command."

"We're partners, Jack," the Major returned simply, "so long as you don't find life with an old fellow too dull."

"Dull, Major?" I laughed. "I want to stay with you for the excitement of it—at least until I get nervous prostration."

The Major chuckled, and I continued:

"Where did you get that gun, Major? Both of yours are in hock."

"You mean the one I trained on Handy from my pocket? That wasn't a gun, suh, but a soup-spoon which I had borrowed from the dinner-table. You don't need a gun to make that kind of game come down." Yours, JACK.

As to Canebrakes

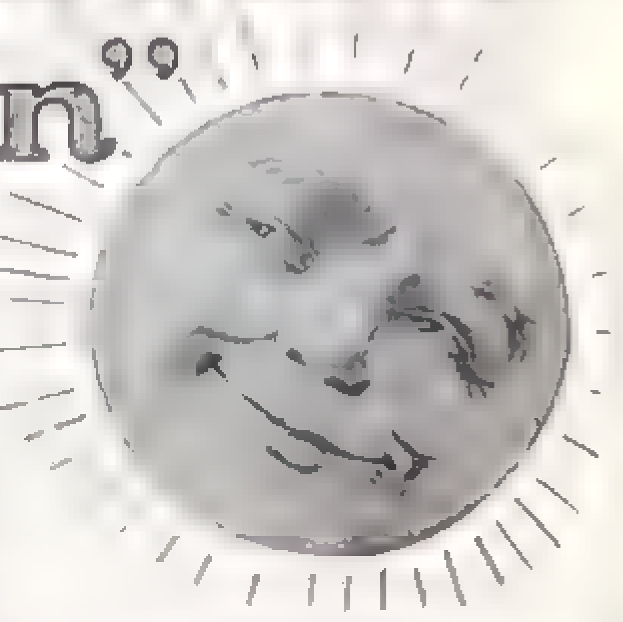
THE canebrakes of Louisiana, recently invaded by President Roosevelt in pursuit of bears, are interesting for more reasons than one. The canes themselves, which form a dense growth sometimes many square miles in extent, represent the only species of bamboo native to the United States. Also, it might be said that they are the largest of our weeds.

Much of the land in the far South now occupied by plantations of sugar-cane was originally reclaimed from canebrakes; and when cultivation happens to be neglected in such localities the canes soon take possession of the soil again, propagating themselves by suckers thrown out from their roots, and forming such dense thickets, especially along river banks and bayous, where the soil is, more or less, wet and swampy, as to be well-nigh impenetrable. Where such thickets extend over wide areas it is possible to make reasonably rapid progress only by following narrow paths broken by men or beasts.

Two varieties of canes occur in the brakes. One of them, much larger than the other, sometimes attains a height of forty feet. To people in the northern part of this country this species of bamboo has been made reasonably familiar through the medium of the fishing-poles (stalks of the larger kind) which are sold nearly everywhere for a small price. Every small boy in the rural districts owns such a pole. Walking-sticks and pipe-stems are made from small specimens. In fact, these may be said to be the only commercial uses that have ever been found for the output of the canebrakes.

Like other species of bamboo, the canes of the canebrakes bear seed only once in a long while. A dozen years ago quite a sensation was stirred up in the newspapers over the alleged discovery of a "new grain," borne in great quantities by the canes in Russell County, Alabama, which were described as "fairly loaded down with seeds resembling oats in shape and flavor, but much bigger."

Quantities of the grain were gathered and fed to horses and cattle, and it was even suggested that it might be utilized for bread. But there was only one crop, unfortunately, and, for lack of expectation of another, the prospect of a fish-pole cereal of the future has come to be regarded without enthusiasm.



ACETYLENE "That Little Brother of the Sun"

By John E. Kennedy

ACETYLENE Light! True "Sunlight-at-night."

Its composition is precisely that of Sunlight.

So is its color, and chemical effect.

Sunlight results from the combustion of Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen.

Acetylene Light results from just *that*, and nothing more nor less.

Sunlight has in it *all* the colors of the rainbow, but so perfectly *balanced* that it *seems* white.

Acetylene is the *only* artificial Light which is thus *color-balanced*, and it therefore *seems* white as Sunlight.

This is why pale-yellow, pale-blue, or pale-pink tints can be as readily and clearly distinguished under Acetylene Gaslight as they can under broad daylight.

With no other Artificial Light is this possible.

Moreover, Acetylene is the *only* artificial Light under which plants grow as naturally, *by night*, as they do under Sunlight by day.

This again *proves* the kinship of Acetylene with Sunlight.

* * *

How is Acetylene Light produced?

From Calcium Carbide and Water.

What is Calcium Carbide?

A dark and stony substance made from Lime and Coke melted together at a fierce heat (6,000 degrees) by the Electric Furnace.

How is "Carbide" shipped and used?

Crushed into nuggets like small coal, it is put up in steel drums containing 100 pounds each.

These drums are water-tight.

"Carbide" can't burn, can't explode, can't do anything till you bring it in contact with water and air,—the two cheapest of all elements.

But, when you drop "Carbide" into water its Carbon combines with the Hydrogen of the Water and forms Acetylene Gas.

This Gas in itself is powerless till it comes in contact with the Oxygen of the Air, at the burner.

When lighted, there, combustion then takes place and produces the finest Illuminant ever known.

Touch a match to Acetylene Gas and it burns with a brilliant, *white*, cool, steady and odorless light, which is *nothing less* than Sunlight.

* * *

Now what does "Carbide" cost?

It costs 3¼ cents per pound in most of the States.

At 4 cents per pound it produces white Sunlight, of 24 candle-power, for two-fifths of a cent per hour.

This is a *full third* less than the same candle-power of light costs from Kerosene at 12 cents per gallon with regular Lamps, wicks and chimneys included.

How many people now use Acetylene in the United States?

Over 2,000,000 people to-day, including over 348 towns publicly lighted by it, over 168,320 Country Homes, Hotels, Stores, Churches, Lighthouses, Public Institutions, Government Army Posts, etc.

What does an Acetylene Lighting Plant cost to install?

Write us the number of rooms in your House (or Hotel) or the size of your Store.

Then we can tell you *intelligently* which *sort* of Generator will best suit your individual purpose, and how *little* it would cost to completely and properly install it.

Drop us a line *to-day* while you think of it.

Address Union Carbide Co., Dept. E, 155 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Weekly Salary

To Any Reader of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On October first we made a new arrangement with our subscription representatives. Instead of making a series of competitive prize offers, as in previous years, we started to pay regular weekly salaries. In no two months of the Company's history have we paid out so much money to so many people; but the results in subscriptions have been larger than ever before, and so we are satisfied not only to continue the arrangement with those already appointed, but to appoint at least a thousand more representatives.

To any man or woman who will give all or a part of his or her time to looking after our renewals and to introducing THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to those not already subscribers, we will pay a definite weekly salary. There is nothing competitive about the offer, we do not require any guarantee as to the amount of business to be sent, and there is not one cent of expense to you. It is simply this: If you have some spare time on your hands we are willing to pay you for it at the rate of from One Hundred Dollars a week down. Write for information and all details and everything necessary will be sent.

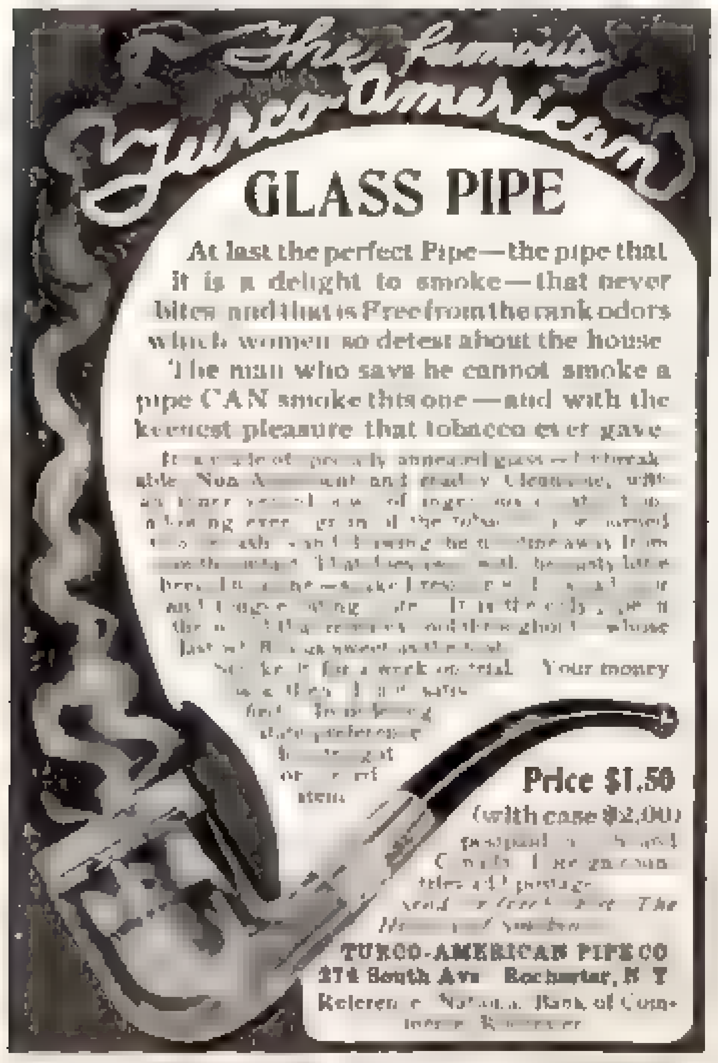
Circulation Bureau The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH COCOA
Differs from other Cocoas in its
Double Strength,
which saves ½ your Cocoa.
Do you use the Cocoa in Yellow Wrapper?
Trial can, 15 cups for 10 cents.

S. L. Bartlett Co., Importers, Dept. 40, Boston, Mass.

Ask for Bensdorp's Dutch Milk Chocolate.

BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND



GLASS PIPE

At last the perfect Pipe—the pipe that it is a delight to smoke—that never bites and that is Free from the rank odors which women so detest about the house.

The man who says he cannot smoke a pipe CAN smoke this one—and with the keenest pleasure that tobacco ever gave.

[illegible]

Smoke it for a week on trial. Your money [illegible]

Price $1.50
(with case $2.00)
[illegible]

TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE CO
274 South Ave Rochester, N Y
Reference National Bank of Commerce, Rochester

FREE BOOKLETS
Information which should be in the hands of every engineer, superintendent or owner of a plant using
Belt Drives
Power plants, electrical, paper, brick, elevating, conveying, all kinds of conditions. Give firm name and H. P. of plant.
MAIN BELTING CO.
12th and Carpenter Sts., Philadelphia

CHINESE JADE
DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT
[illegible] Beautiful Souvenir Booklet 8 "Jade [illegible]
Large Christmas Catalog [illegible]
BROCK & FEAGANS Importing Jewelers
437-439-441 Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

The Nickelodeons

(Concluded from Page 11)

Film people are as much at sea about what their crowds will like as the managers in the "legitimate."

Although the gourdlike growth of the nickelodeon business as a factor in the conscious life of Americans is not yet appreciated, already a good many people are disturbed by what they do know of the thing.

Those who are "interested in the poor" are wondering whether the five-cent theatre is a good influence, and asking themselves gravely whether it should be encouraged or checked (with the help of the police).

Is the theatre a "good" or a "bad" influence? The adjectives don't fit the case. Neither do they fit the case of the nickelodeon, which is merely the theatre democratized.

Take the case of the Passion Play, for instance. Is it irreverent to portray the Passion, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension in a vaudeville theatre over a darkened stage where half an hour before a couple of painted, short-skirted girls were doing a "sister-act"? What is the motive which draws crowds of poor people to nickelodeons to see the Birth in the Manger flashed magic-lanternwise upon a white cloth? Curiosity? Mere mocking curiosity, perhaps? I cannot answer.

Neither could I say what it is that, every fifth year, draws our plutocrats to Oberammergau, where at the cost, from first to last, of thousands of dollars and days of time, they view a similar spectacle presented in a sunny Bavarian setting.

It is reasonable, however, to believe that the same feelings, whatever they are, which drew our rich to Oberammergau draw our poor to the nickelodeons. Whether the powerful emotional reactions produced in the spectator by the Passion Play are "beneficial" or not is as far beyond decision as the question whether a man or an oyster is happier. The man is more, feels more, than the oyster. The beholder of the Passion Play is more, feels more, than the non-beholder.

Whether for weal or woe, humanity has ceaselessly striven to complicate life, to diversify and make subtle the emotions, to create and gratify the new and artificial spiritual wants, to know more and feel more both of good and evil, to attain a greater degree of self-consciousness; just as the one fundamental instinct of the youth, which most systems of education have been vainly organized to eradicate, is to find out what the man knows.

In this eternal struggle for more self-consciousness, the moving-picture machine, uncouth instrument though it be, has enlisted itself on especial behalf of the least enlightened, those who are below the reach even of the yellow journals. For although in the prosperous vaudeville houses the machine is but a toy, a "chaser," in the nickelodeons it is the central, absorbing fact, which strengthens, widens, vivifies subjective life; which teaches living other than living through the senses alone. Already, perhaps, touching him at the psychological moment, it has awakened to his first, groping, necessary discontent the spirit of an artist of the future, who otherwise would have remained mute and motionless.

The nickelodeons are merely an extension course in civilization, teaching both its "badness" and its "goodness." They have come in obedience to the law of supply and demand; and they will stay as long as the slums stay, for in the slums they are the fittest and must survive.

Mrs. Martin at Home

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN, who became famous through the Emmy Lou stories, is living very quietly at Anchorage, Kentucky, which is about fifteen miles from Louisville.

She has made her home in an old-fashioned Southern house for years. Just now she is at work on a long story. It is not generally known, but the Emmy Lou stories were founded on facts of actual school life in Louisville. When they first came out a great many people thought the author was a man, and Mrs. Martin received hundreds of letters in which she was addressed as "Dear Sir."

Mrs. Martin's real name is Mrs. Atwood Martin, and her husband is a business man.

The Meaning of Necco Sweets

Confectionery excellence—from the careful selection of every ingredient—through a most perfect process of manufacture in a factory of ideal cleanliness—to the final packing and sealing of each box—this is the meaning of Necco Sweets.

The seal here shown is the mark by which you may know the five hundred and more varieties of fine confectionery sold under the general name of Necco Sweets. As an example try a box of

Lenox Chocolates

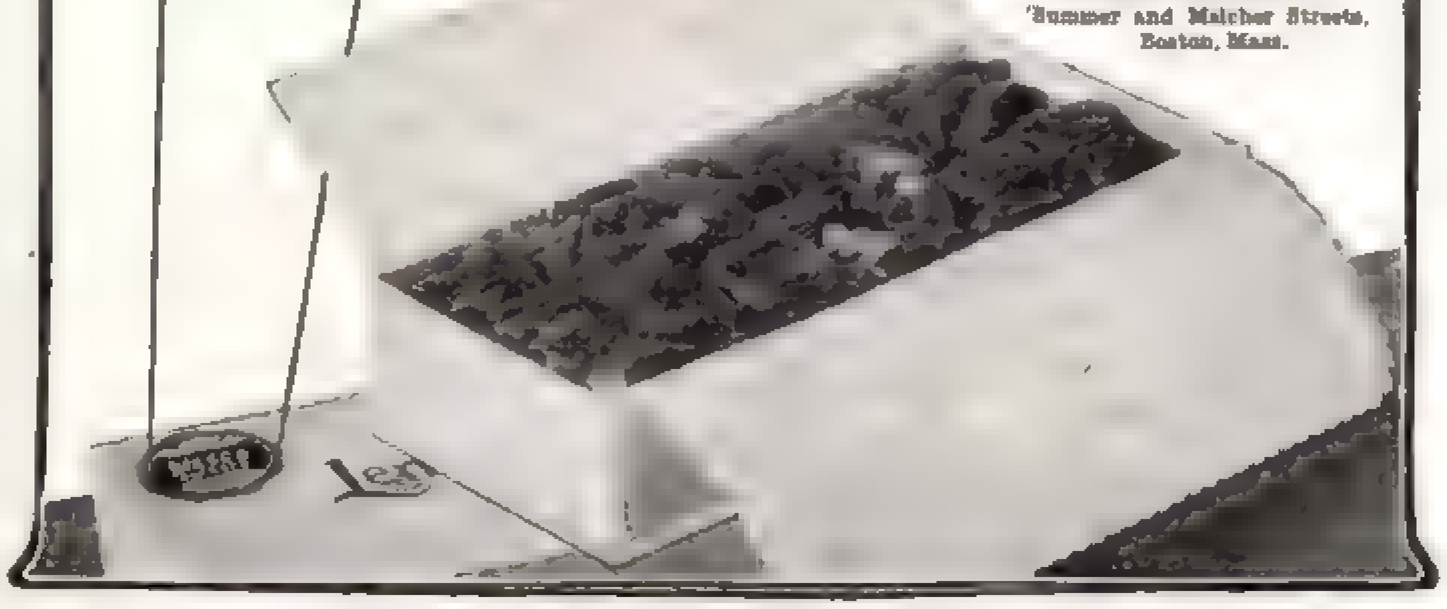
Look for this Seal on every box of Confectionery you buy

They represent the high standard of the other 500 varieties. You will find many delightful flavors daintily hidden 'neath a coat of rich chocolate.

Peerless Wafers and Necco Tablets are two other "Necco" favorites. The best assurance of their wholesomeness is the fact that Necco Sweets are above the requirements of all Pure Food Laws.

All dealers who sell high-grade goods have Necco Sweets. If your dealer does not sell them, send us 25c for an attractive package of Lenox Chocolates; or, better still, order one of our special $1.00 Packages in a handsome art box.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Summer and Melcher Streets, Boston, Mass.



With smiling lips and genial talk the family sit about the table, the guests about the banquet board, in pleasant anticipation of the moment when

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

are served. Delightful dessert confections that add to the joy of ice creams and ices, fruits and frozen puddings, preserves and sweets of any kind or character.

In ten cent tins,
also in twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

OUR BUILDING

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

THIS bank was established in 1868, and has enjoyed a steady, continuous growth ever since. It is the oldest and largest institution of its kind in the state of Ohio, with a capital and surplus of $6 [illegible], which affords a bulwark of protection to its depositors. Send for booklet "M" "Banking by Mail."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND OHIO THE CITY OF BANKS
ASSETS OVER FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

Great American Fortunes and the Making of Them

Street Railway Financiers

The enormous wealth accumulated by the group of men in the street railway systems of New York, Chicago and other cities, representing a capitalization of $1,000,000,000, is the subject of a series of articles by Burton J. Hendrick of the staff of McClure's. The first of these articles appeared in the November number, describing the operations in New York City of the syndicate headed by Thomas F. Ryan, controlling the Metropolitan Street Railway and its allied lines. The story of how these men obtained possession of the greatest transit monopoly in the world and the uses they have made of it involves many dramatic instances and contains notable character studies of some of the foremost business men of the last twenty-five years.

McClure's Magazine is now $1.50 a year instead of $1.00 as hitherto, but we believe all readers of McClure's are entitled to an opportunity to get it a little longer at the old price. If you will send $5.00 at once, you will receive McClure's Magazine for five years, which would a little later cost you $7.50. Stop and think what an opportunity this is to give an unique Christmas present to some friend. For $5.00 you can send a Christmas present which repeats itself every month for sixty months—McClure's. You can cover five Christmases and you can give your friend an opportunity to start with "Theodosia,"

$5.00 NOW saves $2.50 later

S S McCLURE COMPANY
TAKE PLEASURE IN SENDING YOU
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

the attractive serial story of Mrs. Cutting's, which begins in the December McClure's. Send $5.00 today for McClure's Magazine, to be sent five years either to your address or to the address of a friend to whom you would like to give this novel Christmas present, and we will, on request, send a Christmas card like that shown here, in your name, every Christmas for five years. Or you can send five Christmas presents to five people, one year each, for $5.00. (Extra postage required in Canada and foreign countries.)

McCLURE'S
MAGAZINE
50 East 23d Street, New York

Is Roosevelt a Menace to Business?

(Concluded from Page 7)

legal legions of the Government is quite another. He has harangued and threatened, and he has gained a place with Andrew Jackson—on whose tomb he lately placed a wreath—as a breeder of panics. And yet, gaining this distinction, the things he set out to accomplish were things greatly to be desired. There can be no doubt as to the necessity for reform in the conduct of many of our great enterprises and the ultimate benefit to the people of these reforms. But the means the President took, the haste, the harangue, the clashing of cymbals and the smashing of war drums, have brought us, sooner than it might have been, face to face with one of the most serious situations in the history of American finance. What economic laws would doubtless have caused, operating relentlessly in their own way, has been precipitated by the unbridled, misapplied and excessive vigor of the Chief Executive of the nation.

A Constructive Force

By Henry Clews

I DO not believe that Theodore Roosevelt is a menace to American business. On the contrary, I think that it will ultimately prove that he has been a constructive and cleansing force. There is not an intelligent or fair-minded man in the whole United States who sincerely questions the honesty of Mr. Roosevelt's motives. In fact, I would go so far as to say that the name of Roosevelt is synonymous with honesty.

In the firm attitude that the President has taken toward capital and corporate power I maintain that he has had no other purpose than to protect the rights of all the people, and that his organized investigation, as some have seen fit to call it, has been directed entirely at the unsound, the unstable and the dark places.

The country is paying what might be called the penalty of excessive prosperity. President Roosevelt, I think, has done much to enable the country to withstand this periodical reaction, because under him the country has grown and waxed fat.

To those detractors of the President's policies I should like to say that when he took the oath of office it was to uphold the Constitution. What he has done in all his legislative and executive acts has been to maintain the integrity of the Constitution. He has had the law and he has had the right on his side; in fact, he has only attacked dishonesty and lawbreaking.

Yet, while I fully approve of what he has done in the way of reform, I must confess that I do not entirely approve of his constantly-repeated passionate utterances on the subject during the recent season of great apprehension and anxiety in financial circles.

That President Roosevelt should be blamed in any way for the banking troubles, business failures and losses that have been made in the stock market is absolutely unfair. But it is always the case that the Executive in office bears the brunt of the disasters that overwhelm the country during his Administration.

I can well remember the calumny and the abuse which were heaped upon the devoted head of Abraham Lincoln. This denunciation did not for one moment cause him to desist in the great work that he had undertaken. To-day those who traduced him honor his memory. History will repeat itself, and the men who to-day are denouncing the President as a destroyer of confidence, as an annihilator of capital, will some day come to the realization that he is doing a great work.

The real cause of the present discontent and unrest in finance and in business lies, to a large extent, among the men who have committed the wrongdoing, who have abused corporate power, and who, when confronted with the revelations of their own misdeeds, have sought to put the blame on the President.

In view, therefore, of President Roosevelt's firm stand for the rights of the people against the corporate breakers of the law, we can forgive his excess of earnestness and his denunciation, which may have been ill-timed on some occasions. I believe in the end it will be proven that Mr. Roosevelt has aided, rather than retarded, a square deal in business operations.

Set your gauge to
SUCCESS

¶ If you are a young man the training you are getting now will determine your success or failure in later life. You should let no opportunity slip by to make yourself master of your own trade or profession. If you have no regular trade or profession now, this is an exceptional opportunity to acquire the special training that you need. Set your gauge to success and turn the clamp down hard.

¶ If you are a Carpenter, Contractor, Builder, Real-Estate Dealer, Architect, Draftsman, or Mechanic, the

CYCLOPEDIA OF
Architecture, Carpentry and Building

offers you unusual opportunities for increasing your knowledge of your own trade or business. It is laden with money earning, money saving, money producing, practical plans and ideas.

Ten volumes, page size 7 x 10 inches, bound in half red morocco, over 4,000 pages; 3,000 illustrations, full page plates, plans, sections, etc. De Luxe books in every particular.

There are over 200 plans of artistic moderate priced houses, chosen by a staff of architects as typical of the best work of the best architects of the entire country—invaluable to any one contemplating building or alterations. Also over forty practical problems in construction based on the Rotch Scholarship Examinations of Boston, compiled and solved by S. T. Strickland, Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, with Chas. H. Rutan, of Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, the well known firm of Architects, as collaborator.

LESS THAN ⅓ REGULAR PRICE
$19.80 Instead of $60.00

Free for examination. Sent by prepaid express. Pay $2.00 within 5 days and $2.00 a month thereafter. If not adapted to your needs, notify us to send for them at our expense.

The Cyclopedia contains hundreds of hints and suggestions that will save the house builder or the house owner many times its cost. It tells how to figure estimates and order material. It tells how to plan with a minimum of waste space. It suggests [illegible] economical arrangement [illegible] artistic effects and minor details of style. The chapters on plumbing, heating [illegible] steam, hot water and furnace [illegible] ventilation [illegible] very complete, and will [illegible] save a great deal of useless expense. The work contains hundreds of practical plans and suggestions for miscellaneous carpentry work, including special decorative effects, etc.

A Few of the Many Subjects Included in this Work

Estimating; Superintendence; Contracts and Specifications; The Law of Building Contracts; [illegible] REINFORCED CONCRETE [illegible] HEATING [illegible] ELECTRIC WIRING [illegible] Elevators [illegible] Drawing; Mechanical Drawing [illegible] Perspective Drawing [illegible] Rendering in Pen and Ink and Wash; Water Color Hints for Draftsmen [illegible] Roman Orders of Architecture; Roofing; Tin Smithing; Sheet Metal Cornices; Skylights; Test Questions.

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

SAT. EVE. POST [illegible]

Please send set Cyclopedia of Architecture, Carpentry and Building for five days' free examination. I will send $2 within 5 days and $2 a month until I have paid $19.80; otherwise I will notify you to send for the books.

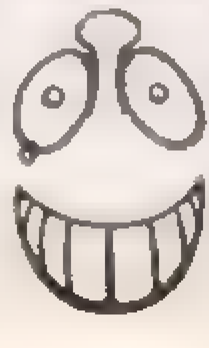
Name

Address

CLOUDY GLASS—and ITS REMEDY
Nothing so mars the Beauty of Choice Glassware as the Filmy Cloud that remains after Washing with Soap in the Old Style-Way. The Remedy is Simple: Stop using Soap and Wash all Glass with
Pearline
(A SOAPY POWDER)
You'll be surprised to see how Brilliant and full of Lustre it will be—will stay so too.
Pearline MAKES GLASS, CHINA, SILVER AND PORCELAIN SHININGLY BRIGHT.

"Breathe of the Forests"

BALSAM PILLOWS [illegible] mountaineers from the balsam trees of Western Carolina. Material thoroughly cleaned before being placed in cover. Delightful and refreshing fragrance. [illegible] covered, express prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Address Balsam Pillow Co., Sales Dept., Asheville, N. C. Reference Battery Park Bank.

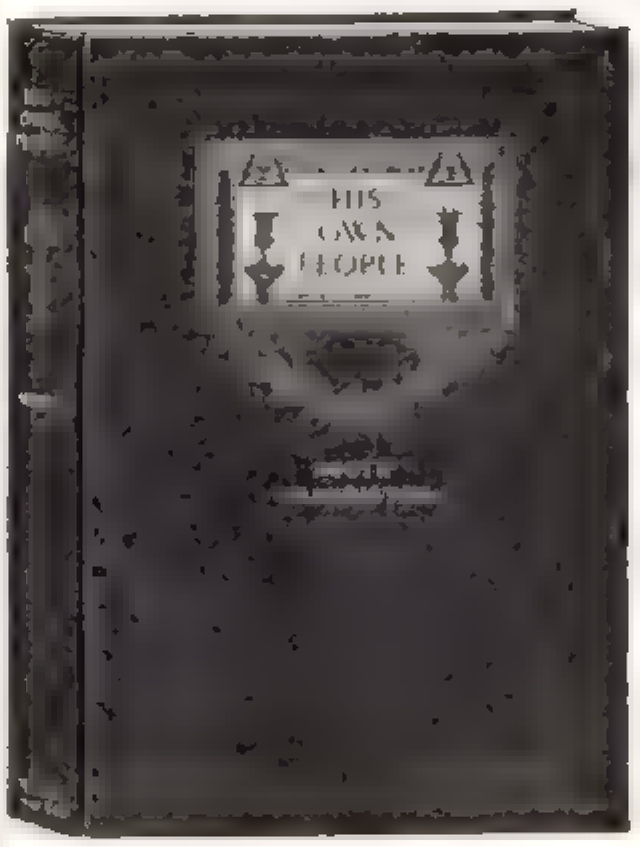


CAN YOU DRAW?

Illustrators and Cartoonists Earn From $25 to $100 a Week

We teach illustrating and cartooning by mail. Our students sell their work. Women succeed as well as men. Send for our free booklet "Money in Drawing"; gives proof.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.



A Beautiful Holiday Book Without Cost to THE POST'S Readers

NO more charming story nor dainty volume has appeared this fall than this book by the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman from Indiana."

In "His Own People" Mr. Tarkington writes of a young man from a small Ohio town who, on a trans-Atlantic steamer, meets a wealthy young American who introduces him to the Countess de Veauregard, a new acquaintance. Impressed with meeting a real Countess, young Mellin loses his head, and when he receives encouragement, loses his heart. It had been the boy's dream to see the old world's gorgeousness, even its effeteness, and when in Rome the Countess invites him to her home, he believes in a dream of ecstasy that he has at last come to know "His Own People." The story of his undoing is simple and pathetic, and is as dainty and artistic a piece of writing as has appeared in a long time. But to tell what follows would be unfair to those who will read the book.

The dainty cloth binding, the decorations by Lawrence Mazzanovich and the splendid illustrations in color by William St. John Harper and F. R. Gruger, help to make the book an ideal Christmas gift.

To any one who will send one new yearly subscription for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, accompanied by One Dollar and Fifty Cents, for some one not already a subscriber, we will in acknowledgment of the courtesy send a copy of "His Own People," shipping expenses prepaid.

REMEMBER, the subscription must not be that of the sender; it must be for some one whose name is not already on the list, and the book must be requested when the subscription is sent. Address

The Curtis Publishing Company
PHILADELPHIA

NOT AT HOME

(Concluded from Page 19)

She sat down suddenly on the stairway with a shriek of hysterical laughter, and burst into tears.

There was no doubt that they were lady and gentleman both, for they permitted her to weep unquestioned for a full minute, occupying that period with an amazed inspection of the living-room. At length he cleared his throat, almost apologetically.

"I don't quite understand it yet," he said. "Did you say there was somebody in the bathtub?"

The half-hidden head of Mrs. Lamont nodded desperately.

"Your husband?"

Another nod.

"And what in the world is he ——"

"Taking a bath, of course," moaned Mrs. Lamont.

"Certainly, madam, but that doesn't explain."

"I—I—c-can't explain anything," and Mrs. Lamont rocked from side to side.

A figure in a flowered bathrobe descended the stairs and paused beside that of the goddess of woe.

"I am Mr. Lamont," it said. "I'm a million times embarrassed."

The lady and gentleman nodded as if they understood how that could be.

"We got into the wrong house," continued Mr. Lamont, folding the bathrobe about him with a certain majesty. "It's awfully careless of us, of course. I have eaten your food, smoked your cigars and occupied your tub, for all of which I shall, of course, pay. We thought we were in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chester."

"They live next door," said the man in the hallway, grinning faintly.

"So near! That makes it more stupid of us."

"But how did you manage to get in? I thought ——"

"By way of a window, sir."

"But Billy Boy ——"

"Is that the name of your dog? Well, you see, Billy Boy —er—he's outside. If you'll excuse me while I dress I'll think up an explanation of that," added Mr. Lamont cheerfully, retreating upstairs with dignity.

When he returned a few minutes later his wife and the strange lady and gentleman were seated in the living-room.

"Preston," said Mrs. Lamont, rising. "Our hosts are Mr. and Mrs. Griswold. And Mrs. Griswold thinks she will leave things just as they are."

There was a gentle flush of triumph on her cheek.

"And Mrs. Griswold says that our cut-glass bowl is on Molly's sideboard," she added.

Mr. Lamont and Mr. Griswold exchanged glances, and the former shook his head hopelessly.

"But how about the wash?" he asked.

Mr. Griswold cleared his throat and displayed a smile that was tempered with embarrassment.

"You see, our lot line," he said, "runs only about twenty feet back of the house. And the wash was about thirty feet back. So it didn't belong to us."

"Gosh!" said Mr. Lamont.

"But they are very nice people," said Mrs. Griswold quickly, in a kindly tone.

Varium et Mutabile

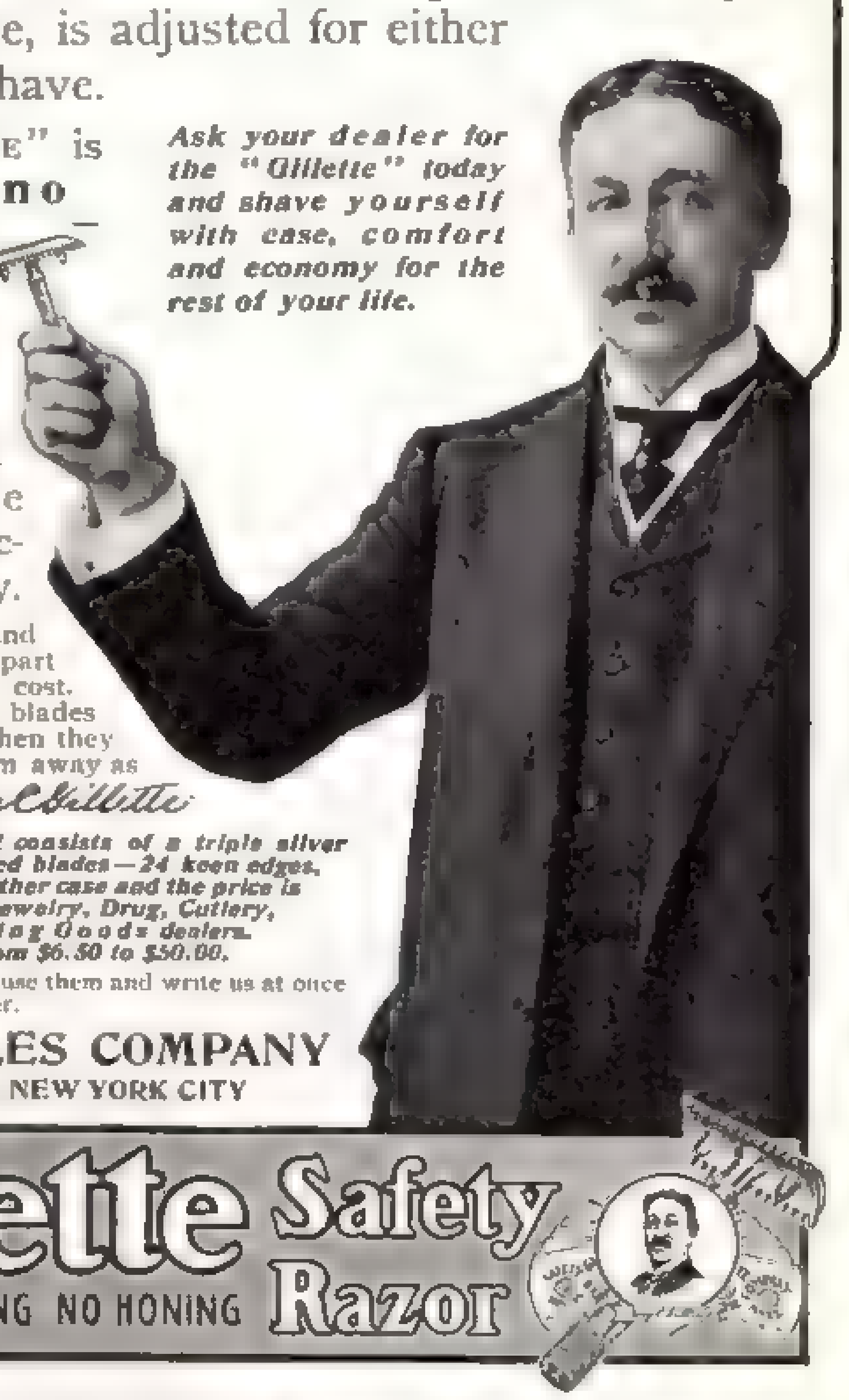
R. FULTON CUTTING is head of what is known as the Citizens' Union, which is the latest organization to buck the Tammany Tiger in New York.

"Not long ago," he says, "I was at a downtown political meeting where one of the speakers, a witty Irishman, made continual reference to the changing seasons, which, I found, he always honored by treating them as if they were of the feminine gender. 'When you come to cast your votes in the autumn,' he yelled, 'the autumn who bears the fruits of the earth in her outstretched hands, you will have to think well of your duties as citizens of this glorious country!'

"'Why is it,' I asked, afterward, 'that you spoke of the seasons as if they were feminine?'

"The Irishman was, for a moment, at a loss for a reason.

"'Sure,' he said at last, 'I think of the seasons as women because they change, and because, no matter which wan ye have, ye wish it was another.'"



My razor is the only new idea in razors for over 400 years. It is absolutely safe in its work—uses a thin wafer blade with double edges, which, by a turn of the handle, is adjusted for either a light or close shave.

The "GILLETTE" is always ready—**no honing, no stropping,** and with proper lathering you can shave yourself in three to five minutes any and every morning in the year at a cost of a fraction of a cent per day.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" today and shave yourself with ease, comfort and economy for the rest of your life.

Just try it yourself and you will find you would not part with it for many times its cost. The double-edged, flexible blades are so inexpensive that when they become dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. King C Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver plated holder, 12 double-edged blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case and the price is $5.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers. Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50.00.

If substitutes are offered refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
206 Times Building, NEW YORK CITY

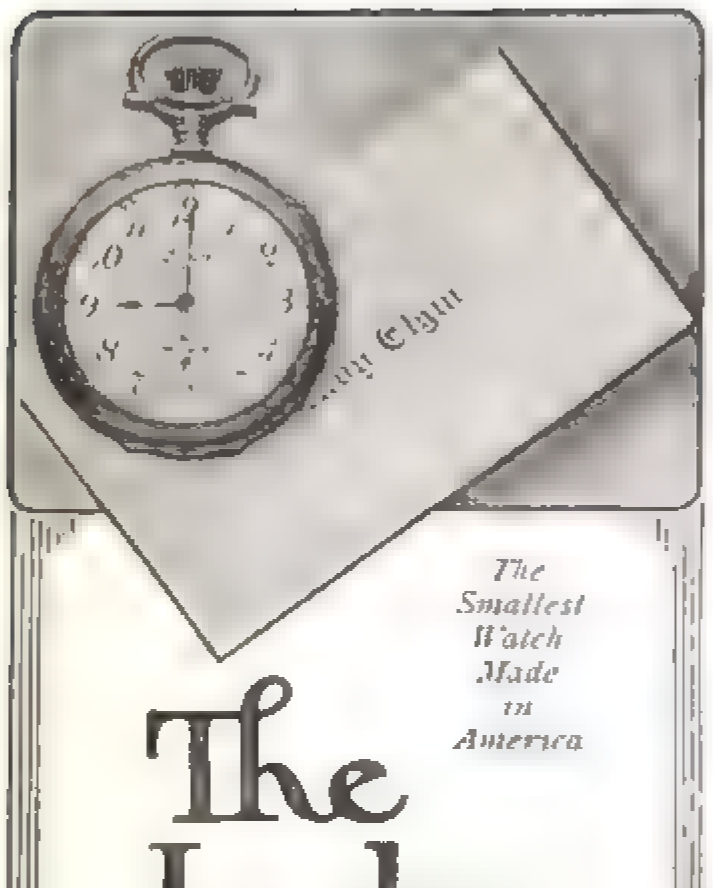
Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Quality in paints and varnishes depends upon an infinite capacity for taking pains. One essential to quality is painting consistency. When a batch of Sherwin-Williams Paint is prepared and drawn off into cans, we know that the contents of each can are of the right proportions to produce the proper painting consistency. We do not take a chance on it. We weigh every package as it is filled. We know what each rightly proportioned paint ought to weigh. If a package runs over or under that weight, we know it is wrong. This costs more than hit-or-miss methods, but it makes better paint. This is the kind of painstaking detail that is exercised in every one of the plants of The Sherwin-Williams Co. in the manufacture of all their products to produce the right quality—the best for each purpose.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest (Because Best) Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
[illegible]
Cleveland, Chicago, Newark, Montreal, London, Eng
Sales Offices and Warehouses in 28 Principal Cities
Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to [illegible] Centre St., Montreal
London Address
7 Well Court, Queen St., E. C.

Everyone who believes quality is the most important thing about a surface treatment should write for our booklet "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?"


The Smallest Watch Made in America

The Lady Elgin

Social requirements and the obligations of the home will be met promptly on time all the time if you place your dependence upon the Lady Elgin—a new Elgin for womankind.

Illustration [illegible] size of watch

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILL.

Horlick's Malted Milk 1908 Calendar

reproduces Shakespeare's Heroines—***Rosalind, Portia and Juliet,*** by C. Allan Gilbert, the celebrated portrait painter, in a superb art panel, 9½x35 inches in size, a charming decoration for the library, living-room, boudoir or den.

Mailed anywhere for 10c coin or stamps

This calendar is exquisitely printed in colors while the reverse side shows a series of illustrations of Shakespeare's Seven Ages, each age represented by a noted character from the plays of the great poet. A very artistic gift.

Horlick's Malted Milk Company
722 N. W. Avenue, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Horlick's Malted Milk—***Original and only genuine***—pure milk and extract of malted grain, in powder form, soluble in water—no cooking—a food-drink for all ages. Agrees with the weakest stomach. ***All Druggists.***

Keep Your LIGHT Bills "Light"

CANTON Incandescent Gasoline LAMPS

Three cents a week for a brilliant, pleasing, safe light, 100-candle power each burner. One match lights it. Agents wanted everywhere. Catalog free.

CANTON LIGHT COMPANY
910 Ninth Street, Canton, Ohio

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 21)

risking other people's money. I don't think he has any of his own to risk, and a man who is always playing with the cash of others gets careless. I wouldn't trust him in a tight place."

"Can't you find out definitely about him and his company?" she asked anxiously. "I know father has some interest in it."

"I might try," Cornell replied, "if I were properly rewarded."

"I don't see how you can think of anything so frivolous," she declared, "when I am so worried!"

Perhaps it was due to the worry and the excitement of the moment, but, having thus declared herself, she put her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss, which he promptly repaid to her with several hundred per cent. interest. Nor did she make any attempt to escape this interest until it was some five times greater than the principal.

The following afternoon Manson came home early, went directly to his room, and was there discovered by his wife feverishly packing a suit-case. The mask had fallen: he was no longer the self-possessed, taciturn man of affairs, but an excited, worried, erratic fellow who hardly knew what he was doing. He had broken under the strain, made more serious by his self-repression.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Vacation," he answered gruffly. "Can't stand it any longer. Run on the bank started just before closing to-day."

"Surely," she urged, "you're not going on a vacation when the bank's in trouble!"

"That's the time to go," he returned, laughing in a way that made her shudder. "No chance to go later. They'll have riots to-morrow—have to call out the police ——"

He stopped short at the last word, and scowled; then sank into a chair.

"Police," he repeated in almost a whisper—"Police! That's what's the trouble. The police will be called in."

Mrs. Manson was frightened and irresolute. He always had dominated in that house, and she dared not oppose him.

"Where are you going?" she asked again.

That roused him from his momentary depression, and he sprang to his feet.

"Oh, anywhere!" he answered cheerfully. "Got to rest up where it's quiet. Don't you tell where I'm going."

"I don't know," said the unhappy wife.

"Well, don't tell, anyhow," he insisted. "I want to be quiet, I tell you."

He took a packet of banknotes from his pocket and threw them into the suit-case. His wife, surprised into action, picked up the notes.

"Drop it!" he ordered angrily.

Her fingers relaxed involuntarily and the packet fell to the floor, but not before she had noted that the bills were of large denomination. She also noted that there were several similar packets already in the suit-case.

"Henry," she pleaded, "what is the matter? Tell me what's wrong."

"Directors' meeting," he answered, laughing harshly. "Bank examiner coming on the run. A tornado when they get together in the morning."

"They'll want you," she urged.

"That's it!" he cried. "But I won't be there."

"Why not?" she persisted. "What is wrong, Henry?"

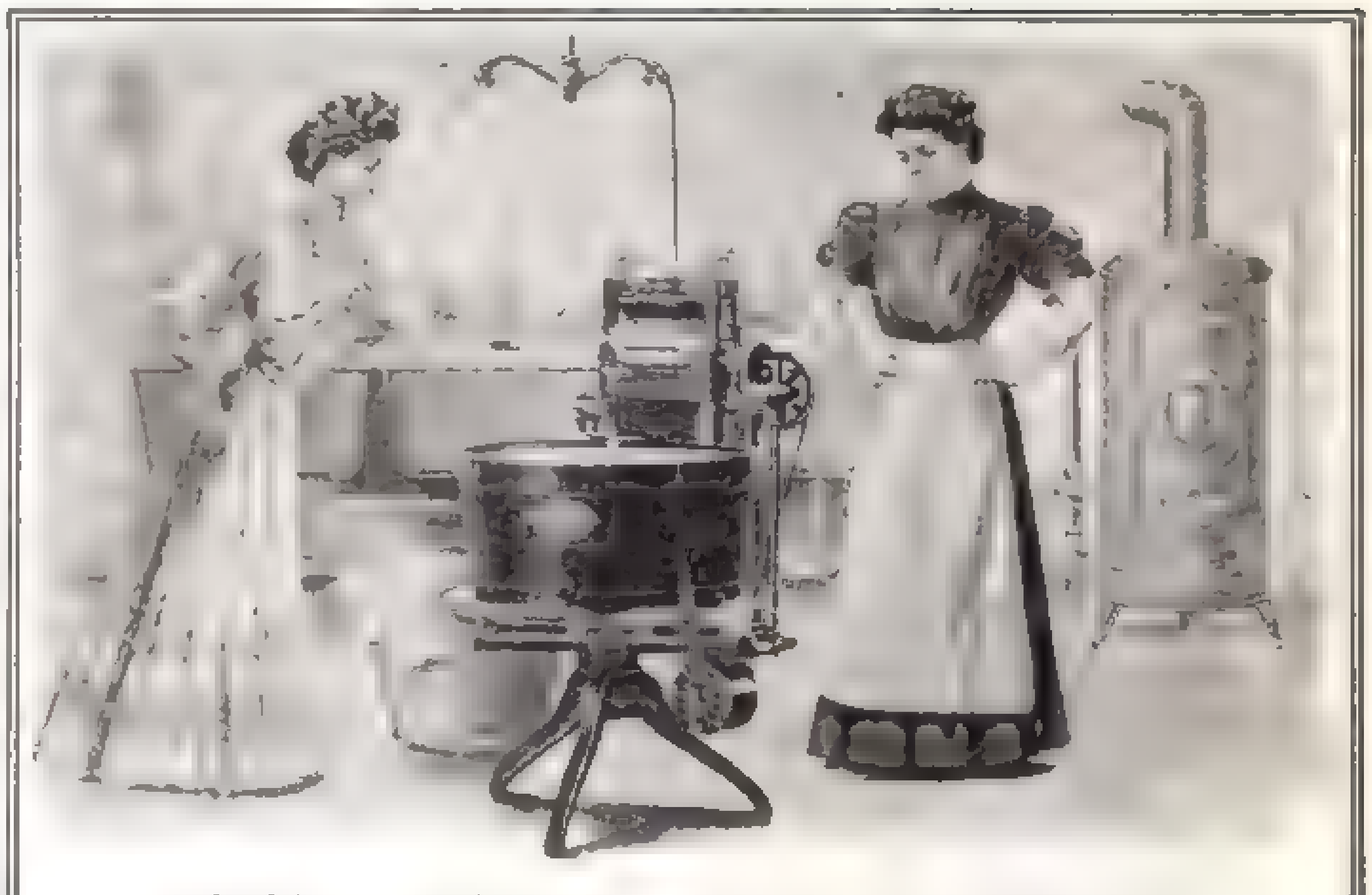
"Nothing wrong," he answered. "Got to get away—Borneo or Greenland, or somewhere. Can't stand the racket—that's all."

"When are you going?" she asked.

An exaggerated expression of cunning was his first answer to this; then he whispered confidentially: "After dark, but keep it quiet—don't let any one know."

There was a respite in this—it gave her time to summon the physician that she felt was needed—and she hurried downstairs to Madeline.

"We must telephone for Doctor Foster immediately!" she cried excitedly. "Your father is in a dreadful condition—out of his head and raving. He's packing his suit-case with money—big bills. No, no; not here," she added, as the startled girl hurried to the telephone. "He'll hear, and then you don't know what he might do."


The Electric Washer

YOU can now have all your washings done by Electricity.

The 1900 Electric "Self Working" Washer does *all* the washing — and *wrings out the clothes.*

Any electric light current furnishes the power needed.

You connect up the washer just as you would put an electric light globe into its socket.

Then — all you have to do to start the washer is — turn on the electricity.

* * *

In just a few minutes, you have a tubful of clothes washed clean.

And — not a thread will be broken — not a seam strained — not an edge frayed nor a button split, broken or pulled off.

There will be no "wash tears" — no "tub rips" — no "mending basket" [illegible]. This washer has no complicated [illegible] parts.

There is nothing to beat, and [illegible] your clothes.

[illegible]

[illegible]

For — in this 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washer, your clothes are *held still.*

* * *

The water, and soap, and *the motion of the tub* do all the washing.

And your clothes are washed quicker and easier, and [illegible] than you have ever had washing done before. [illegible] better in this 1900 Electric "Self Working" Washer than you can any other way.

Then — this is the *only* washer [illegible] that washes and wrings [illegible].

And it is the *only* washer that saves time, and labor, and wear on clothes.

* * *

It is the only **"Self-Working" Washer that Pays for Itself.**

For this washer saves more than enough in a few months to pay its own cost, and then — *it keeps right on saving.*

If you keep servants they will stay with you contented, if you have a 1900 Electric "Self Working" Washer to do the washing.

You [illegible] wash day drudgery.

There won't be any discussion over the size of the washing.

Wash women will not be needed.

Laundry bills will be saved.

We do not ask you to take anything we *say* of this washer "for gospel," however.

We do not ask you to *believe* anything.

We say *test* the washer **at our expense.**

Prove our claims without cost to you.

We will ship one of these 1900 Electric "Self-Working" Washers to any responsible party and *prepay the freight.*

Take this washer and use it four weeks.

Wash laces with it.

Wash your heaviest blankets and quilts. Wash rugs.

Then — if you are not convinced that the washer is all we say — don't keep it.

* * *

Just tell us you don't want the washer, and that will settle the matter.

We won't charge you anything for the use you have had of it.

The Trial is FREE.

But — if you find the washer is all we claim — if you are pleased and satisfied [illegible] *out of what the washer saves for you.*

* * *

This way you let the 1900 Electric "Self Working" Washer **Pay for Itself.**

Of course, we could not afford to make such an offer, if we did not know our washer [illegible].

We *do* know our washer [illegible] **FREE** Trial Offer.

Send for our [illegible] Washer Book.

It is a thing of beauty [illegible] be glad [illegible].

Send no money. Just write your name and address on a postal card or in a letter [illegible] to-day and, by return post, you will receive our Washer Book.

We send this to you **FREE**, for the asking.

* * *

Don't use up your strength and endanger your health doing your own washing.

Don't wear out your nerves worrying over washwomen, and laundries, or troubles with servants.

Let our 1900 Electric "Self Working" Washer shoulder the drudgery of "Wash Day" — save your clothes from wear and tear and keep your servants contented.

Ask for our Washer Book today.

Address — *The 1900 Washer Co., 3110 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.*

Or, if you live in Canada, write to the 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

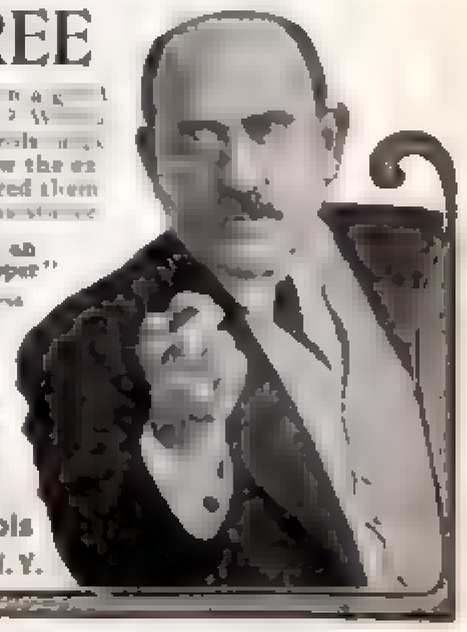
THIS BOOK IS FREE

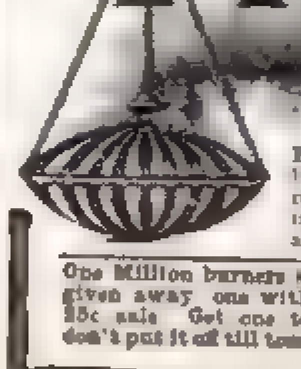
Would you like to [illegible] success [illegible] to obtain a good paying position [illegible] increase in salary? Would you possess the capacity that directs and controls large business enterprises? If so, you should follow the example of hundreds of others who have prepared themselves for increase in salary through our assistance.

Our Free Book "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper"

is the title of a treatise on Bookkeeping and Business [illegible] system of accounts by which you [illegible]

Commercial Correspondence Schools
419 F, Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y.




INCENSO

"The Japanese Aromatic Incense"

For Deodorizing Burn it in your home. It will positively destroy in a few moments, all odors caused by cooking **onions cabbage any vegetables or meats**. [illegible] **Incenso** [illegible] **For Disinfecting** Burn **Incenso** in the sick room. It will purify the air [illegible] and has a soothing effect on the patient. Burn it in toilet rooms. [illegible] disinfectant. If burned in your home every day, **we guarantee it will destroy all disease germs** and your home will be pleasant and healthful.

If your druggist does not keep it, send his name and address together with 25 cents, and we will send you [illegible] Burner and [illegible] cent package of **Incenso for 25 cents.**

The Incenso Company, 415 Fifth Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

One Million burners will be given away, one with each 25c sale. Get one to day don't put it off till tomorrow

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

The "Chic"

Dull Velvet Calf, Button Boot. Neat Swing—Narrow Toe. In either Button, Lace or Blucher Patterns.

Style—Shape—Service and Comfort are built into each Florsheim Shoe. The best and most expensive materials—the most Scientific Workmen are employed—that's why the Florsheim is a good Shoe.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5 and $6.

Florsheim & Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Happy Days in CALIFORNIA

THE

Golden State Limited

is the famous train that makes getting there as much pleasure as being there.

Lowest altitudes, an interest for every mile, and a comfort every hour.

Daily Service Chicago and St. Louis to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco

Start to plan now, by sending for illustrated books telling in story and picture all about the delights of California in Winter. Write today to

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Man.
Rock Island Lines, Chicago.

Rock Island

Do Your Own Printing

$5 press prints cards, labels, etc. Circular, book, newspaper press $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

While Madeline was telephoning Mrs. Manson went back to her husband's room and found the door locked. Nor would he open it for her.

"No, you don't!" he cried defiantly; "no tricks on me! I won't let anybody in."

He was beyond question an insane man at that time. And, to add to their troubles, Madeline brought back word that Doctor Foster was out of the city, but was expected home on the 5.30 train.

Another physician could be secured quicker, but Doctor Foster, on whose friendship and discretion they could rely, was the one that Mrs. Manson wanted in this emergency.

"You must meet the train!" she decided. "With a cab you can do it easily. Bring him right here."

At that critical moment Madeline's thoughts centred suddenly, and quite naturally, upon the young man who was so ready to assume the burden of her problems and troubles.

"If Allen were only here!" she cried.

Mrs. Manson herself sorely felt the need of masculine aid and counsel: women were so helpless, and Madeline alone might miss the doctor in the crowd.

"I'll telephone him to meet you at the station," she said

So Allen Cornell was waiting when the anxious and excited girl drove up. He had received a brief explanation of the situation over the telephone, and his investigations during the day enabled him to interpret and understand it. He hesitated to tell Madeline what he had learned, but she was insistent, and nothing was to be gained by withholding facts that the daily papers would give later.

"It's Watkins," he said. "His company is tottering, and there's a report that the bank is in deep. That started a run just before closing hour this afternoon. A call has been sent out for a meeting of directors the first thing in the morning, and the bank examiner has been notified."

She realized the gravity of the situation, the effect upon their fortunes, the terrific strain to which her father had been subjected, the reason for her father's mental collapse—all except his personal culpability and danger—but she had vaguely feared and expected something of the sort.

"But we must think of him first," she urged. "Never mind the bank now."

Cornell insisted that she remain in the cab, leaving it to him to meet the doctor, and she let him have his way. It was a comfort to have some one to decide and act for her.

From the cab, through a large double doorway, she had a view of the baggage-room. She was not interested in the baggage-room, her mind being occupied with the plight of her father, but her gaze occasionally strayed in that direction, and it finally encountered a familiar figure. She did not grasp the significance of this at first, but an instant later it flashed upon her that this man was Thomas H. Watkins and that he was going away. The departure of Watkins at this time was suspicious. She felt instinctively that she ought to do something, but there seemed to be nothing that she could do. Watkins would be lost in the crowd before she could hope to find and notify Allen Cornell, and there was no ground upon which she could apply to the police for help. But she was very sure that his departure ought to be prevented.

Watkins was checking a trunk. He carried a suit-case and a small handbag, and she noticed that he frequently put down the suit-case, but never released his hold upon the handbag; he passed the latter from one hand to the other as occasion required, but never let go of it. This apparent determination not to let it leave his hands necessitated some awkwardness in one or two transactions and was especially noticeable because of his carelessness with the suit-case.

"He's got money in it," was the thought that flashed to her mind.

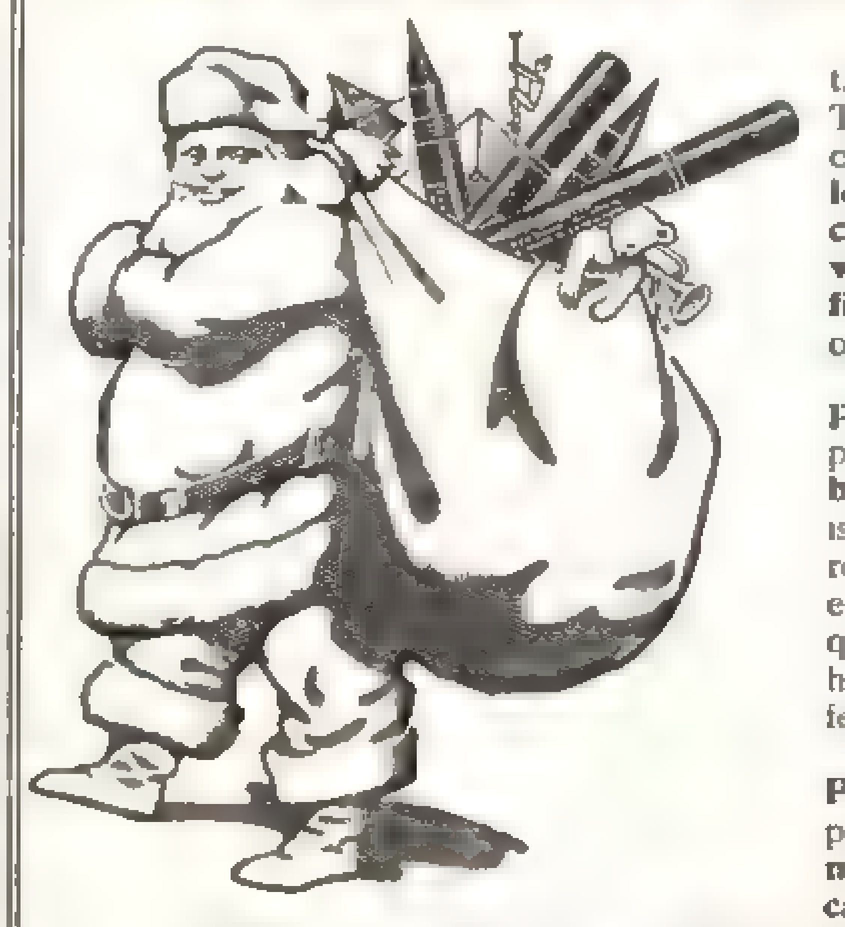
Money—the bank's money—the money secured from her father—the cause of his collapse!

Madeline did not reason after that: she acted instinctively. She was out of the cab and at Watkins' side before she really knew what she was doing. There was only the thought that here was a hope—a chance—a possibility.

Watkins felt a small hand closing on his, and jerked the bag away.

"Oh, Miss Manson!" he exclaimed, his face, a ghastly white for an instant,

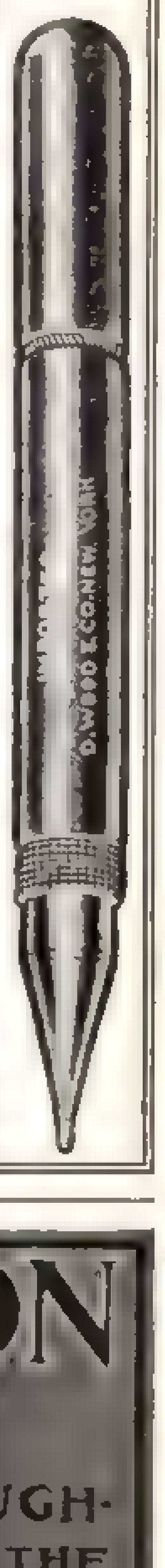
SANTA CLAUS HAS SOMETHING NEW AND IT IS THE BIGGEST THING IN HIS PACK



The **Red Dwarf Ink Pencil** is the only **satisfactory** fluid pencil. The **Red Dwarf Ink Pencil** is the only fluid pencil that is **absolutely leak proof** and can **be safely carried in any position. It always writes at the first touch,** with the ease of a lead pencil.

The **Red Dwarf Ink Pencil** is the only fluid pencil that is **not affected by the acids of ink.** It is the only fluid pencil really **"fast"** and **"sure"** enough for important quick writing for the home, business or professional man.

The **Red Dwarf Ink Pencil** is the only fluid pencil that **always makes perfectly legible carbon copies.**



The "feeder" of the **Red Dwarf Ink Pencil** is made of Platinum. The "writing point" is made of "Iridium" (the hardest known metal). The cap and body are made of Polished Red Vulcanite, and very attractive in appearance.

The **Red Dwarf Ink Pencil** is simple; nothing to get clogged, lost, broken or out of order. Made in two sizes.

Number 1 (4½ inches long)
Number 2 (5¾ inches long) } Price $2.50 each

Can be carried in purse or bag, and is therefore especially suitable for use by women and children.

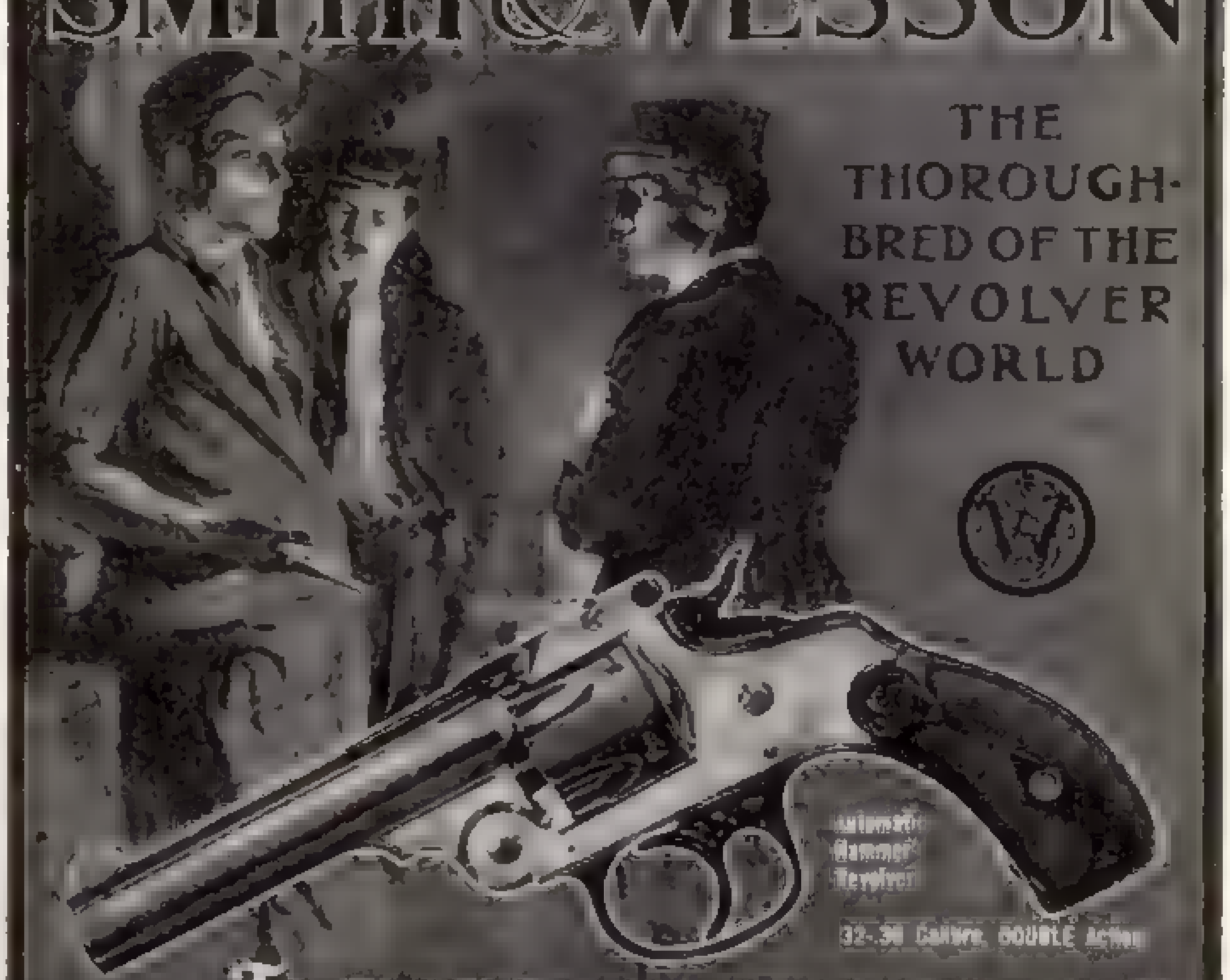
Red Dwarf Ink Pencils can be obtained at all leading stationers or direct from

D. WOOD & COMPANY
Sole Agents for the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba.
Suite 46, 90 West Broadway, New York

Caution:—The phenomenal demand for the Red Dwarf Ink Pencil since its introduction into the United States has caused it to be widely imitated in general shape, color and construction. For your protection against these unscrupulous imitators be sure the pencil you buy is stamped "Imported Red Dwarf Ink Pencil—D. Wood & Co., New York," same as pencil illustrated above.

SMITH & WESSON

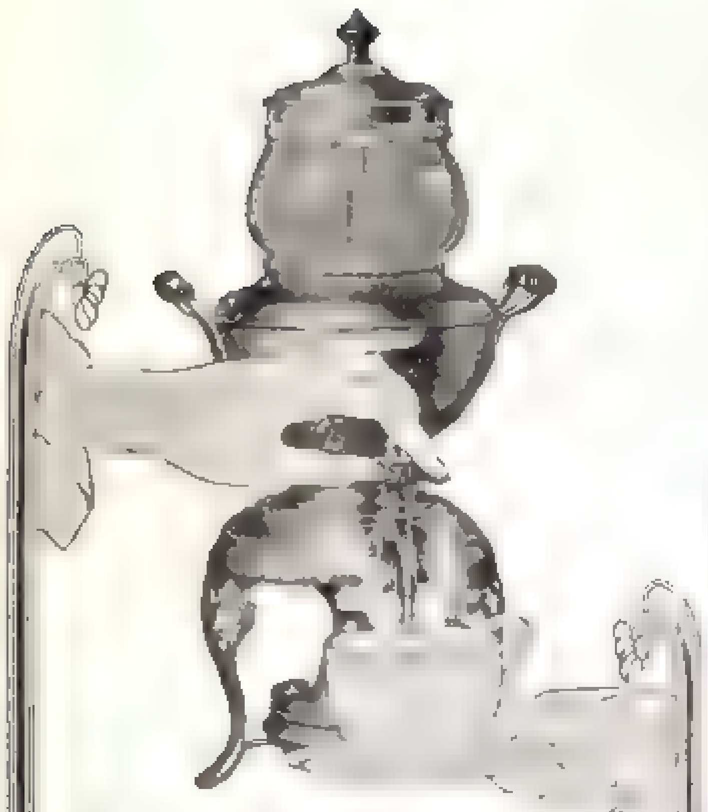
THE THOROUGHBRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD



The Close Call is not so common now as it used to be, but every guardian of treasure should be armed against it, just the same. Express messengers, bullion guards and all others upon whom the care of valuable property devolves, feel an especial confidence in SMITH & WESSON revolvers because of their fifty-years-old reputation for reliability and accuracy above all others. The SMITH & WESSON is pre-eminently the weapon of defense.

Send for our complete Catalog—"THE REVOLVER." It's free.

SMITH & WESSON,
35 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal.



Coffee Goodness
Is in the Making

The choicest blends of Coffee can be spoiled in the making and any Coffee can be made a clear, delicious, healthful beverage if prepared in the

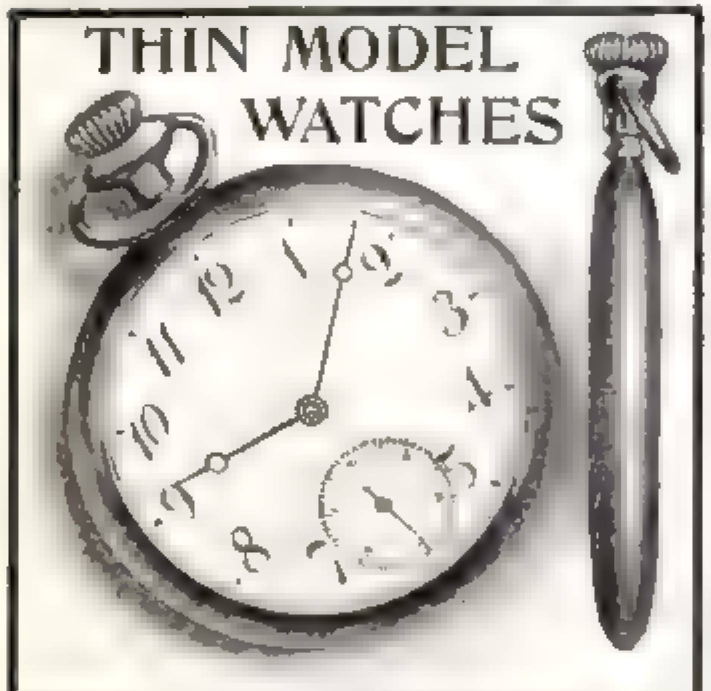
Manning-Bowman
"METEOR"
Coffee Percolator

It's boiling the grounds that spoils Coffee. The Manning-Bowman method filters the water through the Coffee, extracting the flavor and leaving the [illegible] bitter grounds behind. **Saves One Third** because *all* the good of the Coffee is taken out.

At leading dealers in the urn style with [illegible] burner or **Coffee Pot Style** for use on gas stove or range. Over 100 styles and sizes. Write for descriptive booklet "L-32."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn

THIN MODEL
WATCHES



DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS
AT GREAT SAVING

Gentlemen's seven jewels, nickel movement, pendant wind and set, lever escapement, quick train and parts interchangeable, in gold filled case, guaranteed to wear 20 years, plain polished or engine turned [illegible] $6.85

SELLS THROUGH RETAILERS FOR $10 to $12

Also cased in gun metal or nickel for $1.95. [illegible] gun metal, silver, $5.20.

EXTRA THIN MODEL, eleven fine jewels, cased in 25 year case, solid gold ball bearing bow $12.85
Retails for $15 to $18

Cased in gun metal, $10.00.
Fifteen jewels, 25 year case $14.75
Retails for $20 to $25
Seventeen jewels [illegible] $21.00
Retails for $35

LADIES' THIN MODEL, fifteen jewels, open face, 14 kt [illegible] case $21.00
Retails for $30 to $35

Cased in gun metal $11.7[illegible]
Add 10c if you wish watch sent by registered mail

KEPT IN REPAIR FREE FOR FIVE YEARS

Money cheerfully refunded for the asking. [illegible]

HUNT & McCREE Manufacturers' Brokers 150 Nassau St., New York

LAW BY MAIL

Special course for each State. "How to Find the Law" and Brief Making specially treated. Admission to the bar guaranteed. Books free. Degrees conferred.
Write for free booklet
National Correspondence Institute
19-99 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

recovering a little of its color. "You startled me."

"Let me see that bag!" she said.

"How excited you are!" he commented nervously, transferring the bag to the hand farthest from her. "Something must have occurred to upset you."

"I'm going to see that bag!" she declared determinedly. "I want to know what's in it."

"Some securities," he explained. "I have to be careful of them."

"Let me see them."

"Now, don't be absurd, Miss Manson!" he urged anxiously. "You're making a scene."

"I'll scream for the police!" she said.

He turned quickly, to escape by flight, and bumped into Cornell, who was returning to report that the train was late. Instinctively, Watkins shifted the bag to the hand most remote from this new danger, and then he felt the girl's hand close on the handle. Again he turned, raising his free hand to strike her, but Cornell caught his arm.

"Police!" screamed the girl.

A dozen men in the hurrying throng responded to the cry of a woman in distress. A dozen hands reached out for Watkins, but, releasing his hold on the bag and striking out wildly, he eluded them and disappeared in the crowd.

"Trying to rob a girl!" was the explanation passed from one to another, and a policeman who came running up started blindly after him. But an unclaimed suitcase found in the baggage-room later was the only trace discovered.

"It's all right now," Madeline assured those who surrounded her as Cornell led her to the cab.

They returned home without waiting for the doctor. One glimpse of the contents of the bag convinced them that they had something better than a physician.

"Run your horse!" Cornell called to the driver. "I'll pay all fines and damages!" And they made a record trip.

· · ·

Manson presided at the meeting of the directors the next morning. He arrived at the bank early, and was waiting, pale but impassive, when the others hurried in. The bank examiner's arrival seemed to be particularly pleasing to him.

"I am glad you have come," he said. "There could not be a more opportune moment for an examination of the bank's affairs."

They all noticed that Manson seemed to have aged considerably and gave evidence of much physical weakness, but that was not unnatural. A run on a bank is always a serious thing. That it had taken most of the night to bring him to a realization of a change in the situation, and that this change had steadied an unsettled mind, was something they could not know. Nor could they know how much of his own private fortune had been sacrificed to bring the amount recovered up to the sum needful. His brief, deliberate address in calling the directors' meeting to order gave no hint of this.

"The rumors in circulation," he said, "are truly amazing. The bank holds some of the Amusement Company securities, but not enough to do any harm. Nevertheless, in order to be entirely safe if this absurd run should continue, I have converted some of our other assets into cash, and thus have added $275,000 to our cash reserve this morning. I am glad to have the bank examiner here to verify these facts and reassure the public. Meanwhile, I shall have a good part of this cash stacked up behind the paying-teller's window for its moral effect. I do not think the run will continue long."

"Not on that showing," said one of the directors.

"And then," Manson added, "I think I shall take a little rest. I am rather interested just now in the arrangements for my daughter's wedding, and ——"

An odd smile flickered over his face, but he did not complete the sentence. It had merely occurred to him that she was entitled to a very handsome wedding present from the bank.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

The Pompeian Massage movement illustrated here makes the cheeks plump, round and rosy. A few minutes each day suffices. The results are sure and lasting.

The Pompeian Book which we send free with sample, and which accompanies every jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, describes and illustrates all facial massage movements.

Pompeian Massage Cream is a preparation that occupies a logical place on the toilet table. It is not a make-up or cosmetic, but a natural cleanser and beautifier. Pompeian Massage Cream restores and maintains natural conditions in a natural way. It clears the pores, revives the blood circulation, softens the skin and muscles, and makes the flesh firm and full. No imitation has the properties of the genuine, and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Remember the exact name — Pompeian Massage Cream

For sale at druggists in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes

Test it With Sample and Booklet — Sent Free

Remarkable Popular Song Offer We send, postpaid, for only six cents in stamps, the present popular success of New York [illegible] "No Imitation Man" (a most laughable song story of the girl who [illegible] genuine [illegible] 6 cents in loose stamps [illegible] below.

POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Soap is a fine toilet soap with the same properties as Pompeian Massage Cream. Sold wherever the cream is sold. 25 cents a cake; 60 cents a box of 3 cakes.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO US

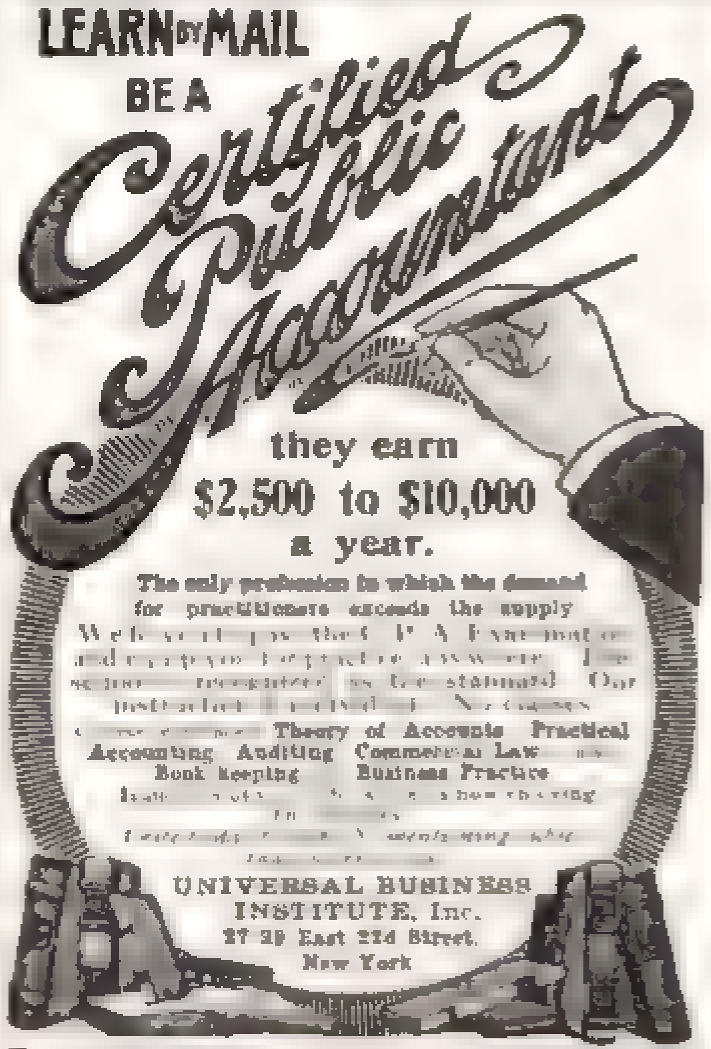
Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: —
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

LEARN BY MAIL
BE A
Certified Public Accountant



they earn
$2,500 to $10,000
a year.

The only profession in which the demand for practitioners exceeds the supply

We fit you to pass the C. P. A. Examinations and equip you for practice anywhere. [illegible] Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, Book keeping, Business Practice [illegible]

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc.
27-29 East 22d Street,
New York

FLEXIBLE FLYER
The Sled that Steers

With 1907 improvements. The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever made. [illegible] Steering without dragging the feet [illegible] saves its cost in shoes the first season — prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel — built to last.

MODEL SLED FREE

Write for cardboard model showing just how it works; sent free with colored Christmas booklet, and prices.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1100 S, Philadelphia, Pa.
Patentees and Manufacturers.

The Boy's Best Xmas Gift
Glascock's Racers Make Boys and Girls Healthy.

[illegible]

Three Motions [illegible]

Physicians endorse Glascock's. The Standard on account of these and many other superior features. Ask your dealer. Write for catalogue now.

Glascock Bros. Mfg. Co.
[illegible] Muncie, Ind.

Gear wheels are encased

I Teach Sign Painting

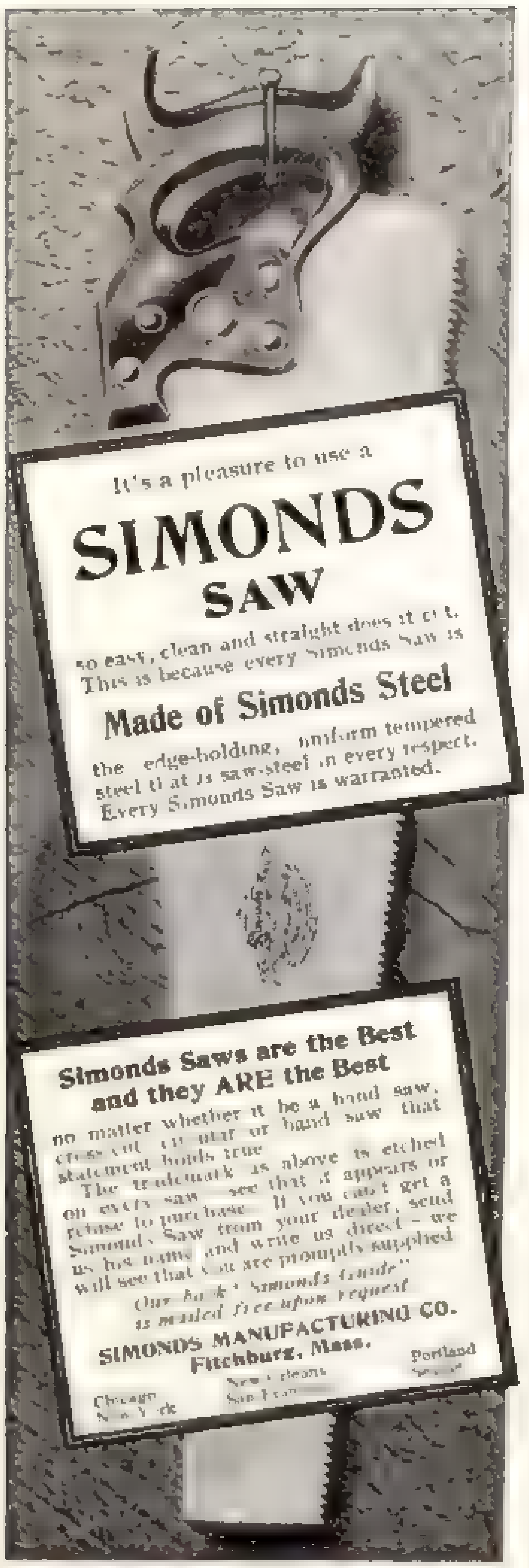
Show Card Writing or **Lettering** by [illegible] Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.
Chas. J. Strong, Pres.
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
[illegible]

Attach to any faucet. Grinds Polishes

Water Motors run sewing and washing machine. Complete [illegible] motor [illegible] **Massage Vibrator** [illegible] Providence, R. I. In New York — Fraser Co., Montgomery & Co., Patterson Bros. San Francisco — Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden. (Many others.)
Address all mail LIPPINCOTT M & I Dept., Newark, N. J.

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements etc. engraved and printed
Visiting Cards [illegible] Monogram [illegible]
The Estabrook Press, 181 S. Tremont Street, Boston

A YOUNG MAN
energetic, intelligent and ambitious, able to take an interest in a successful textile plant in the mountain section of the South, should communicate with
J. S. OLIVER, 304 Candler Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.


It's a pleasure to use a

SIMONDS SAW

so easy, clean and straight does it cut. This is because every Simonds Saw is

Made of Simonds Steel

the edge-holding, uniform tempered steel that is saw-steel in every respect. Every Simonds Saw is warranted.

Simonds Saws are the Best and they ARE the Best

no matter whether it be a hand saw, cross cut, circular or band saw that statement holds true.

The trademark as above is etched on every saw — see that it appears or refuse to purchase. If you can't get a Simonds Saw from your dealer, send us his name and write us direct — we will see that you are promptly supplied.

Our book "Simonds Guide" is mailed free upon request

SIMONDS MANUFACTURING CO.
Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago New York New Orleans San Francisco Portland Seattle

Does YOUR line begin with

	PAGE
Car Inspectors	11
Carpenters	18
Checking Clerks	9-12-26
Claim Agents	12-26
Clergymen	15
Clerks	6-12-26
Cloth Merchants	18
Conductors	11

This is simply part of the index from **Dixon's Pencil Guide** —a book of 32 pages *alphabetically divided by vocations*—which selects and describes the right Lead Pencil for every line of work. It prevents hap-hazard pencil buying and ends all pencil troubles. The Guide is sent free on request.

If your dealer doesn't keep Dixon's Pencils, send 16 cents for samples, worth double the money.

Dept. X Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address **Chicago Correspondence Schools 738 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

THE BATTLE OF THE BOTTLE

(*Concluded from Page 17*)

have to worry along without it until the Legislature meets again.

It has been freely asserted that the law will be a dead letter in the city of Savannah. Savannah is a large and prosperous seaport. Jack Tar from every clime swaggers along her streets, and Jack loves his grog. Furthermore, when Jack is ashore in a strange land he has scant reverence for law.

Governor Smith is quoted as saying: "The theory that this law will not be enforced in a big city, or that they will willfully disregard it, is utterly unsound. All that the Legislature has to do is to provide that where it is willfully disregarded by the authorities in a particular county the Governor of the State may designate some other county in which it shall be the duty of the grand jury to indict violators of the law, and also to designate another county for their trial."

It can readily be understood how a possible violator in Savannah would dislike being dragged to a dry county for trial. And this might lead to complications.

In the beginnings of English liberty the grand jury was established, and no free man might be put upon his trial for crime except he be charged therewith by a grand jury. The prime purpose of this grand jury in the good old days was not to punish offenders, but to protect the vassal from persecution at the hands of the feudal overlord.

As a rule, this grand jury must have been drawn from the body of the county where the supposed crime was committed, being thus composed of friends and neighbors to the accused. Once indicted, a free citizen could only be tried by a petty jury of his peers. Most of the American States provide in their constitutions for a "speedy, public and impartial trial by a jury of the county where the offense was committed."

Petty jurors were originally selected because of their familiarity with the facts of a case, chosen for witnesses as well as jurors, it being considered that those who were present and actually saw an occurrence were best fitted to pass just judgment upon it.

The slow processes of law have changed all this. Petty jurors are now selected because they know nothing whatever of the case, their minds being clear to receive impressions from the evidence.

For this reason it is impossible to enforce any law if local public sentiment be against it. We shall see what we shall see in Savannah. The night after the bill passed a crowd went out to call upon the Governor — 2000 strong — and would not leave until he made a speech. In that speech he suggested three things to help the cause of temperance:

1. Every man who professed to believe in Prohibition should set the example by refraining from intoxicating drinks.

2. Congress should provide by law that liquor shall not be shipped from a wet State into a dry State. Interstate commerce, regulated by Congress, should not tolerate the shipment of liquor into a State where the people have voted against the sale of liquor in that State.

3. The United States Government should cease issuing licenses for the sale of liquor in a State or county where it was forbidden by law.

"The greatest thing," he said, "that can be done for the temperance cause is to forbid the shipment of liquor from wet States into dry States. Let that once be stopped and the argument of non-enforcement of the law is gone, and the States will go tumbling over each other to enact Prohibition laws."

But there is another thing that Governor Smith said—a big, broad and valuable thing—being as broad as creation and as finely tempered as the mainsprings of human action:

"It is absolutely impossible to have a permanent, decent municipal government where the saloon dominates municipal politics. The elimination of the saloon will help municipal politics everywhere, even in those places where the saloon does not dominate municipal politics."

Author's Note—These facts are gathered from some of the most eminent gentlemen in Georgia and from men of all classes. Whether or not their opinions be correct, they are here given to show what the people, or some of them, are thinking.

A Distinguished Paper for Business Correspondence

Strathmore Parchment

The writing paper used by a business house has just as much to do with getting orders as prices or the quality of goods. Many a house is judged altogether upon the appearance of its correspondence. Your writing paper should be conservative, dignified and substantial, if that is the kind of business you are doing. No writing paper is too good for a good business, and no writing paper is so good as Strathmore Parchment. Strathmore Parchment is to ordinary business correspondence papers what worsted is to corduroy.

STRATHMORE QUALITY papers for business correspondence may be seen at your printer's or engraver's. If you buy advertising printed matter, you will be delighted with the entire set of Strathmore books, showing book and cover papers as well as writing papers. The set will be sent free to any one proving that his position in the business world is such that he could use these papers.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY, MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.

The "Strathmore Quality" Papers

For Poultry House Roofs and Sidings

We are just as proud of the fact that Rex Flintkote Roofing is so generally used by successful poultry raisers as we are that Rex covers the Atlanta Railroad Terminal and other mammoth structures — because the requirements of a satisfactory poultry house roofing and siding are very exacting.

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

is preferred by poultry raisers because it not only keeps out water, but dampness as well, and maintains an even temperature in the house under all weather conditions. Nothing is more susceptible to these influences than delicate young chickens

Write for Free Samples, also "Making Poultry Pay" which we will gladly send you, and also our valuable booklet on roofing. "Look for the Boy" on every roll. See trade mark

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO., 43 India Street, Boston, Mass.

Agents everywhere

Last month we proved to many people that they could make $3000.00 clear profits each year. *We are ready to prove that*

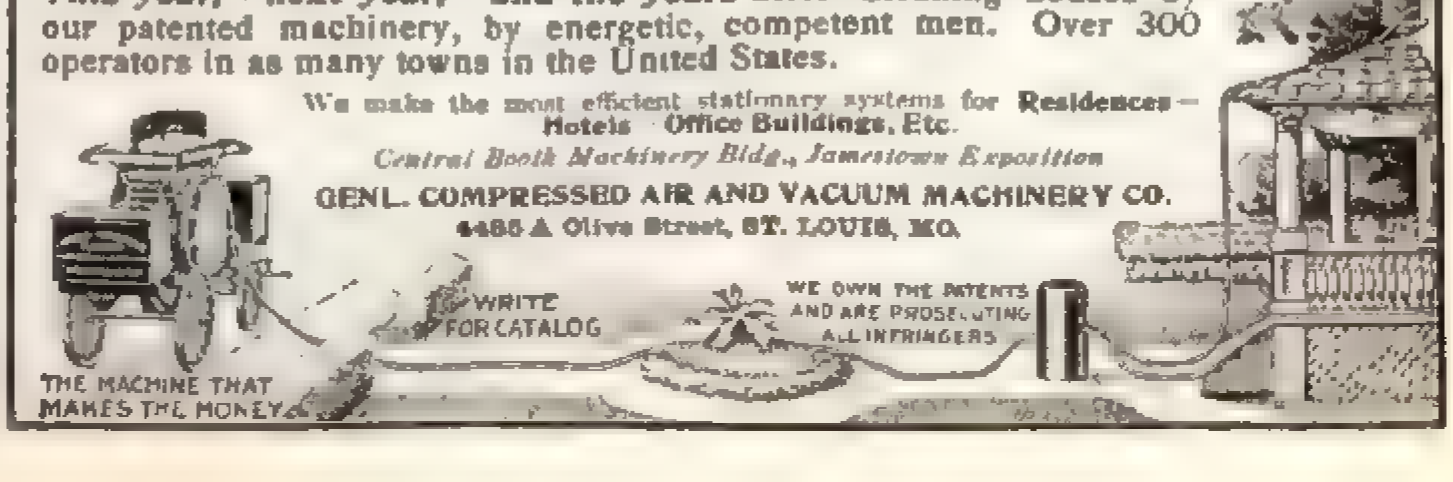
$3000.00 Can be Made

This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for **Residences—Hotels—Office Buildings, Etc.**

Central Booth Machinery Bldg., Jamestown Exposition

GENL. COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM MACHINERY CO.
4485 A Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.


WRITE FOR CATALOG
WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS
THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

Under the Veil

beauty cannot be concealed; its fragrant charm like that of a rose cannot be hidden. The underlying charm of beauty is the sweet magic of dainty refinement, the fascinating power of perfect health.

RUBIFOAM

the delicious, liquid dentifrice insures clean, white teeth and fragrant breath, essentials to health and refinement.

A beauty-truth

"IT IS WISE TO USE RUBIFOAM"

25 CENTS EVERYWHERE

SAMPLE FREE

ADDRESS,
E. W. HOYT & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.

Best in The World

CAWSTON
Plumes and Boas
At Producers' Prices
Direct from the Farm in California

[illegible] We were awarded the prize medals at [illegible] Buy direct [illegible] and save middlemen's profits. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Cawston Princess Plume $4.00, full and wide, 15 inches long [illegible]

Cawston Selected Plume $7.00 [illegible] very finest grade and perfectly made, long flues [illegible] full of life and lustre. 17 inches long [illegible] $7.00

The above prices [illegible] black, white or any solid color, shaded [illegible] 50c [illegible] for each plume.

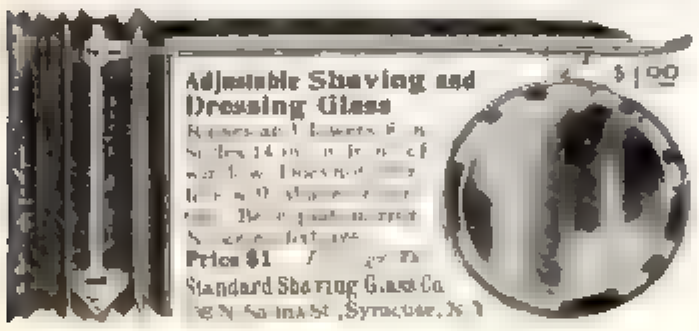
Cawston Boas $15.00

For a light wrap [illegible] they have no equal. They are absolutely [illegible] Our boas are made from [illegible] stock from male birds, giving them [illegible] and wearing qualities [illegible] black, white or any solid color is [illegible] $15.00

[illegible]

Send us your old feathers and have them made over to look like new by our expert workers

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
P. O. Box 46, South Pasadena, California



Adjustable Shaving and Dressing Glass

$1.00

[illegible]

Price $1 [illegible]

Standard Shaving Glass Co.
[illegible] St., Syracuse, N. Y.

THE DRIVE

(Continued from Page 14)

abutments had been removed. The gate was then blocked to prevent its fall when its nether support should be withdrawn, and two men, leaning over cautiously, began at arm's length to deliver their axe-strokes against the middle of the sill-timbers of the sluice itself, notching each heavy beam deeply that the force of the current might finally break it in two. The night was very dark and very still. Even the night creatures had fallen into the quietude that precedes the first morning hours. The muffled, spaced blows of the axes, the low-voiced comments or directions of the workers, the crackle of the fire ashore were thrown by contrast into an undue importance. Men in blankets, awaiting their turn, slept close to the blaze.

Suddenly the vast silence of before dawn was broken by a loud and exultant yell from one of the axemen. At once the two scrambled to the top of the dam. The blanketed figures about the fire sprang to life. A brief instant later the snapping of wood fibres began like the rapid explosions of infantry fire; a crash and bang of timbers smote the air; and then the river, exultant, roaring with joy, rushed from its pent quietude into the new passage opened for it. At the same moment, as though at the signal, a single bird, premonitor of the yet distant day, lifted up his voice, clearly audible above the tumult.

Orde stormed into the camp upstream, his eyes bright, his big voice booming.

"Roll out, you river-hogs!" he shouted to those who had worked out their shifts earlier in the night. "Roll out, you web-footed sons-of-guns and hear the little birds sing praise!"

Newmark, who had sat up the night through, and now shivered sleepily by the fire, began to hunt around for the bed-roll he had, earlier in the evening, dumped down somewhere in camp.

"I suppose that's all," said he. "Just a case of run logs now. I'll turn in for a little."

But Orde, a thick slice of bread half-way to his lips, had frozen in an attitude of attentive listening.

"Hark!" said he.

Faint, still in the depth of the forest, the wandering morning breeze bore to their ears a sound whose difference from the louder noises nearer at hand alone rendered it audible.

"The troops!" exclaimed Orde.

He seized a lantern and returned down the trail, followed eagerly by Newmark and every man in camp.

"Troops coming!" shouted Orde.

The men drew a little to one side, watching the dim line of the forest, dark against the paling sky. Shadows seemed to stir in its blackness. They heard quite distinctly the clink of metal against metal. A man rode out of the shadow and reined up by the fire. "Halt!" commanded a harsh voice. The rivermen could make out the troops—three or four score of them—standing rigid at attention. Reed, afoot now in favor of the commanding officer, pushed forward.

"Who is in charge here?" inquired the officer crisply.

"I am," replied Orde, stepping forward.

"I wish to inquire, sir, if you have gone mad to counsel your men to resist civil authority."

"I have not resisted civil authority," replied Orde respectfully.

"It has been otherwise reported."

"The reports have been false. The sheriff of this county has arrested about twenty of my men single-handed and without the slightest trouble."

"Mr. Morris!" cried the officer sharply.

"Yes," replied the sheriff.

"Is what this man says true?"

"It sure is. Never had so little fuss arrestin' rivermen before in my life."

The officer's face turned a slow brick-red. For a moment he said nothing, then exploded with the utmost violence.

"Then why the devil am I dragged up here with my men in the night?" he cried. "Who's responsible for this insanity, anyway? Don't you know," he roared at Reed, who that moment swung within his range of vision, "that I have no standing in the presence of civil law? What do you mean getting me up here to your miserable little backwoods squabbles?"

Reed started to say something, but was immediately cut short by the irate captain.

"I've nothing to do with that. Settle it in court, and what's more, you'll have something yourself to settle with the State! About face! Forward, march!"

The men faded into the gray light as though dissolved by it.

"Now, you see, boys," said Orde, digging his fists into his eyes, "if you'd put up a row, what we'd have got into. No bluecoats in mine, thank you. Well, push the grub pile, and then get at those logs. It's a case of flood-water now."

But Reed, having recovered from his astonishment, had still his say.

"I tell ye, I'm not done with ye yet," he threatened, shaking his bony forefinger in Orde's face. "I'll sue ye for damages, and I'll *git* 'em, too."

"See here, you old mossback," said Orde, thrusting his bulky form to the fore. "You sue just as soon as you want to. You can't get at it any too quick to suit us. But just now you get out of this camp and you stay out. You're an old man, and we don't want to be rough with you, but you're biting off more than you can chew. Skedaddle!"

Reed hesitated, waving his long arms about flail-like, as though to begin a new oration.

"Now, do hop along," urged Orde. "We'll pay you any legitimate damages, of course; but you can't expect to hang up a riverful of logs just on a notion. And we're sick of you. See here, you two, just see that this man leaves camp."

Orde turned square on his heel. Reed, after a glance at the two huge rivermen approaching, beat a retreat to his mill, muttering and wrathful still.

The fringe of trees to eastward showed clearly against the whitening sky. Hundreds of birds of all kinds sang in an ecstasy. Another day had begun. Already men with pike-poles were guiding the sullen timbers toward the sluiceway.

Orde discovered about noon that the jam-crew was having its troubles. Immediately below Reed's dam ran a long chute strewn with boulders, which was alternately either a shallow or a stretch of whitewater according as the stream rose or fell.

Ordinarily the logs were flushed over this declivity by opening the gate behind which a head of water had been accumulated. Now, however, the efficiency of the gate had been destroyed. Orde early discovered that he was likely to have trouble in preventing the logs rushing through the chute from grounding into a bad jam on the rapids below.

For a time the jam-crew succeeded in keeping the "wings" clear. In the centre of the stream, however, a small jam formed, like a pier. Along the banks, logs grounded and were rolled over by their own momentum into places so shallow as to discourage any hope of refloating them, unless by main strength. As the sluicing of the nine or ten million feet that constituted this particular drive went forward, the situation rapidly became worse.

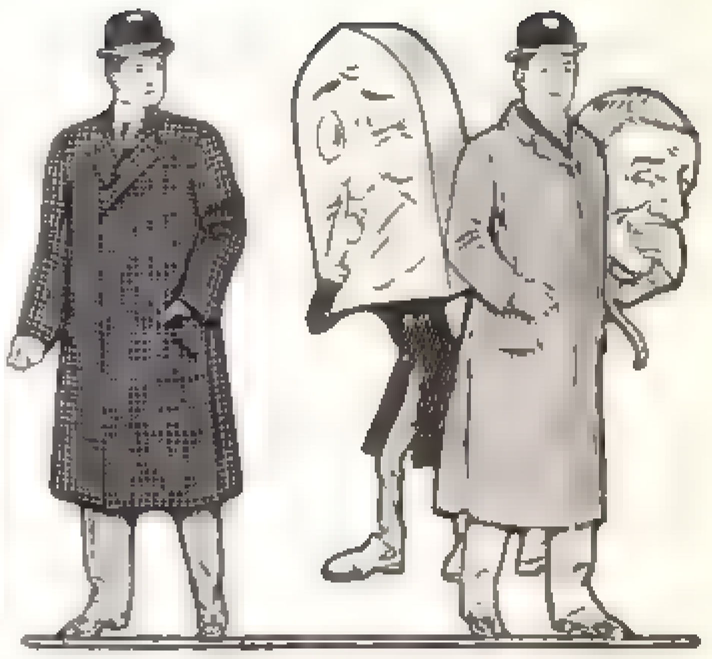
"Tom, we've got to get flood-water, unless we want to run into an awful job," said Orde to the foreman. "I wonder if we can't drop that gate 'way down to get something for a head."

The two men examined the chute and the sluice-gate attentively for some time.

"If we could clear out the splinters and rubbish, we might spike a couple of saplings on each side for the gate to slide down into," speculated North. "Might try her on."

The logs were held up in the pond, and a crew of men set to work to cut away, as well as they might in the rush of water, the splintered ends of the old sill and apron. It was hard work. Newmark, watching, thought it impracticable. The current rendered footing impossible, so all the work had to be done from above. Wet wood gripped the long saws viselike, so that a man's utmost strength could scarcely budge them. The water deadened the force of axe-blows. Nevertheless, with the sure persistence of the riverman, they held to it. Orde, watching them a few moments, satisfied himself that they would succeed, and so departed up the river to take charge of the rear.

Hardly had Orde the opportunity to look about at the progress making, however, before he heard his name shouted from the bank. Looking up, to his surprise, he saw



"The Down and Out" Overcoat

By A. Frank Taylor.

A YEAR ago I told you all about the "Down and Out" Overcoat—

That lurks in unsuspected Places.

—In ready-to-wear Dealers' Stores

—In the "high grade" Tailor Shops

—Lying in wait for its Victim

—To Pounce upon him

And greatly Discomfit him with its Collar down below that of his Inner Coat and out from the Back of his neck—

I believe my Talk has done a whole lot of Good—

I believe it has made possible Victims careful of the "Down and Out"—

—Has enabled Them to avoid the Embarrassment of its Wearing—

—And secure a coat that was not a "Down and Out" and never would be—namely a "Sincerity" Overcoat.

I'm judging that by the tremendous demand for "Sincerity" Overcoats.

However, a whole lot of Clothes Wearers may have forgotten my little Talk of a Year Ago.

And I just thought I would repeat my last year's Advice—

—Be careful of the "Down and Out" with its temporarily "doped-in" shape by old Doctor Goose—the Hot Flat Iron, Reader—

—And buy a "Sincerity" with the Shape—Style and Fit permanently sewn into the Fabric with the Needle—

—To hold its Collar in its proper Position over and on the Collar of your Inner Coat the life of your Overcoat—

You'll see "Sincerity Clothes" at your high grade Clothes Shop.

This label is your Assurance for all that is Best in clothes.

Style book sent on request. Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED

How to select a Davenport Bed

Never buy a Davenport Bed that hasn't a head and foot board all the way across when open. Bed clothes can't be tucked in, pillows can't stay in place.

Never buy a so-called Automatic Bed that has [illegible] wheels, [illegible] or any concealed mechanism. It's sure to go wrong.

A Davenport Bed that hasn't a dust-proof box for bedclothes is unclean and unsanitary.

A Davenport Bed with a hard ridge in the center is cheaply constructed. It can't be comfortable as a bed.

The Streit is the modern perfected Davenport Bed. It has no [illegible]. It [illegible] A child can operate it. No cords, cranks, wheels or contraptions, as found on so-called Automatic beds.

Upholstering is rich, luxurious.

Large dust-proof box under the seat for bedclothes and pillows. Full width head and foot boards. Is complete and comfortable as any bed.

You will make a serious mistake if you buy any other Davenport Bed except the *Streit*.

Tell your dealer you want to see the *Streit*. Look for the name on the gate. If he hasn't the Streit write us and we will refer you to one who has, or supply you direct.

Send for our illustrated catalogue, showing various styles and explaining why it is the *only* satisfactory Davenport Bed made at the present time.

Look for the name on the gate

The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co.

1050 Kenner St., Cincinnati
Makers of the Streit Morris chair and footrest

Streit
TRADE MARK

HARTFORD

Midgley Tread Tires
Clincher or Dunlop

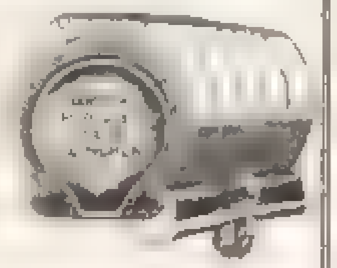
ABSOLUTELY NON-SKID

Showing section of New Midgley [illegible] Rim

It is almost criminal negligence to drive a Town Car; A Touring Car; Any car, that is not equipped with **Hartford Midgley Tread Tires.**

The most successful and the only Safe, Sane and Sightly Non-skid Device.

By the cuts you will see the principle. Four coils of steel piano wire incorporated right into the tread.



FREE. Booklet on Hartford Midgley Tread Tires and "How to Put on a Clincher Tire."

The Hartford Rubber Works Co.

Hartford, Conn.

Branches and Agencies in all Principal Cities

How to Breathe

For Health, Strength and Endurance

Send for my 64 page illustrated book,

Lung and Muscle Culture

the most instructive treatise ever published on the vital subject of [illegible] and [illegible] correctly described with [illegible] illustrations. The information given in this book has led thousands into the correct path to health and strength. Over 200,000 already sold. Sent on receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin). Address

PAUL VON BOECKMANN,
Respiratory Specialist,
881 Bristol Bldg., 500 5th Ave., New York

the solemn cook waving a frantic dish-towel at him. Nothing could induce the cook to attempt the logs.

"What is it, Charley?" asked Orde, leaping ashore and stamping the loose water from his boots

"It's all off," confided the cook pessimistically. "It's no good. He's stopped us now."

"What's off? Who's stopped what?"

"Reed. He's druv the men from the dam with a shotgun. We might as well quit."

"A shotgun, hey!" exclaimed Orde. "Well! the old son-of-a-gun!" He thought a moment; his lips puckered as though to whistle. Then, as usual, he laughed amusedly. "Let's go take a look at the army," said he.

He swung away at a round pace, followed rather breathlessly by the cook. The trail led through the brush across a little flat point, up over a high bluff where the river swung in, down to another point, and across a pole trail above a marsh to camp.

A pole trail consists of saplings laid end to end, and supported three or four feet above wet places by means of sawbuck-like structures at their extremities. To a riverman or a tight-rope man they are easy walks. All others must proceed cautiously in contrite memory of their sins.

Orde marched across the first two lengths confidently enough. Then he heard a splash and lamentations. Turning, he perceived Charley, covered with mud, in the act of clambering up one of the small trestles.

"Ain't got no calks!" ran the lamentations.

He walked ahead gingerly, threw his hands aloft, bent forward, then suddenly protruded his stomach, held out one foot in front of him, spasmodically half turned, and then, realizing the case hopeless, wilted like a wet rag to clasp the pole trail both by arm and leg. This saved him from falling off altogether, but swung him underneath, where he hung like the sloths in the picture-books. A series of violent wriggles brought him, red-faced and panting, astride the pole, whence, his feelings beyond mere speech, he sadly eyed his precious derby, which lay crown up in the mud below.

Orde contemplated the spectacle seriously.

"Sorry I haven't got time to enjoy you just now, Charley," he remarked. "I'd take it slower if I was you."

He departed, catching fragments of vows anent never going on any more errands for nobody, and getting his time if ever again he went away from his wangan.

Orde stopped short outside the fringe of brush to utter another irrepressible chuckle of amusement.

The centre of the dam was occupied by Reed. The old man was still in full regalia, his plug hat fuzzier than ever and thrust even farther back on his head, his coat-tails and loose trousers flapping at his every movement as he paced back and forth with military precision. Over his shoulder he carried a long percussion-lock shotgun. Not thirty feet away, perched along the bank, for all the world like a row of cormorants, sat the rivermen, watching him solemnly and in silence.

"What's the matter?" inquired Orde, approaching

The old man surveyed him with a snort of disgust.

"If the law of the land don't protect me, I'll protect myself, sir," he proclaimed. "I give ye fair warning! I ain't a-going to have my property interfered with no more."

"But surely," said Orde, "we have a right to run our logs through. It's an open river."

"And hev ye been running your logs through?" cried the old man excitedly. "Hev ye? First off, ye begin to tear down my dam; and then, when the river begins a-roarin' and a-ragin' through, then you tamper with my improvements furthermore, a-lowerin' the gate and otherwise a-modifyin' my structure."

Orde stepped forward to say something further. Immediately Reed wheeled, his thumb on the hammer.

"All right, old Spirit of '76," replied Orde. "Don't shoot; I'll come down."

He walked back to the waiting row, smiling quizzically.

"Well, you calamity howlers, what do you think of it?"

Nobody answered, but everybody looked expectant.

5000 Boys & Girls Bicycles FOR Christmas

There's a boy or girl in your house who'll go fairly wild with joy if Christmas morning brings them one of these superb little bicycles—made in the biggest bicycle plant in the world! Ever try to feel as the little folks feel? Well, just imagine yourself young, and think what a princely gift a bicycle would be! The wheel has lost none of its charms to them. It means hours and hours of happiness—the happiness that comes from fresh air and rosy cheeks, bounding health and exercise.

Shall We Ship Direct to Your House, Charges Prepaid?

These bicycles are better built from better material than the best bicycle you ever bought in the old days when you paid one hundred dollars—they come from the finest and largest plant in the world—the plant that makes 50,000 of the world-famous Yale and Snell bicycles every year. Five thousand of these juveniles will go into five thousand homes on Christmas morning. Perhaps we have a dealer in your town—400 of them all over the country—perhaps not. If not, the expressman will bring it to your door, all charges prepaid, in time for Christmas morning. Completely equipped with the celebrated Hussey handle bar which the boy can change to forty-five different positions. Better book your order at once. Write for catalogue and we'll give you a dealer's name or tell you how to have the wheel shipped direct.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

NO MONEY DOWN MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT $1.00 A WEEK

Buy Men's Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats direct from our factory by mail

For $15 and $18

We require no security and we trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.

We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny [illegible] you get the clothes and find [illegible] satisfactory—then pay **$1.00 A WEEK.**

We are the pioneers and twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the principal cities of the United States and have over 500,000 customers on our books

FREE Send today for our fine line of Stylish Winter samples, self measurement blank, tape and full particulars of our convenient payment plan—all free to you.

Commercial rating $1,000,000

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
246 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N.Y.

STALL'S BOOKS

SELF AND SEX SERIES

[illegible]

4 BOOKS TO MEN
By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

4 BOOKS TO WOMEN
By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D.
and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

What a Young Girl Ought to Know.
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know.

$1 per copy, post free. Table of contents free.

In Other Languages. These books are being translated into [illegible] languages in Asia and several in Europe. [illegible] **Swedish.** Young Boy, [illegible] **Dutch.** Young Man, [illegible] $1 each, post free. In preparation, German, French, Spanish, Italian.

Vir Publishing Co., 1044 Land Title Bldg. Philadelphia, Pa.

Die in open air seeking water

Gets Them All

[illegible]

Rat Bis-Kit

All Druggists 15 cts. a box.

[illegible]

The Rat Biscuit Co., [illegible] Springfield, [illegible]

Let me sell Your Patent

My book based upon 16 years experience as a Patent Salesman mailed FREE. Patent sales exclusively. If you have a Patent for sale call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
290 P Broadway N.Y. City

STRAIGHT LEGS

If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic or Cushion Forms. Adjusted instantly, impossible to detect, easy as a garter. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. **Sent on Approval.** Write for photo-illustrated [illegible] and testimonials, mailed under plain letter seal.

The Alison Co., Dept. 30, Buffalo, N. Y.

PLAYS — PLAYS
and Entertainments
Catalog of thousands sent Free! Free! Free!
Address SAM'L FRENCH, 22 W. 22d Street, New York

PATENTS Guaranteed. Protect Your Idea! Book "Fortunes in Patents — What & How to Invent" Free. 64-page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability.
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, Box 56, Wash., D. C.

Fit Snug and Smooth

And it's all due to the vents in each side of the waist. It's wonderful how such a little thing as side vents can affect the entire *fit* of your trousers, yet it is just this principle that makes

Present "Nufangl" Trousers

fit so snug and smooth—without a wrinkle or fold anywhere.

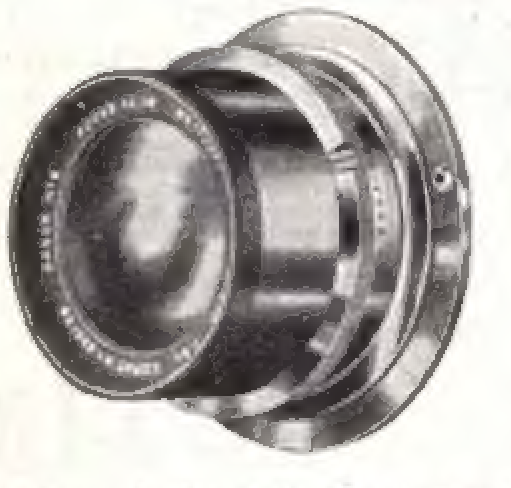
Your trousers may be cut in the latest style, yet if they do not *fit*, their dressy appearance is lost. With "Nufangl" Trousers it's different—they are made in the prevailing style, yet because of the "Nufangl" principle *fit perfectly*, thus affording that smart hang and appearance so desired by good dressers.

Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" Trousers in all seasonable weights and fabrics. Prices, $4 to $8.

If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct, by EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for free samples.

PRESENT & COMPANY,
592 Broadway, New York City.

Natural Color Photography



The Superiority of the Goerz Lenses over all other anastigmat Lenses manifests itself anew in their application to the new Natural Color Photography.

The two essential factors for success in this latest branch of photography are the special plates and the GOERZ LENS.

The beautiful and accurate results they yield are due to the perfect correction of our lenses.

Send 6 cents to cover postage of our general Catalogue, admitted to be the best and finest book on lenses published.

The C. P. Goerz American Optical Co.
52 E. Union Square, New York
1514 Heyworth Building, Chicago
Call Building, San Francisco
Berlin London Paris St. Petersburg

THE "BEST" LIGHT

100 candle power. Costs 2 cents per week. Is brighter than electricity or acetylene—cheaper than kerosene. No dirt, no grease, no odor. Over 200 different styles—every lamp warranted. Write for catalog. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

"Think he'd shoot?" inquired Orde of Tom North.

"I know he would," replied North earnestly. "That crazy-headed kind are just the fellers to rip loose."

"I think myself he probably would," agreed Orde.

"Surely," spoke up Newmark, "whatever the status of the damage suits, you have the legal right to run your logs."

Orde rolled a quizzical eye in his direction.

"Per-fect-ly correct, son," he drawled. "But we're engaged in the happy occupation of getting out logs. By the time the law was all adjusted and a head of steam up, the water'd be down. In this game you get out logs first, and think about law afterward."

"How about legal damages?" insisted Newmark.

"Legal damages!" scoffed Orde. "Legal damages! Why, we count legal damages as part of our regular expenses—like potatoes!"

"Well, what are you going to do?" persisted Newmark.

Orde thrust back his felt hat and ran his fingers through his short, crisp hair.

"There you've got me," he confessed; "but if necessary we'll pile the old warrior."

He walked to the edge of the dam and stood looking down-current. For perhaps a full minute he remained there motionless, his hat clinging to one side, his hand in his hair. Then he returned to the grimly silent rivermen.

"Boys," he commanded briefly, "get your peavies and come along."

He led the way past the mill to the shallows below.

"There's a trifle of wading to do," he announced. "Bring down two logs—fairly big—and hold them by that old snag," he ordered. "Whoa-up! Easy! Hold them end on—no—pointing upstream—fix 'em about ten foot apart—that's it! George, drive a couple of stakes each side of them to hold 'em. Correct. Now run down a couple dozen more and pile them across those two—side on to the stream, of course—roll 'em up—that's the ticket!"

Orde had been splashing back and forth in the shallow water, showing where each timber was to be placed. He drew back, eying the result with satisfaction. It looked rather like a small and bristly pier.

Next he cast his eye about and discovered a partially-submerged boulder on a line with the newly-completed structure. Against this he braced the ends of two more logs, on which he once more caused to be loaded at right angles many timbers. An old stub near shore furnished him the basis of a third pier. He staked a thirty-inch butt for a fourth, and so on, until the piers, in conjunction with the small centre-jam already mentioned, extended quite across the river.

All this was accomplished in a very short time, and immediately below the mill, but beyond sight from the sluice-gate of the dam.

"Now, boys," commanded Orde, "shove off some shore-logs, and let them come down."

The stray logs floating down with the current the rivermen caught and arranged to the best possible advantage about the improvised piers. So, in ten seconds after the shore-logs began drifting down from above, the jam was taking shape. Slowly it formed, low and broad. Then as the water gathered pressure the logs began to slip over one another. The weight of the topmost sank those beneath to the bed of the stream. This to a certain extent dammed back the water. Immediately the pressure increased. More logs were piled on top. The piers locked the structure. Below the improvised dam the water fell almost to nothing. And above it the river, turned back on itself, gathered its swollen and angry forces.

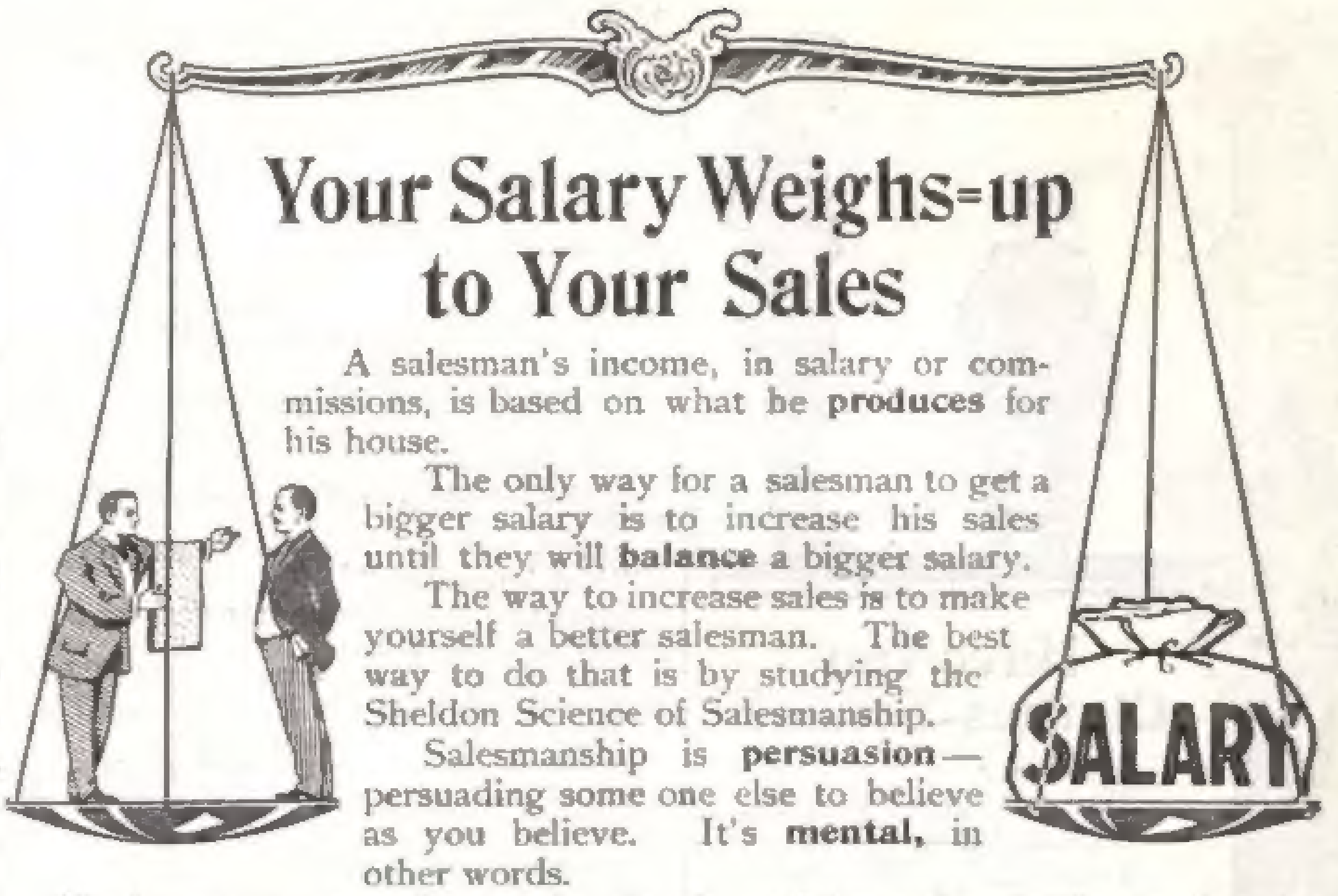
"That will do, boys," said Orde with satisfaction.

He led the way to the bank and sat down. The men followed his example. Every moment the water rose; and each instant, as more logs came down the current, the jam became more formidable.

"Nothing can stand that pressure," breathed Newmark, fascinated.

"The bigger the pressure, the tighter she locks," replied Orde, lighting his pipe.

The high bank where the men sat lay well above the reach of the water. Not so the flat on which stood Reed's mill. In order to take full advantage of the water-power developed by the dam, the old man had caused his structure to be built on a little flat nearly at a level with the stream.



Your Salary Weighs-up to Your Sales

A salesman's income, in salary or commissions, is based on what he **produces** for his house.

The only way for a salesman to get a bigger salary is to increase his sales until they will **balance** a bigger salary.

The way to increase sales is to make yourself a better salesman. The best way to do that is by studying the Sheldon Science of Salesmanship.

Salesmanship is **persuasion**—persuading some one else to believe as you believe. It's **mental,** in other words.

Exchange of money for goods, that is, making sales, is simply the outward expression of a state of mind that was produced by a salesman's **power to persuade.**

Power to persuade is the result of a **strong personality.**

Personality is the natural and certain result of the development of the positive, admirable, strong faculties and qualities which lie within **every** man.

The Sheldon Course of Scientific Salesmanship

develops the personality that gives power to persuade by teaching definite methods for drawing out the positive faculties and qualities of the intellect, such as memory, judgment, perception, reason, imagination; the positives of the emotions, such as courage, loyalty, enthusiasm, honesty, ambition; and the positives of the will, such as purpose, initiative, self-control, energy, perseverance. The sum of these positives developed is a personality that insures ability to persuade.

The Sheldon Course tells **how**; it's not theory; it gives specific, workable plans.

There is a **mental law of sale** just as there is a law of gravitation. The law of sale has four steps: Attention, Interest, Desire and Resolve-to-buy. Sheldon teaches how to carry the customer's mind tactfully from one step to another while the sale is consummated—teaches how the law operates, how you can **make** it operate for **you.**

This Course teaches how to analyze goods; how to build strong selling talks; how to approach customers; how to read character, "size up" and handle the man before you.

You may be considered a good salesman, but you can be a **better** salesman. You can get splendid new ideas from the Sheldon Course.

You may be a clerk, a bookkeeper, a stenographer or a beginner in Business. No matter what you are, the Sheldon Course will open for you a new field of endeavor where the opportunities for earning money are better and the rewards from your work are equal to the results you secure.

We have 26,000 adult students—veteran salesmen, executives, young business men, old business men. We have helped them all. One thousand big firms have used and endorse our methods.

All instruction is by correspondence. No time taken from business—invaluable, money-earning knowledge brought right to your office or your home. We have the proof for everything we say; we want to show YOU this proof, so just fill out and mail the coupon NOW.

The Sheldon School
1087 Republic Building, Chicago

The Sheldon School,
1087 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

Please send me at your expense your booklet "The Science of Salesmanship." I am interested specially in the subjects I have checked below.

...... Salesmanship
...... Ad Writing
...... Business Logic
...... Business Psychology
...... Promotion
...... Self Development
...... System and Costs
...... Self Education
...... Science of Retail Merchandising

Name ......
Address ......
Town ...... State ......
Position ...... Business ......

The IRRITATION often produced by SHAVING is instantly overcome by applying

ED. PINAUD'S
Lilac Vegetal
TOILET WATER

to the face after each shave.

This superior French preparation has been used for many years by men of refined taste.

If you do not shave yourself, ask your barber to apply it.

Better than witch-hazel or any other after-shaving preparation.

Get a bottle from any first-class druggist or department store.

A free trial bottle will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and packing.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Ed. Pinaud Bldg., Dept. 102, New York

Ed. Pinaud's Celebrated Hair Tonic (Eau de Quinine) is best for the hair.

AN AID FOR THE DEAF SENT ON TRIAL, absolutely FREE of expense or risk. Address
G. C. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York

Friendship Calendar

"The Gift Without the Giver is Bare"

The gift which carries living messages from your mind and heart, by means of your loving labor, is always treasured. It is time to begin work on your Choicest Gift of the New Year; the happy work of compiling a

Friendship Calendar

A Sentiment for Each Day of 1908

Used by many new thousands every year. Has 366, dated, blank leaves, on each of which you put a thought, a memory, a hope, an original word, a quotation, a sketch, etc.

Popularly used as a Collective Remembrance to Pastor, Teacher, Officer of Organization, all members contributing.

Blue and Gold Edition, shown here—three colors, silk hanger, postpaid, $1.00. **Flemish Edition**—Arts and Crafts fumed oak back, panel for photograph, title hand-painted in two colors, postpaid, $3.50. **Morocco Edition**—Red or Alice Blue padded Morocco back, easel leg, title stamped in gold, gold-plated leaf fasteners, postpaid, $5. Each calendar in box.

For sale at best stores or direct by mail. Send for beautiful free booklet.

Friendship Calendar Co., 22 Cedar St., New Britain, Conn.

We could fit these men

Have You Clothes-Sense?

Is this logic?

Three men, A B and C are unlike.

D (a suit of clothes) fits A.

It will fit B.

And C.

Absurd?

Of course. But why don't you get your clothes made for you?

Not to fit you after a fashion, but to fit you perfectly, distinctively, elegantly.

In short our clothing, made-to-your-exact-measure by experts.

One of our agents writes:

"Your clothes make our customers pleased all over. Seems like they knew for the first time what it means to be perfectly dressed. No trouble to please them with 340 designs to pick from. Your clothes are adding 100% to my business. It's safe enough for me to guarantee perfect fitting and satisfaction."

Apply your clothes-sense.

Dress perfectly, yet economically.

Prices $18 to $40.

Ask our agent in your town.

If you don't know who he is, write us.

Great Western Tailoring Co.
CHICAGO

"Can't get Bald!"

If human hair were set in Hard Rubber—like the bristles of a "Rubberset" Shaving Brush—there would be no more bald-headed men. Every hair would be retained for life.

It is this patented and practical setting that makes

"Rubberset" Shaving Brushes

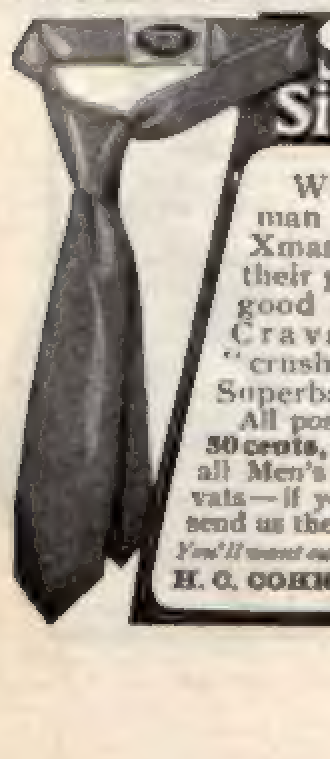
the only *real* shaving brush made. With a "Rubberset" you can shave, free from all that annoyance, irritation and face-cutting caused by bristles coming out on your face.

Break away from the old style, *impractical* shaving brush and get the modern, comfort-giving, durable "Rubberset." Guaranteed not to get bald. "It's all in the setting."

Price 25c to $6

At leading dealers or direct from us. Write for Handsome Booklet of styles.

RUBBERSET BRUSH COMPANY
63 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.



SUPERBA SilkCravats

When in doubt present a man *Superba* Cravats for Xmas. They're superior to their price and possessed of good qualities that other Cravats lack—such as "crushless"—pin hole proof Superba Silk.

All possible, wantable shapes at **50 cents, 75 cents** and **$1.00.** Most all Men's stores sell Superba Cravats—if you find one that doesn't, send us the retail price direct.

You'll want our book of Cleverness—it's free!

H. C. COHN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Now the river, backing up, rapidly overflowed this flat. As the jam tightened by its own weight and the accumulation of logs, the water fairly jumped from the lowest floor of the mill to the one above.

Orde had not long to wait for Reed's appearance. In less than five minutes the old man descended on the group, somewhat of his martial air abated, and something of a vague anxiety manifest in his eye.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"Matter?" inquired Orde easily. "Oh, nothing much; just a little jam."

"But it's flooding my mill!"

"So I perceive," replied Orde, striking a match.

"Well, why don't you break it?"

"Not interested."

The water was pouring into the first-floor windows of the mill.

"Here!" cried Reed, running back; "I've a lot of grain upstairs. It'll be ruined!"

"Not interested," repeated Orde.

Reed was losing control of himself.

"But I've got a lot of money invested here!" he shouted. "You're ruining me!"

Orde replaced his pipe.

Reed ran back and forth frantically, disappeared, returned bearing an antiquated pike-pole, and single-handed and alone attacked the jam!

"By Jove!" breathed Newmark softly. "Don Quixote and the windmills!"

Only Orde seemed to see the other side. And on Orde the responsibility, uncertainty and vexation had borne most heavily, for the success of the undertaking was in his hands. With a few quick leaps he had gained the old man's side.

"Look here, Reed," he said kindly, "you can't break this jam. Come ashore now, and let up. You'll kill yourself."

Reed turned to him, a wild light in his eyes.

"Break it," he pleaded. "You're ruining me. All my money's in that mill."

"Well," said Orde, "we've got a lot of money in our logs, too. You haven't treated us quite right."

Reed glanced frantically toward the flood upstream.

"Come," said Orde, taking him gently by the arm, "there's no reason you and I shouldn't get along together all right. Maybe we're both a little hard-headed. Let's talk it over."

He led the old man ashore and out of earshot of the rivermen.

At the end of ten minutes he returned.

"War's over, boys!" he shouted cheerfully. "Get in and break that jam."

At once the crew swarmed across the log barrier to a point above the centre pier. This they attacked with their peavies, rolling the top logs off into the current below. In less than no time they had torn out quite a hole in the top layer. The river rushed through the opening. Immediately the logs in the wings were tumbled in from either side. At first the men had to do all of the work, but soon the river itself turned-to to their assistance. The movement accelerated each instant, as the music of the play hastens to the climax. Wood fibres smashed. The whole mass seemed to sink down and forward into a boiling of waters. Then with a creak and a groan the jam moved; hesitated; moved again; finally, urged by the frantic river, went out in a majestic crashing and battering of logs. The going out of the jam drained the water from the lower floors of the mill; the upper stories and the grain were still safe.

By evening the sluice-gate had been roughly provided with pole-guides down which to slide to the bed of the river. The following morning saw the work going on as methodically as ever. During the night a very good head of water had gathered behind the lowered gate. The rear crew brought down the after-guards of logs to the pond. The sluicers with their long pike-poles thrust the logs into the chute. The jam-crew, scattered for many miles along the lower stretches, kept the drive going; running out over the surface of the river like water-bugs to thrust apart logs threatening to lock; leaning for hours on the shafts of their peavies watching contemplatively the orderly ranks as they drifted by, sleepy on the bosom of the river, occasionally gathering, as the filling of the river gave warning, to break a jam. By the end of the second day the pond was clear, and, as Charley's wangan was drifting toward the chute, the first of Johnson's drive floated into the head of the pond.

World-Wide Distribution

There is no mistaking the superiority of a typewriter that, in 17 years, has built up a market in every part of the civilized world. This international endorsement of the

Smith Premier Typewriter

proves our right to offer it to you as the world's best typewriter. Write us or any Smith Premier branch for a detailed description of its advantages.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

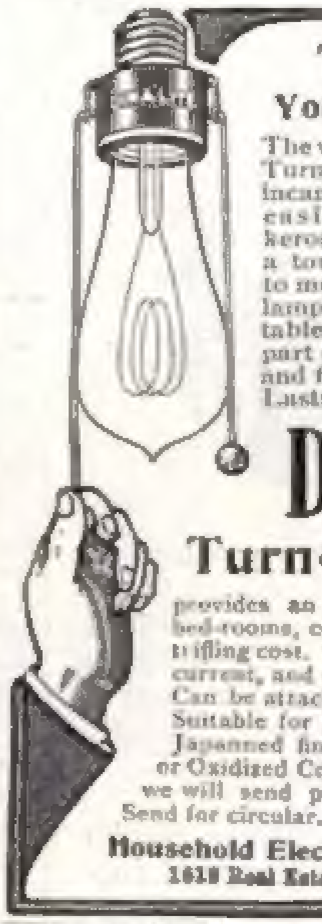
SEND FOR IT, try it, compare it with others. See if we're not right when we say

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

IS THE BEST.

4 cents in stamps brings you a trial stick by return mail—enough for a month's shaving.

Colgate & Co.
Dept. P
55 John St., New York



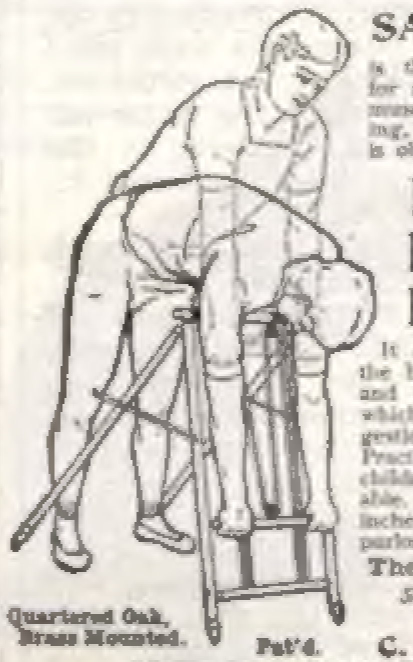
Turn Down Your Electric Lights

The wonderful new Dim-A-Lite Turn-down Socket makes your incandescent electric lamps as easily controlled as gas or kerosene lamp. Changed by a touch from full illumination to medium, "way-down" night lamp, or extinguished. A portable attachment that is not part of the lamp. Fits all bulbs and fixtures. Never burns out. Lasts forever. The

Dim-A-Lite Turn-down Socket

provides an "all-night" night lamp in bed-rooms, corridors, bath-rooms, etc., at trifling cost. Saves an average of half the current, and doubles the life of the lamp. Can be attached by anyone in a moment. Suitable for 16 candle-power and under. Japanned finished, 75 cts.; Brush Brass or Oxidized Copper, $1.00. If not at dealers we will send postpaid on receipt of price. Send for circular.

Household Electric Appliance Company
1618 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.


Quartered Oak, Brass Mounted.
Pat'd.

SAWING WOOD

is the best exercise known for men. This health-giving, muscle-building, flesh-reducing, blood-circulating exercise is obtained by using

Bailey's Rubber Exerciser

It exercises *every* muscle of the body, reduces corpulency, and quickens the circulation, which is a sure help for indigestion, insomnia and vertigo. Practical for men, women and children. Neat, compact, portable. Weight 7 lbs. Size 35x20 inches. Can be used in the parlor or bed chamber.

The Ideal Holiday Gift.

Sent prepaid by us upon receipt of price, $5.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS Secured or Fee Returned

Terms Low. Highest Refs. Advice and Literature Free. VASHON & CO., PATENT ATTORNEYS, 507 E St. N. W., Wash., D. C.

DUPLEX SAFETY PIN THE STANDARD

Not the Slip Through Kind

The only kind that fasten from either side, but do not slip through.

The only kind that have guard on arm of pin that passes through the cloth, and the only effective guard.

Made of heavier wire, superior pointed.

See that our name is on card when buying, and take only the DUPLEX.

Send four cents in stamps for sample worth double the money

Consolidated Safety Pin Company
28 Farrand St., Bloomfield, N. J.

Twenty-four Million Dollars

Ordinary Life Insurance issued in

The First Twelve Weeks

Shows the Splendid Welcome the Public has given

The New Low Cost Policy

of

The Prudential

Some Reasons Stated for Selecting This Policy:

"I Believe it is The Best Life Insurance Issued."

"You Prudential People Have Bested Everything in Life Insurance."

"My Prudential Policy is the Cheapest and Best Insurance I have."

"The Prudential's New Policy Gives Me More For My Money."

"Policy Eliminates All Elements of Uncertainty."

"New Prudential Policy Beats Any Policy I have Examined."

"Rates Much Lower Than Charged by Other Companies."

"Guarantees Are Better Than Estimates. I recommend The Prudential."

"Gives the Public What they Really Demand."

"Keeping the Dividends in My Pocket Looks Good to me."

"I buy The Prudential Policy Because Everything is Guaranteed."

"You Have Certainly Eliminated Competition."

"We Have Been Looking For Just This Policy."

"The Rates Alone Backed by the name 'Prudential,' catch the Public Favor."

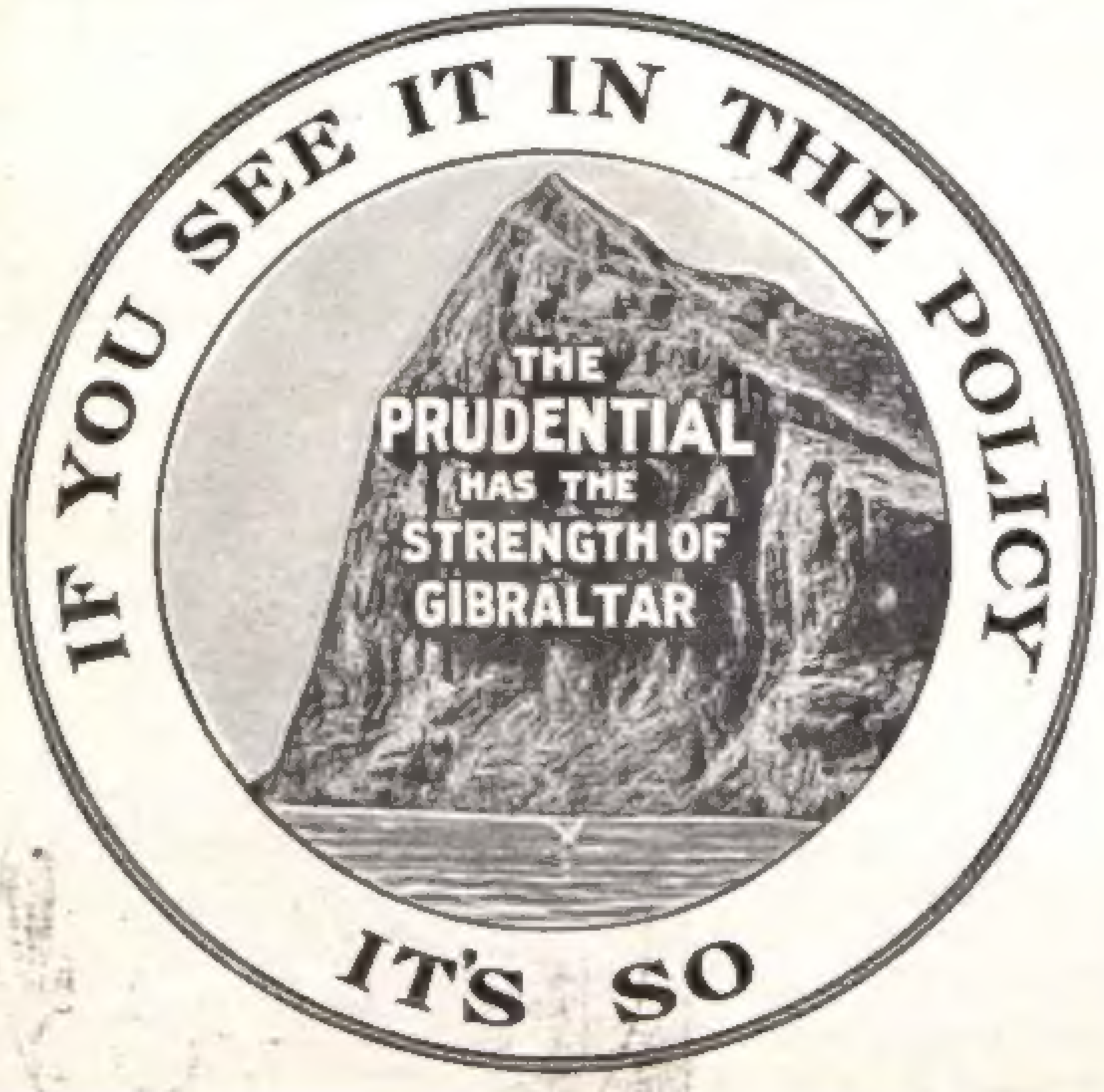
The Rates on the New Policy are the Lowest Consistent with Liberality and Safety offered by any Company of Corresponding Size, Importance and Responsibility in the World

This is a Common Sense Policy.

Definite Cost. Definite Benefits.
Definite Returns.

Every Feature Absolutely Guaranteed

Send in your age, nearest birthday, and we will give you full particulars. The Low Rates will Surprise You. Address Dept. M.


IF YOU SEE IT IN THE POLICY
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
IT'S SO

The Prudential

Insurance Company of America.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY? Splendid Opportunities in Selling this Popular New Ordinary Policy. Write direct to us today. Address Dept. M.

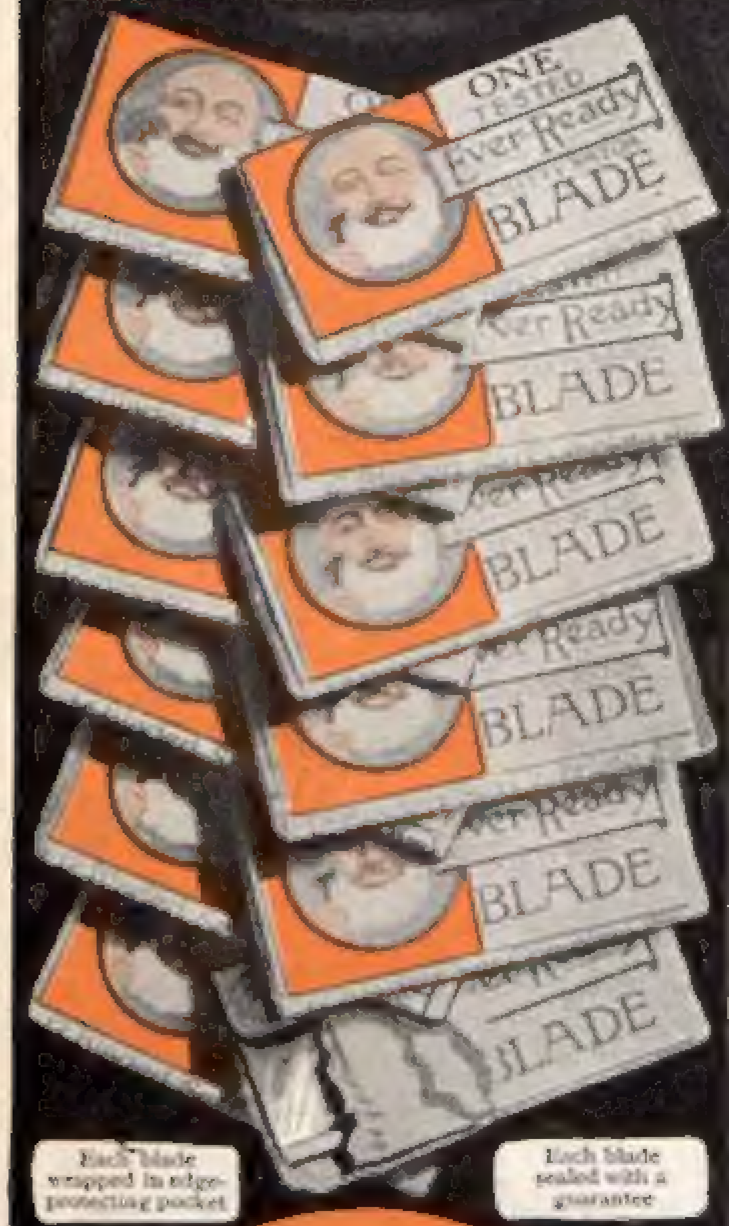
"Ever-Ready"
12 Bladed
Safety $1.00
Razor Complete

Handy size and showing style of wrapping of each dollar set. At all dealers.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

Photo reproduction of dollar outfit when opened.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor $1


ONE TESTED
Ever-Ready
BLADE
Each blade wrapped in edge-protecting pocket
Each blade sealed with a guarantee

The new "Ever-Ready" 12 Bladed Safety Razor will shave you **best of all** safety razors. This means $5.00 ones and goes with lesser priced sorts without saying. This statement is made under pledge that your dollar will be promptly refunded if you do not find the Ever-Ready completely satisfactory.

The **Ever-Ready** 12 Bladed Dollar Safety Razor is the razor that has "made good" a million times and it will "make good" to you if you put it to test. Impossible to cut or scratch the face.

Other makers like to talk but you don't see them pledging their claims with money back guarantees. We make strong claims, but we make a stronger guarantee.

No other razor blade in existence is so capable of its shaving mission as the **Ever-Ready** blade, and there are 12 (twelve) **Ever-Ready** blades in each set complete for $1.00, together with handsome safety frame, handle and blade stropper all compactly cased. Don't get fooled with dollar imitations—remember the **"Ever-Ready"** face and name and *count 12 blades in each dollar set.*

YOU BUY NEW BLADES 10 FOR 50 CENTS DIRECT OF US OR YOUR DEALER. You don't throw dull blades away—**Ever-Ready** blades are too good for that. You simply strop back the keen edge or exchange 10 dull blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents. The **Ever-Ready** is least priced of all—the least priced to maintain and the finest ever.

"Ever-Ready" blades to fit "Yankee," "Star" and "Gem" frames or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set—10 for 50 cents.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout America and the World. Ask any local dealer.

Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.

American Safety Razor Co. Inc., Dept. X, 320 Broadway, New York

EXTRA
'Ever-Ready'
BLADES
10 for 50¢

Biggest value known in fancy sets. This "Ever-Ready" combination outfit at all dealers or direct prepaid. $3.50